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BIRD ROCK.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

WELL within the mouth of the Gulf of St. Lawrence stands a rocky islet which, as early as the time of Jacques Cartier, supported a population greater than that of the largest city of Canada to-day. Since its discovery by the French voyager, some three hundred and fifty years ago, the inhabitants of this rock have been persecuted without mercy; but to the government that should protect them they are only sea-birds, and year by year their numbers decrease. Some day in the not very distant future the fishermen who kill these birds and rob them of their eggs will find only the inaccessible parts of the rock occupied by feathered tenants; then they will realize their own folly and the selfishness of their ancestors.

It is, however, not too late to save this bird colony from extermination. Shooting during the summer months should be absolutely prohibited, and nest-robbing should not be permitted after July 1. Under these conditions the fishermen of the region, and their descendants, may feast on eggs during June's innumerable, and bird-lovers may rejoice in the knowledge that one of the ornithological wonders of America has escaped destruction.

But in spite of the great diminution in the ranks of the inhabitants of Bird Rock, as it

is well termed, the casual observer of to-day will believe with difficulty that it was ever more populous.

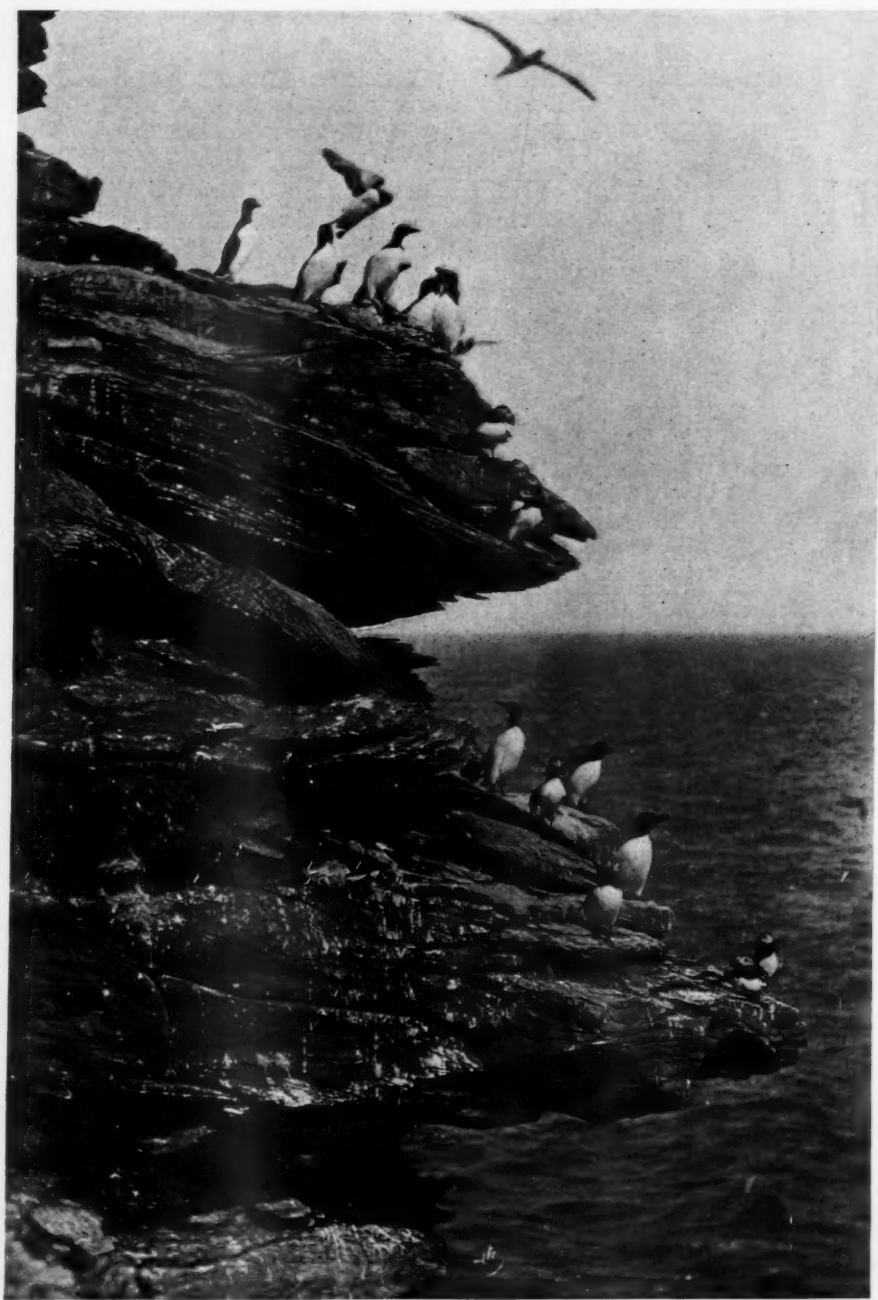
Common and Brünnich's murre, razor-billed auks, puffins, kittiwake gulls, and gannets are present in surprising numbers, and petrels, whose day begins at night, may be unearthed from their burrows on the rock.

Without the assistance of a camera I should make no attempt to describe my visit to this avian metropolis; and if, in looking at the pictures secured, one can imagine hearing a chorus of harsh voices, seeing a constant procession of winged forms, and feeling an unspeakable sense of isolation, Bird Rock may become something more than a name.

As a matter of fact, there are two rocks, known as Little and Great Bird. They are about three quarters of a mile apart, and while the smaller rock is inhabited by numbers of birds, Great Bird possesses the larger colony, and is more interesting in every way.

It is irregularly elliptical in shape, about four hundred yards in length and from fifty to a hundred and forty yards in width, and arises abruptly from the sea to a height varying from about a hundred to a hundred and forty feet. The summit occupies between three and four acres, is fairly flat, and is covered with a thrifty growth of grass.

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MURRES, RAZORBILLS, AUK, AND PUFFINS.

The position of the rock, at the gateway of Canadian ports, makes it particularly dangerous to vessels plying in these waters, and in 1869 a lighthouse was erected on its summit. Several years later a cannon was added, which during fogs was discharged at thirty-minute intervals.

Previous to the building of the lighthouse, the top of the rock could be reached at only one place, and there with much difficulty; but while constructing the light the government built two cranes, one on the northerly, the other on the southerly side of the rock, for use in hoisting supplies. There are also now three other places, one at the southern and two at the eastern side of the rock, where, by means of ladders and ropes, one may ascend.

The only spot at the base of the rock which can be called a beach is below the northern crane, and here the keeper hauls up his boat and stows it among the closely surrounding rocks. At all other points the rock either rises directly from the water or is beset by huge masses fallen from the cliffs above. Hence a landing can be made on Bird Rock only in comparatively calm weather.

The human inhabitants of the rock are a keeper, his daughter, and two assistants, who may claim to be isolated in the most rigid interpretation of the word. During five months of the year, from December to April inclusive, they are usually without means of communication with the rest of the world. In the spring and autumn they are visited by the government lighthouse tender, bringing their supplies for the ensuing six months, and this is their only regular connection with the world of affairs.

Barring the risk of falling over the edge of their circumscribed abode, one might suppose that the dwellers on this rock were far removed from the dangers to which beings surrounded by more complicated conditions of existence are exposed. But the history of the rock shows a remarkable list of disasters. No less than three keepers have been killed, and three injured, by the bursting or accidental discharge of the signal-cannon, while only three years ago (1896) all three keepers were lost in the ice while hunting the seals which frequent the ice-floes of the Gulf of St. Lawrence in early spring. The ice on which these men had ventured separated from the main field, and they were carried seaward. Two days later one of them was picked up in a dying condition on the coast of Cape Breton; the others were never heard from.

The mental condition of the head keeper's wife, who was left alone upon the rock, may be imagined. For two nights she tended the light. On the third day, by unusual good fortune, a sealing-schooner answered her signals for assistance.

The isolation which makes Bird Rock a comparatively safe home for birds has also prevented it from becoming a popular resort for field-ornithologists. As far as the records go, only eight students of birds have visited the place.

But if we are amazed at the number of birds inhabiting these islands to-day, what would we have thought if we could have seen them before they began to show the results of man's warfare of extermination?

Jacques Cartier, writing in 1555 of his voyages to Canadian waters, states that he came to islands which were "as full of birds as any meadow is of grass. . . . We went down to the lowest part of the least island, where we killed above a thousand of these godetz and apponatz. We put into our boats so many of them as we pleased, for in less than one hour we might have filled thirty such boats of them." The islands Cartier here refers to are identified by Mr. F. A. Lucas as being the Bird Rocks, and our first account of them, therefore, deals with the slaughter of their feathered indigenes.

Nearly three centuries passed, however, before an ornithologist observed the wonders of Bird Rock. On June 14, 1833, Audubon, whose energy in exploration no ornithologist has ever surpassed, visited the rocks. He wrote in his journal: "About ten a speck rose on the horizon, which I was told was the rock; we sailed well, the breeze increased fast, and we neared this object apace. At eleven I could distinguish its top plainly from the deck, and thought it covered with snow to the depth of several feet; this appearance existed on every portion of the flat, projecting shelves. Godwin [the pilot] said, with the coolness of a man who had visited this rock for ten successive seasons, that what we saw was not snow,—but gannets! I rubbed my eyes, took my spy-glass, and in an instant the strangest picture stood before me. They were birds we saw,—a mass of birds of such size as I never before cast my eyes on. The whole of my party stood astounded and amazed, and all came to the conclusion that such a sight was of itself sufficient to invite any one to come across the gulf to view at this season."

One need not be a naturalist to imagine



DRAWN BY C. M. REYEA.

PHOTOGRAPHING THE BIRDS FROM THE CAR.

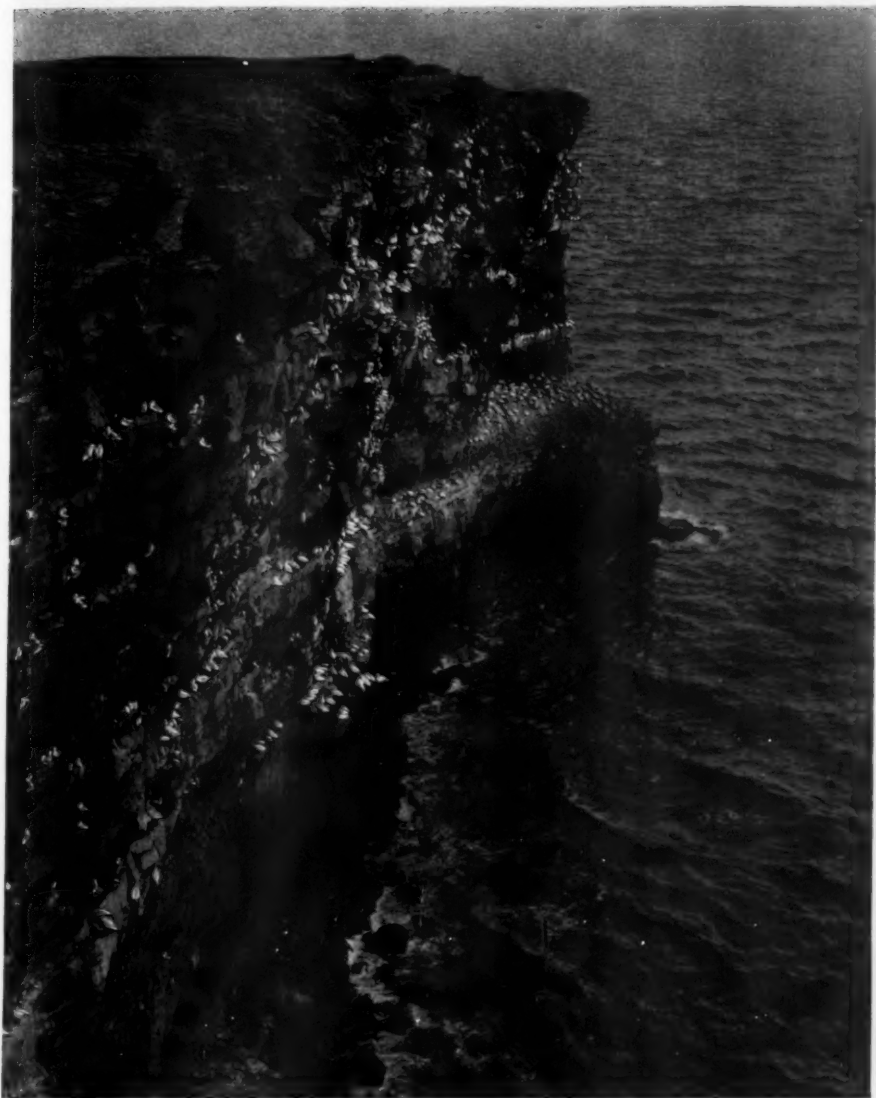
Audubon's disappointment when his pilot told him that it was too rough to go ashore upon the rock. However, they launched a whale-boat, which, manned by Audubon's son John and four others, went to the lee of the rock, but returned at the end of an hour without having made a landing.

Audubon's account, like that of Cartier, tells of the destruction of the birds nesting on the rock. The gannets, he states, were killed by fishermen for use as bait in cod-fishing. Armed with clubs, "the men strike them down and kill them until fatigued or satisfied. Five hundred and forty have been thus murdered in one hour by six men."

This slaughter was evidently attended by some danger; for not only do the sitting birds bite viciously, but old fishermen in the Magdalens tell me that if the intruder on the gannets' domain on the summit of the rock should happen to have been caught in a rush of stampeded birds, he could with difficulty have avoided being carried off the edge of the cliff.

The first naturalist who actually set foot on Bird Rock was Dr. Henry Bryant of Boston, who landed there June 23, 1860. This was before the days of the lighthouse, and Dr. Bryant reached the top of the rock after a climb which he characterizes as both "difficult and dangerous." In addition to the gannets which occupied the ledges on the face of the rock, he found these birds nesting over the entire northerly half of the summit; and by measuring the surface occupied by them, he estimated that this one colony alone contained no fewer than a hundred thousand birds, while the number living on the sides of the rock and on Little Bird he placed at fifty thousand.

When Mr. C. J. Maynard visited the rock, in June, 1872, he found that the colony of gannets on its summit consisted



NORTHWEST SIDE OF ROCK.

of only five thousand birds, which nine years later, Mr. William Brewster discovered, had diminished to fifty pairs.

This rapid decrease was due to the erection of a lighthouse in 1869, making the top of the rock easily accessible by means of a hoisting apparatus, and thus exposing the birds to the attack of fishermen. Doubtless, also, the keepers of the light aided in driving the birds from the nesting-site which

they had so long held undisturbed. Mr. Brewster also noted a fresh cause for the destruction of the eggs of birds nesting on the face of the rock in the shape of the cannon, which had been introduced shortly before his visit. He writes: "At each discharge the frightened murres fly from the rock in clouds, nearly every sitting bird taking its egg into the air between its thighs, and dropping it after flying a few yards.

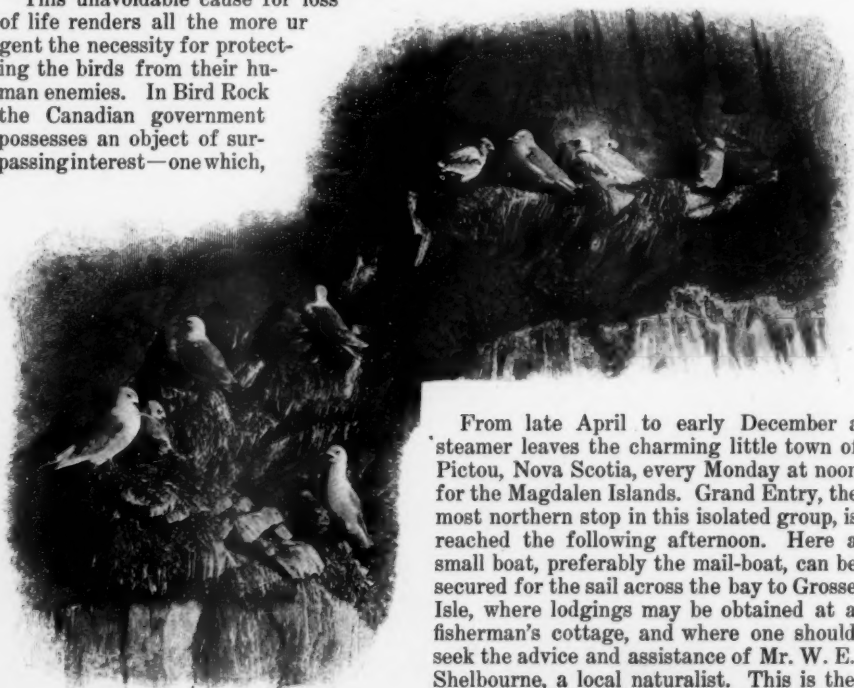
This was repeatedly observed during our visit, and more than once a perfect shower of eggs fell into the water around our boat."

While the birds have become comparatively accustomed to the report of this cannon, or to that of the guncotton bomb which has replaced it, large numbers still leave the rock each time a bomb is exploded, so that it continues to be a means of destroying not only eggs, but also young birds, which are carried off their narrow ledges by the precipitous flight of their parents.

This unavoidable cause for loss of life renders all the more urgent the necessity for protecting the birds from their human enemies. In Bird Rock the Canadian government possesses an object of surpassing interest—one which,

tunity of seeing this, one of the ornithological wonders of the world. My own visit to Bird Rock was made to secure photographs and specimens of birds for the American Museum of Natural History, where it is proposed to represent a portion of the rock with its feathered inhabitants.

So little information exists concerning the manner in which this trip may be made that I enter here the details of my itinerary for the benefit of future travelers.



KITTIWAKES, FROM THE CRATE.

south of Greenland, is unique in eastern North America. It is the obvious duty of the proper authorities to preserve it; and the ease with which this preservation can be accomplished makes further neglect inexcusable. The appointment of the light-keeper as a game-warden would solve the problem. The present keeper assured me that for a slight increase in salary he would gladly protect the birds. The fishermen might then be permitted to take eggs until the 1st of July, after which time the birds should be permitted to rear their young undisturbed.

In the meantime I would advise every bird-student and nature-lover to lose no oppor-

From late April to early December a steamer leaves the charming little town of Pictou, Nova Scotia, every Monday at noon for the Magdalen Islands. Grand Entry, the most northern stop in this isolated group, is reached the following afternoon. Here a small boat, preferably the mail-boat, can be secured for the sail across the bay to Grosse Isle, where lodgings may be obtained at a fisherman's cottage, and where one should seek the advice and assistance of Mr. W. E. Shelbourne, a local naturalist. This is the point of departure for the rock, which, although only twenty miles distant, and on clear days plainly visible, will now seem much farther away than before the first step of the journey was made. This, in a measure, is due to the uncertainty of gulf weather, the strong tides, the sudden and severe squalls, the prevalence of fogs, and the surprising rapidity with which the latter change a sunlit horizon to closely crowding gray walls, making navigation in these waters more than usually dangerous.

Very few of the natives of Grosse Isle had ever visited Bird Rock, but they had tales to tell of persons who had attempted to reach it in small fishing-boats, and had been lost in the fog, and narrowly escaped being carried out

to sea. However, after arriving at Bryon Island, the most northern of the Magdalens, twelve miles from Grosse Isle, and an equal distance from the rock, the run to the latter can be made, under favorable conditions, in a small boat with comfort and safety; but it is by no means certain when one may return, and the voyager in a small boat should go prepared to be fog-bound or storm-bound on the rock.

We were fortunate in securing a thirty-ton schooner, the *Sea Gem* of Grosse Isle, Captain Hubbard Taker, master,—whom I can commend as both man and sailor,—and set sail for the rock on the afternoon of July 24, 1898. We anchored off Bryon for the night, and after a dense fog had cleared, continued our voyage at eleven o'clock the following morning. A fresh south-west breeze brought us under the lee of the rock in an hour and a half, where we were welcomed by Mr. Peter Bourque, the keeper of the light, whose cordial invitation to make his domain our home relieved us of the embarrassment of being self-made guests. Our dory was soon beached on the narrow, rock-beset shore at the foot of the crane, and for the first time Bird Rock became to us a reality. With bag and baggage, we were now packed in the small, wooden crate which was to carry us over the last stage of our journey; the command, "Hoist away," was shouted to the men at the windlass above, and after six minutes of suspense we



YOUNG MURRES AND EGG.

were deposited on the summit. The slow turning of the crate, bringing now cliff, now sea, before us, and the sudden jars as the rope in winding slipped off the preceding coil, were incidents which most novices at this means of progression will doubtless find of unexpected interest.

To a naturalist this ascent possesses an indescribable fascination. Every suitable ledge and crevice in the face of the rock was occupied by groups of birds, who, almost within reach, regarded us with fearless curiosity. Here were kittiwakes, murres, and razorbills in attendance on their young—all so abundant, and so much at home, that we seemed to have reached the heart of the bird world.

Arriving at the top, we were greeted by Mr. Bourque's two assistants and his daughter, a girl of sixteen, who completed the population of the islet; to which, however, should be added one cow, an important member of the rock colony, who had reached her elevated position in life by means of the same apparatus with which we had just gratefully parted company.

Numerous buildings, which we had barely noticed from the sea, were found to form a miniature village on the nearly level summit of the rock, and gave to the scene an atmosphere of comfort and homeliness which emphasized one's sense of isolation.

These details, however, were observed later, the favorable light prevailing at the time of our arrival being far too valuable to be used for anything but photography. Not a moment was lost, therefore, in unpacking cameras and plate-holders. The latter, numbering twenty-one, furnished forty-two plates; but even this supply was soon exhausted. Going to the western end of the rock, which was well illuminated by the



YOUNG PETREL AND NESTING MATERIAL AS REMOVED FROM BURROW.

afternoon sun, where the jutting ledges permitted one easily to descend a short distance, I soon found myself among groups of puffins, razorbills, and murre, who, in view of the persecution to which they have so long been subjected, were remarkably tame. At a distance of twenty feet they permitted me to go through the operations of focusing under a dark cloth, inserting the plate-holder, etc., without showing marked signs

perfect balance between gravity and air-pressure.

As the birds gathered about in rows and groups on the border of the cliff, its ledges and projections, I seemed almost to be on speaking terms with them; and so unusual and pleasing was the experience of having birds apparently admit you at once to the inner circles of their society, that I hesitated to alarm them by moving. But as yet I had

seen only a fragment of the rock. Climbing, therefore, from ledge to ledge, I reached a corner where an abrupt turn exposed a great expanse of perpendicular wall so inaccessible to man that it has become a favorite nesting-site. Here were gathered gannets, murre, razorbills, and kittiwakes, distributed



of fear. In fact, I was at times vigorously scolded by some murre parent, who would waddle toward me, and, bobbing her head, utter a series of protesting murre, in a tone so surprisingly like that of a bass-voiced man that often I expected a larger biped to appear. Tamer even than the murre were the puffins—*paroquets*, the French Canadians call them; and

one has only to see the bird in life to appreciate the applicability of the name. It is not alone their appearance, but also their actions, which suggest the parrot. Unlike the murre and razorbills, they do not rest on the whole foot,—that is, on the so-called tarsus as well as on the toes,—but stand quite erect on the toes alone, and run about with the characteristic pattering steps of parrots. When the wind blew fresh from the sea, they faced it, hovering a foot or two above the rocks on outstretched, motionless wings, and retaining for several seconds this



DRAWN BY C. M. RYLYEA.

CATCHING RAZORBILLS, AND REMOVING THE BIRD FROM THE NET.

singly or in rows, according to the nature of the shelves and ledges on which they were nesting, the gannets taking the widest the murre and kittiwakes the narrowest ledges, while the razorbills sought the more sheltered crevices.

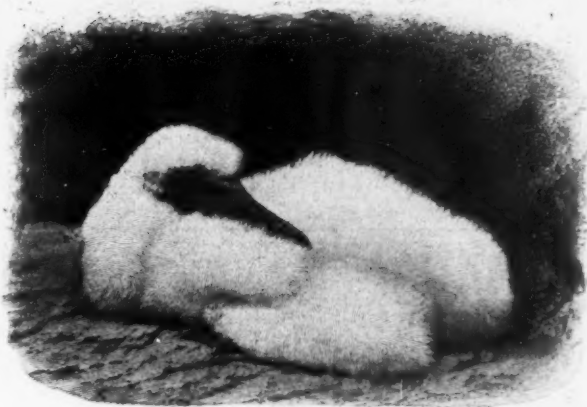
What noise and apparent confusion were here! A never-ceasing chorus, in which the loud, grating *gor-r-r-ok*, *gor-r-r-ok* of the gannets predominated, while the singularly human call of the murre and the hoarse note of the razorbills formed an accompaniment. Occasionally the kittiwakes found cause for

excitement, and hundreds of birds would swoop downward from their nests, and circling about, call their rapidly, distinctly enunciated, ringing *kit-ti-wake, kit-ti-wake*.

In addition to the great number of birds on the rock, an endless procession of gannets, puffins, murres, and razorbills circled about it. Unconsciously one expected a pause in this whirling throng of birds; but although its numbers fluctuated, birds were ever passing, never flying over the rock, but always around it.

The schooner had dropped anchor near the rock, but the wind increasing in strength, Captain Taker set sail for the lee of Bryon Island, with instructions to return for us in two days, weather permitting.

The following morning dawned cloudy, and with a high wind which drove the waves on to the rock-set base of our islet with terrific force. Fortunate it was that we had neither to reach nor to leave the rock that day. Photography was out of the question, and the time was devoted to collecting and preserving specimens. For the former purpose a gun was necessary only in securing gannets and kittiwakes, murres and razorbills being caught in a dip-net by the keepers; one of whom, having a rope about his



YOUNG GANNET.

waist, which was held by his associate, advanced to the edge of the cliff, or "cape," as it is termed locally, and looked cautiously over in quest of birds resting on the ledges immediately below. Having determined their position, the net was thrust quickly downward; and the birds, in attempting to escape, often became entangled in its meshes.

Puffins were caught on their nests in crevices in the face of the rock or in the holes they had burrowed in the earth on its top. The latter were sometimes shared with Leach's petrel, a variety of "Mother Carey's chicken." These little birds also occupied smaller burrows of their own, in which, at the end of a tunnel three or four feet in length, they would be found sitting on their single white egg or brooding a newly hatched chick—about as singular a specimen of bird life as ever wore feathers.

The casual visitor to Bird Rock would never suspect the presence of these petrels; and, indeed, he might live there for years and still be unaware that these birds also made it their home. While not wholly nocturnal, they are never seen about their burrows during the day. At this time usually only one of a pair, either the male or female, is to be found on the nest, while its absent mate passes the day at sea, returning after dark. One night I visited the end of the rock where the petrels breed, and from the



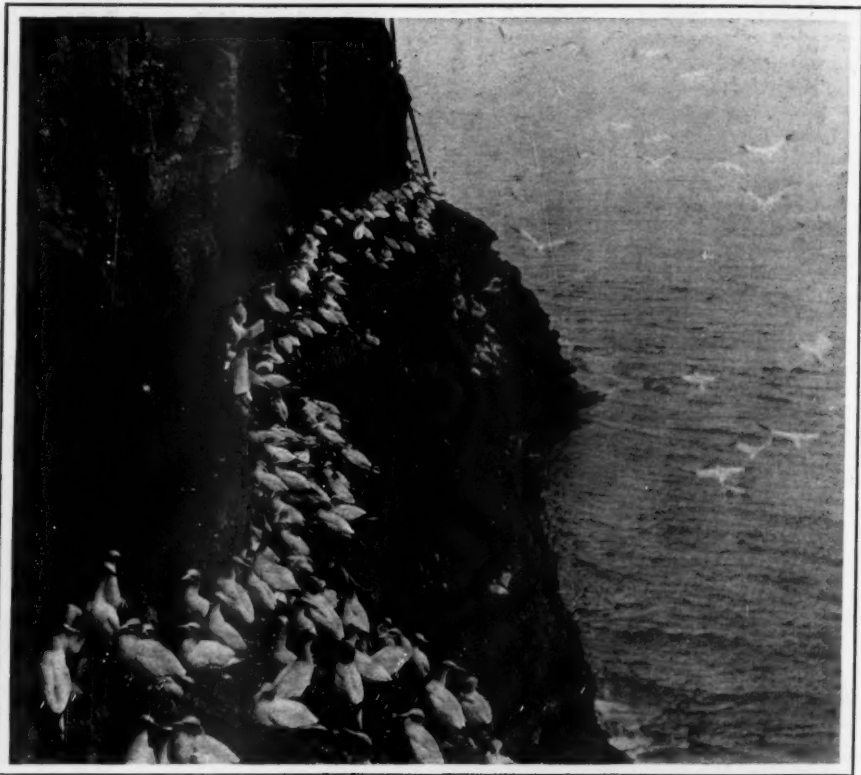
GANNETS ON NEST.

ground at my feet and on every side came their uncanny little crow, which curiously suggested the presence of elves or brownies. Occasionally I saw a blur of wings as a bird passed between me and the lighthouse.

A special object of my visit to the rock was to secure birds in nestling plumage to illustrate the various stages of their growth,

causes it, when disturbed, to describe a circle about its own point. Thus, like a diplomat, it yields to superior force while retaining its original position.

Late in the afternoon the sun appeared at intervals through the clouds; and I at once substituted the camera for the scalpel, and had Mr. Bourque lower me in the crate, in order that I might secure photographs of the

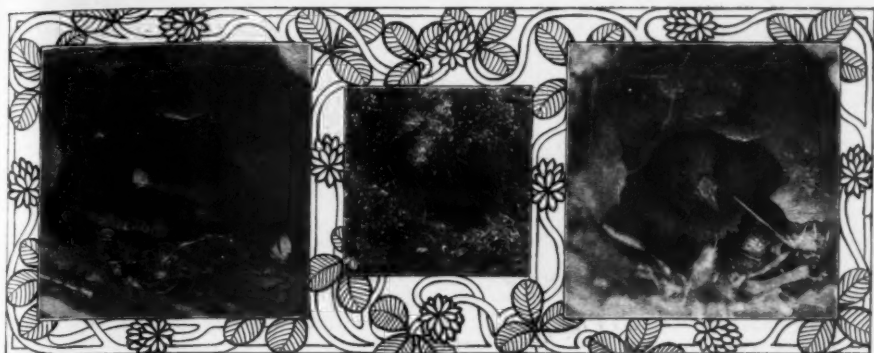


LEDGE OF NESTING GANNETS.

and fortunately I arrived at exactly the right date. Young murres in every condition, from those newly hatched to others nearly ready to fly, were scattered over the narrow ledges on which this species nests, or rather lays, and there were still a few fresh eggs, doubtless laid by birds who had been robbed earlier in the season. Murres deposit their single egg on the bare rock, often on a ledge so narrow that there is barely room for the sitting bird. A round or elliptical egg, if moved by the wind or incubating bird, would soon roll from its precarious position; but the markedly pyriform shape of a murre's egg

birds observed on our ascent. Neither the instability of the crate nor its constant turning were conditions which a photographer would choose, but nevertheless several excellent pictures were secured, notably that of the kittiwake, here shown.

The third day of our stay on the rock presented us with an excellent sample of Newfoundland fog, and the bomb which had startled us at twenty-minute intervals throughout the night continued its warning during the day. Its dull boom, however, proved a welcome sound to Captain Taker, who, in spite of the fog, had kept his ap-



PETREL ON NEST AT END OF BURROW.

PUFFIN'S OR PETREL'S BURROW.

YOUNG PUFFIN ON NEST.

pointment, and at ten o'clock we heard his fog-horn from the gray bank beneath the rock where the *Sea Gem* was anchored.

Before leaving, I fastened a rope about my waist, and with sturdy Keeper Bourque at the other end of it as anchor-man, descended the northern side of the rock at a favorable point to secure photographs of a colony of gannets. Not only was it cloudy, but the birds were in the shadow, and there seemed to be little prospect of securing good negatives. The white plumage of the birds, however, was in my favor, and by using a large diaphragm I succeeded beyond my expectations.

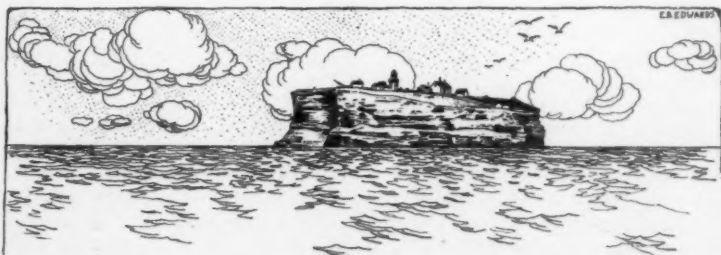
The greater part of the colony was on an inaccessible ledge below me; but by approaching carefully I managed to secure a fair-sized portrait of a single bird nesting on a ledge above them.

These gannets are magnificent birds, exhibiting, on the wing, admirable grace and power. They dive for fish from a height of forty feet or more, half closing their wings until they resemble enormous spear-heads,

and descending with a force and speed that take them far below the surface of the water, which splashes five feet or more into the air as they strike it. It is a thrilling performance; one involuntarily applauds the winged fisher.

Early in the afternoon the weather gave promise of clearing, and we decided to leave the rock. My collections and outfit were placed aboard the schooner, and in a dory I went to visit Little Bird Rock; but before coming fairly abreast of it the fog crept back, Great Bird became only a periodic boom in the surrounding gray wall, and I returned to the schooner without further delay.

The sail to Bryon apparently demonstrated Captain Taker's possession of the much-disputed sense of direction. In spite of a head wind, violent squalls, and a strong tide, he made his way through the fog with perfect assurance, and dropped anchor at a particular lobster-buoy, visible less than one hundred feet from the schooner, but which in effect he appeared to have seen before we left the rock.



BIRD ROCK FROM THE SOUTHWEST, DISTANT HALF A MILE.

A DAY IN WHEAT.

BY WILL PAYNE.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS FOGARTY.

A VICTORIA drawn by shining bays, the coachman in drab livery faced with yellow, wheeled up to the curb on the east side of the Board of Trade.

Miss Thatcher did not at once offer to alight. She reefed her gaudy little parasol, and looked deliberately up the craggy bulk of granite that towered overhead. She was aware, as parts of the picture, of the windowed broadside of the bank blocking their dingy bit of street just to the north, and of the awkward mass of the elevated-road station shutting off the view to the south. An inarticulate roaring of human voices came out of the broad, open windows above.

"How much noise they make!" she commented, gathering her skirts.

"They're always at the boiling-point," said Miss Gund, briskly, with the advantage of her experience. "I hope they'll boil over for you. Maybe Arthur can get them to. We may as well get out."

Miss Thatcher's eye had been quick to catch the gilt signs on the two windows and the door across the sidewalk: "Gund, Randall & Morehouse: Stocks, Bonds, Grain, Provisions." That, and the mere glimpse beyond of a big bare room full of lounging men, were rather disappointing—not so suggestive of money and excitement as she had supposed.

She alighted in a leisurely way. Shorter and plumper Miss Gund followed her with a bounce which seemed rather due to the environment. Everybody hurried there, even those passing men who turned briefly challenging eyes upon the tall, alluring figure beside the carriage. Miss Thatcher did not mind the glances here more than elsewhere. It was an advantage of her size and beauty that she could stand calmly aloof.

But Miss Gund was less serene. "This is the office," she said. "Oh!"

The office door opened, and a large young man came hurrying out to them. His big, loose frame moved with a kind of awkwardness, and he took off his straw hat, somehow as though he wished to hide it, disclosing a long, narrow brow, and a thinness in the lightish hair over the top of his head.

But his long, smooth face was distinguished in a way by the amiable mouth and the mutely eloquent brown eyes. He briefly, even hurriedly, shook the neatly gloved hand which Miss Thatcher extended.

"Is it a good day for us, Arthur?" Dora cut in at once; and his one tiny hope that, after all, they were not going to stay fell to pieces.

"Why, no; it is n't really a very good day," he began. His troubled eyes even made an appeal to Miss Thatcher.

"Perhaps you're too busy," she suggested. She mentally drew herself up.

"Oh, I'm sure it's a good day," said Dora, with sisterly privilege. "I read the 'Tribune's' Board of Trade column to Margaret before we started, and it says the market is 'wildly nervous.' That's good for us, is n't it? We want it to be lively."

"But if you're busy—" Miss Thatcher insisted. His was not the attitude which she had reason to expect.

But Arthur had come out of his helplessness. It was apt to be that way with him—as though it took his machinery a few minutes to get into running order.

"I meant the gallery will be crowded," he explained, lamely but amiably. "Of course I'm not too busy. I'm only a sort of flourish in the office as yet, anyway."

They started across the flagging.

"Oh, and will the 'bull clique' be up there—the one the 'Tribune' says is running the market? How will we know it? Can you point it out?"

Dora paused at the door to put these questions with a touch of excitement.

"I hope it will come out and perform for us," said Miss Thatcher. "What is it they do? 'Go broke'? Will it do that?"

A little panicky constriction caught the young man's heart.

"Perhaps; I'll ask them to!" he cried in nervous recklessness. But Miss Thatcher was passing him to enter the door. Her beauty was too near; it was too real. His eyebrows drew together. "I hope they won't 'go broke' anywhere, Miss Thatcher," he said in a sort of hurried aside.



IN THE GALLERY.

It made a commotion in her nerves—perhaps not an unpleasant commotion. What an odd speech!

She affected not to hear, and she glanced calmly at the strange scene—a big bare room, with a space at the left divided off by a cheap partition of stained wood and ground glass, the remaining space mostly filled with chairs, in and over and about which men lounged. There were some big blackboards, whereon two boys nimbly entered chalk figures. It struck her as decidedly unkempt and smelling of tobacco.

They crossed the width of the office, and were nearing the door which gave into the main hall of the building. In the corner was a small den partitioned off with the same stained pine and ground glass that made the larger division.

"Oh, here's papa's hole," said Dora, cheerfully. "Is he in? Let's speak to him."

"He's busy," Arthur warned hurriedly.

But Dora had already stepped aside, tapped at the small glass door, and was opening it and peering in.

"Shut that door! Go away!" said a high, peremptory voice from within.

Miss Thatcher recognized the voice of Peter Gund, and her face became blankly composed. Instantly she felt a sort of dismal failure in her expedition. This bare, unkempt room, with its air of cheapness, that example of courtesy from Gund, senior—in a way it seemed to justify her father's estimate of them, or, at least, of Peter. She knew her father's attitude well enough. Finally he had said to her: "Young Gund always seems to me like Peter's savageness trying to wriggle into an acceptable form."

That had been after Arthur Gund's second evening call, which had been his last; for Miss Thatcher believed in loyalty to one's father—at least, up to a certain point. Lately she had thought a good deal; and if now she kept her eyes steadily averted from Arthur, it was because she had a rebellious instinct to keep him apart from Peter's vulgarity.

Dora flushed hotly, and they went into the hall considerably under the cloud of Peter's manners.

"It certainly sounds 'wildly nervous,'" Miss Thatcher commented.

As they ascended the broad, curving granite stairs to the trading-floor, a roaring strife of voices gushed down to them.

As soon as Margaret spoke, Dora saw that her chance had gone by; for in the space of a second she had meditated a feminine de-

fense against Miss Thatcher's judgment of Peter. It had been on the tip of her tongue to say, "Your father was in there, too."

Perhaps Miss Thatcher would have received it incredulously. It was quite beyond her conception of her father that he had sat by and silently admired Gund's curt dismissal of his daughter as though she were a trespassing boot-black.

The two men sat at opposite sides of the small table in the little den—Franklin Thatcher, a tall man with a formal and military suggestion because of his clothes, his square shoulders, his grizzled mustache and imperial. One could guess that he was fond of a silk hat. It was easy to imagine the background of his establishment on the Lake Shore Drive. Peter Gund was a mere post of a man, weighing about one hundred pounds, partly bald, with a smooth, thin face, and a tuft of whitish mustache, his complexion a faintly blotched and mottled red, no eyebrows, and puffy, wrinkled lids that commonly drooped over the watery, weary-looking pale-blue eyes.

The threat of feminine intrusion delivered by Dora intolerably stung Thatcher's straining nerves, and at Gund's prompt, "Go away!" he looked up with new regard.

For at that moment something like three million dollars lay at hazard, and the dice must be thrown at once.

Every second impassively clicked off by the electric clock on the wall narrowed the margin within which a fortune might be saved, and Peter Gund was not one to let courtesy distract the steady eye with which he measured the chances.

The big wheat deal was in a desperately bad way. Money had tightened unexpectedly. It was almost impossible to borrow, on any terms. When Thatcher began to buy wheat in February with Sheahan and Tomlins (the three constituting the mysterious "bull clique"), he had proposed merely one of those speculative adventures with which he sometimes varied his leisurely occupation of "capitalist," as the city directory designated him. But Pat Sheahan's was a more ardent temperament, and through stages which he could now scarcely account for Thatcher found himself and his partners in a position where they must buy more or ruinously throw over the big line they had accumulated. He had felt uneasy for days; but the fear that strikes cold to the pit of a man's stomach and loosens all his nerves had not touched him until this very morning. Then, coming rapidly to the office of Gund,

Randall & Morehouse, his straining eye sought the senior partner. The two went without a word to that little den in the corner. The door was closed. Thatcher took off his hat, and drew his hand across his brow.

"Pat's fallen down," he said; "can't borrow a dollar." The bull clique's reserve force had been Sheahan's supposed ability to arrange a certain large loan. It looked like Waterloo, with no Grouchy in sight.

lords of the town, that went on under its smoke, amid its din, in its endless stretches of grimy streets, ready enough to pay him the consideration he asked so long as he could maintain his position; instantly ready, also, if he fell, to distort its vast visage in a derisive grin, to set its huge foot on him, and forget him in a day. He even thought—the straw-clutch of a drowning man—to ask Peter to come into the breach with his fortune. But he had to own that Peter had



"UNLOAD ON EM."

Thatcher understood well enough, in his half-benumbed helplessness, that if the desperate situation were to find its younger Napoleon anywhere, it must be in this mere post of a man opposite. Even in the distress which confused his mind, he was conscious of a color of contrition. He and Gund had known each other a long time, and he had to own that as between them Gund's attitude had been the franker. As for himself, he had cherished reservations, especially of late, after he had set up that more pretentious establishment on the Lake Shore Drive, and Margaret had come home quite "finished." In his heart he felt that Peter was a stranger to the significance of a silk hat. Just now the reservations seemed infinitely unimportant. That million of his own which lay at hazard dwarfed everything else. It was the pedestal on which he stood, with the other

been generous. If he failed, he would stand in Gund, Randall & Morehouse's books for a sum which most men would be richly content to retire from money-getting with.

"You're in a devil of a box," said Gund, looking thoughtfully at the sheets of paper before them. He drew a match with a long scratch across the under edge of the table, and lighted the big black cigar between his teeth. The teeth were glitteringly false. This, of course, was only the prelude, and Thatcher fetched a tremulous sigh.

"But it ain't so bad," Gund went on thoughtfully. "You've got a chance, I guess. Sheahan and Tomlins have some money left, for they're supporting the market right now. Sheahan's got a big credit with the trade, and a big following. He's black Irish, and he'll fight like the devil. Besides, he's a clever man, and knows how

to fight. He may stand up for a couple of days. The deal can't win; it's bound to go to smash in the end." He lifted his weary-looking eyes, half veiled by the puffy lids, to Thatcher's face, and added kindly: "The thing for you to do, Franklin, is to sell out—unload on 'em—let them hold the bag before the smash comes."

Thatcher's eyes dropped to the table.

Gund considered the memoranda a mo-

mind was sufficiently awake to realize that it must be a more elaborate and detailed treachery. Sheahan was no fool. If he were to be confided out of his money, some carefully planned betrayals would be necessary. Then the accounting afterward! He saw Sheahan confronting him—a big, coarse, half-illiterate brute. The overwhelming sickness in his mind increased.

Gund, darting back to the stall, found his



"TOMLINS SEEMED QUITE GAY." (SEE PAGE 348.)

ment. "Y gad, it will work first-rate, I believe," he declared more briskly. "Wait a miaute."

He jumped up and ran to the outer office to verify a fact or so.

To Thatcher's expert understanding the proposition was quite plain. It meant that he should surreptitiously sell his wheat in the market to his partners, and by betraying them to complete ruin save a part of his own fortune.

All his life he had cherished a certain gentlemanly conception of himself. Yet he did not leap back from Gund's suggestion. What he felt was a sort of sickness, a sort of tremulous incapacity to do the necessary thing. It was like saving his life—or more. If it could be done at a stroke, one desperate lunge of the knife, a pressure of the trigger with shut eyes and clenched teeth—but his

client standing by the door. The client avoided the pale eyes. In his soul in that moment, before the man of daring counsel, he felt rather abject and futile.

"We'll let this go for the present, Peter," said Thatcher, with downcast eyes, in a low voice, in a way that half entreated the other's forbearance. "I believe I can raise some money; I'm going to try."

"But, thunder! you can't," said Gund. "Can't borrow a dollar."

"Yes; I believe I can," Thatcher repeated. "I'm going to try."

"Wheat's weaker now; you'll be too late," the broker warned. "This market ain't going to wait for anybody."

"I won't be long. Give me a chance. I'm not up to this other business—now." He grew firmer as he argued. "My account with you—"

Peter made a gesture. "If you're going, go quick. The minutes count."

Thatcher hurried out.

Gund stood a full minute, worrying his little whitish mustache. Then he walked slowly into the main hall of the Board, and on up the curving granite stairs to the trading-room, all the time fingering his mustache and looking down thoughtfully. At his back, through the windows, lay a fine perspective of La Salle street, walled by its towering buildings, its flaggings and roadway full of constantly shifting masses. Before him was the high and broad trading-room, with its three packs of shouting, gesticulating brokers—packs which seemed to be constantly drawing in the loose human atoms on the floor and casting them forth again. But Gund had no eye either for the panorama behind the wide windows or for the clamoring packs before him. He strolled out upon the floor, quite oblivious of all the pandemonium, still busily worrying his mustache and looking down. He was addressed here and there, stopped, questioned. He answered with a word, absently, and strolled on. Only here and there he spoke a word on his own account—catching the eye of a broker, calling him up by a mere indication from those puffy eyelids, leaning to speak for an instant, then passing on. And as Peter's saunterings and whisperings progressed, an habitué could have told from the shoutings, from the manner in which the fingers of those flourished, gesticulating hands were held, that the market was turning.

"Now what does it mean?" Miss Thatcher asked.

"Five eighths," Arthur replied, half absorbed in the market. He spread his fingers and made the sign for her.

"That's less, then?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes; it's going off fast."

He leaned over the edge of the railing, watching the pit, Miss Thatcher watching him. "Thatcher's catching it hot and heavy," he was thinking. "How grotesque, her being up here! But, thank God, nobody knows her; and she is here—beside me!" He looked around at her, smiling.

The ten minutes which she had at first proposed had grown to twenty. It was unexpectedly snug up there in the gallery, beside the big sheltering pillar. They had the farther end quite to themselves. Dora had gone back to look into the street through the top of a broad window. The great trading-floor spread out below them, with its

three shouting packs, its many rows of high little tables over which men seemed more sanely busy, and its open space where men continually crossed and recrossed, gathering, gossiping, pointing, dispersing. Over the heads of that mob there was an odd air of seclusion. The very noise made a better place for them to be still in.

He explained some things, but the explanations mostly went wide of her understanding. She preferred to understand him. She asked a question now and then at random, and observed him, conscious of her own little secret drama in which she was assigning him a part, but not dreaming of the big drama of the pit as it appeared to him, and in which, to him, she was the innocent figure. He leaned forward, watching and listening. She knew it for a battle. It subtly charged her nerves with its electrical atmosphere. It was as though they had been together in a storm. Words, gestures, the ordinary means of approach, were not needed. There was fusion in the air. They drew near to each other by insensible processes.

"You find it really interesting?" she asked murmurously, without caring what his answer might be. She simply wished him to feel her presence.

He drew back a little, and gave her his attention.

"Why, it's really a big trade," he said. "I think a fellow's bound to do something. Of course"—he dropped his eyes—"I suppose there are a lot finer things to do." He got over the self-depreciatory implication by looking up at her. "One ought to do the best he can, and this is really a big business—that is, the best part of it: the 'cash wheat' business—buying, storing, shipping grain, and all that."

"Of course it's important," she said quickly, with a completeness of approval which he found not at all marred, but rather improved, when she added, "if one can understand it."

She looked thoughtfully across the floor. They seemed to be confessing something to each other.

"After all, Chicago does do a good deal; and if you're of Chicago—"

"Certainly!" he caught it up quickly. "My father, in a way, has made a place here,—made a foundation,—and why should n't I go on with it?"

Miss Thatcher's hands came together in her lap. "Yes," she said deliberately; "I've felt the same thing myself of late."

Such was the effect of this demure speech

that the young man had a thrilling sense, which remained for half a minute, that they fully understood each other.

"I like to see a man do something," she added quite recklessly; and then, as though daring could go no further,—the words did not matter,—she looked him in the face. She did not mind electrifying him. In a certain soft rebellion she took his surface disadvantages into the fold of her protecting affection, so that it was then really much better for him than if he had been able to make his own advances gracefully—than if he had been of the most plausible form. It was her way of paying him for his awkwardness.

The two human figures in the lee of the big pillar in the gallery presented no suggestion of the dénouement of a play. Peter Gund, happening to glance up, saw two idle spectators of the wheat-pit; then he made out the yellow hair and the hat and Arthur. He was too busy to be definitely amused, but he thought, "Nice time for Thatcher's daughter to be studying the wheat market!" and he even had a fleeting sense of typical youth and beauty looking on at the battle and pretending to study it, but really too full of its own comedy to understand anything else.

He moved along, and gave another order to sell wheat. For if Franklin Thatcher did n't know enough to sell out on his partners, Peter Gund knew enough to sell out on his client. He had made up his mind that Thatcher would fail to raise the money to support the market—that he was about to lose. The failure of the bull clique meant necessarily a big drop in the price of wheat. From this conclusion and this fact Gund moved promptly and characteristically to the action of selling wheat on his own account, so that he would profit by whatever decline occurred. He explained briefly to Randall, whom he found down in the office, nervously slipping two silver dollars between his fingers, his white-felt hat on the back of his fat head. Gund sidled up to him.

"Guess Thatcher's gone to pot, sure," he said in an aside. "He's trying to borrow some money, but he can't do it. I just been up-stairs,"—he glanced up at his partner,— "and I've sold a slough of wheat for our own account. If those fellows pull through we'll have to cover it at a loss. But I'm guessing they won't pull through. If they don't, we'll make enough on this stuff I've just sold to square what Thatcher'll owe us, and more, too. You might go up-stairs and

watch it; but don't try to cover without seeing me."

Not long afterward, Gund stood before an electric printing-machine in his office, and read this:

"The market is turning strong again. The big selling seems to be over. Good buying now; price up three cents from the bottom: supposed to be the clique."

Randall hurried in—his third trip from up-stairs.

"I'm dead sure Thatcher is buying through Judson," he began excitedly.

"S-s-s-st!" said Peter, for Thatcher was coming in.

Gund went to meet him.

"It's all right, Peter," he began at once; "all right!" He stooped and laid a hand confidentially on the small man's arm. "I went to Judson because—"

"Are you buying?" Gund cut in.

Thatcher vaguely felt himself accused. "I went to Judson because I did n't see you when I came back from the bank," he explained, "and there was n't any time to lose. Besides, Judson's been pretty hard hit with Tomlin's and Sheahan's business. Been called for margins, in fact, and had n't responded; so I thought it only fair to—"

"You raised the money!" Peter looked up, really astonished.

"Yes; I got the money—hundred and twenty thousand."

"Pshaw!" said Peter, an exclamation of incredulous admiration. "I did n't think it could be done."

"Yes; it could be done," said Thatcher.

It seemed to Gund's intent eye and ear that there was a kind of confusion and recklessness somewhere behind Thatcher's words.

"I congratulate you," said Peter, calmly.

Thatcher felt an aloofness, an accusation, and it added to the trouble in his mind. "See here, Peter," he began. He slipped his hand through the broker's arm, and turned him toward the big hall, leading him, as though walking helped him on with it. "I—it was the girl's money."

"The girl's?"

"My girl's—Margaret's. It's the right thing to do. It will pull us all out. I did n't—really did n't hesitate—"

Peter's weary and watery eye took an upward and sidelong glance, calmly, at the tall figure. He felt the rattling and shaking of overburdened machinery. He recalled briefly the fortune left by Margaret's mother, of which the father was the trustee. But he had his own work on hand.

"How much?" he asked, with brutal directness.

"One hundred and twenty thousand dollars. It was all very available—good bonds and stocks." Thatcher's white hand went up to the military tuft of hair on his chin. "It will pull us all through," he said. "You see, the tide has turned now. It just needed that to get us around the corner. I knew it could n't last, Peter," he added, with pathetic emphasis. "Of course if you felt like turning in and buying now, it would be a chance for you to make something. The tide has turned." He drew himself up a little.

"All right," said Gund, vaguely, and he went back into the office. But he halted, just out of Thatcher's sight, and twisted his mustache. He gave a glance at the clock. The time was very short. The bold play that he had made in selling wheat was in jeopardy. If Thatcher and Sheahan should regain control of the market, he would have to buy in that wheat at a loss. The time was very short. And Thatcher's hundred and twenty thousand dollars,—the girl's money (which meant it was the last the bull clique could raise),—part of which had already been swallowed up in helping Judson out of his "hole"! What an ass Thatcher was! Gund started forward, walked deliberately through the hall, up the stairs, and out on the trading-floor. The big clock showed that he had only thirty minutes left. Again he sauntered among the brokers, speaking his confidential word.

A little later the electric machine said: "Tremendous line of wheat coming on the market. Price weakening. Crowd thinks the clique is unloading. All sorts of rumors—one that a clique broker is in trouble. Wildest sort of market."

"There 's your father now," said Margaret.

"Yes," said Arthur, without looking around. He was leaning forward, watching the pit, and his nerves felt the crisis.

"Gad! See 'er slide!" Randall murmured, in a kind of rapt admiration. Down-stairs, he stood before the blackboard watching the quotations, and he recognized Peter's hand. But would he win?

The market, like a thing fatally hurt, had been weakly fluttering up, only to meet harder blows and to sink more definitely. Up-stairs it was a death-struggle. The wheat-pit was so packed that the human atoms in it became welded. The mass swayed and writhed in one complex motion

along each of the four sides. Its voice was an inarticulate shriek.

The big bell tolled out the stroke of ore. The hollow note booming over the great hall called the pit to its final effort. The shriek grew more violent. The flutterings grew less. The price began to sink steadily, ominously, point by point, like the going out of a life.

Arthur exhaled a long sigh. He looked around at Miss Thatcher. His manner was not excited, not constrained.

"It can't last," he said, with a kind of compassionate solemnity, as though in fact they were watching the going out of a life.

"No?" she breathed.

In the last two minutes an overpowering suggestion had been gathering in her mind: Arthur's first reluctance, Peter Gund's worried appearance down there—they might be involved in this catastrophe which she felt to be hurrying on below.

It was overwhelmingly shocking. Still, there was a kind of desperate perverseness—a reckless desire to make it up to him a little.

"Will it do any harm if we stay—now?" she asked meekly.

He smiled readily enough. "Not at all. Stay," he said.

Abruptly the noise below took a new direction. There was a pouring of the human atoms toward a bulletin-board in the farther corner, where a man had tacked a placard. The wheat-pit died down as though it had been turned off. A word was shouted along, passed on. In an instant the din in the pit recommenced furiously. Arthur bent over, listening. A man below flung out an arm toward some one, and shouted, "Judson!"

Arthur stood up. Instinctively Miss Thatcher arose. They faced each other. Dora, a little farther along, glanced up at them; but neither of them minded that.

"A failure?" she asked softly.

"Yes," he said gravely, looking into her face; "it amounts to that. It 's Judson." She did not know who Judson was, but she knew the look on his face. "It 's the end," he said.

Her chin was lifted a little as she looked at him, showing the soft line of her throat.

"Shall we go?" she asked.

Her compassion infolded him. They were very close together. There was another word to say. Both of them half understood that. In a way the storm engulfed them; but they were strangely at home in it.

"Yes; I want you to come with me—you and Dora," he began.

The bell tolled its last warning. Some people farther on in the gallery were getting up. The frenzy below continued. Margaret did not understand—except that he wished her to be with him. She had the sense of a trial and of loyalty. The three went down the stairs together.

The final strokes of the bell, announcing the closing of the market, echoed through the lower floor of the building; and Peter Gund, turning from the blackboard in his office, saw Thatcher's coachman outside, leaning from the box as some one on the sidewalk spoke up to him. Peter turned confidentially to Randall.

"They're mighty well busted, Jim, all three of 'em," he said cheerfully. "There'll be assignments this afternoon. Thatcher owes us something in six figures; but we'll cover this wheat I've been selling, and come out well ahead. I'm going to lunch now. Suppose I'll be called to the confab by and by."

As he stepped out on the flagging, he saw the victoria driving away empty. "Thatcher won't need his drab livery; he'll want dark blue," he thought. For just then the stir of the ended battle was in his nerves, the lust of his victory was in his blood. The gibe was his satisfyingly brutal kick at the corpse. It was not so much that he had saved the house from a large loss. The house could stand a loss, if it came to that. But he had won; he had brought the concern through a strait where few pilots would have availed.

It was three o'clock when Arthur hurried back to the office. Peter was on his way to the confab up-stairs. He stopped, midway to the door, a cigar in his mouth. Arthur crossed to him hurriedly.

"How did—things come out?" he asked hastily.

Peter examined the open, anxious face with indulgent cynicism.

"Well, three things have n't come out at all," he said. "Their names are Franklin Thatcher, Pat Sheahan, and E. G. Tomlins."

Arthur took off his straw hat with a nervous motion, and turned it over thoughtfully by the brim. "Is it really so bad as that—for Thatcher?" he asked.

"Busted to the devil and gone. I'm going up to the funeral now." Peter watched for the effect of his words.

Arthur shifted his weight to the other foot. For a moment his hand fumbled aimlessly for his coat pocket. Then he came up squarely to his father's eye.

"See here, father," he said steadily. "I've

been out of the office most of the day. I've been with Margaret Thatcher. I took her and Dora to lunch, and—" He was going on very steadily, but just what else was there to say? Just what had happened? A great deal, of course, as he understood it; but what was there in an instant's surreptitious contact of the hands, a murmured word, that he could resolve definitely into words for his father? "If we can do anything to help Thatcher out, father, I'd like it," he added.

After all, it was as clear an explanation as Peter desired. For him the fact lay not so much in what concerned the girl as in Arthur's self-assertion. Hitherto he had been only the tractable pupil, and the habit of that relationship was so strong that it came to Peter's lips to say sarcastically: "Certainly; pitch right in; do whatever you feel like for him." As it was, he grinned a bit; but his face quickly sobered to his son's steady gaze. He understood in that moment that there was a "we"; the boy asked to be taken into account. Peter was not displeased.

"Well," he said non-committally, and walked away.

Up-stairs in Sheahan's office, he found what he had expected—a half-dozen men with the catastrophe on their hands. Some of the stress, the highly wrought nervous energy evoked by the big speculation, was carried over into this conference to decide upon the disposition of the debris. A stranger might have said that Sheahan took it hardest. The burly, black-bearded Irishman was plainly suffering. He said little, was very tractable; and every minute, when somebody else talked, he screwed up his face, nearly shutting his eyes, like a man who is trying to hear something amid confusion and physical distress. But Gund comprehended the letting off of the tremendous head of steam which Sheahan had been carrying. He knew that Sheahan was realizing the situation fully and would recover quickest. Chubby little Tomlins seemed quite gay. He made jokes—and smelled of liquor. Peter's weary eye measured him and Peter amiably reflected: "He'll be drunk to-night, and to-morrow—whew!" Thatcher was vacuously composed. "It will come to him day after to-morrow," Gund thought.

He left the room with Thatcher at five o'clock. The client slipped his hand through the little broker's arm. Gund was a comfort to him to a degree which he did not try to understand.

"Well, Peter, I owe you something handsome," he said in a gossiping way.

"Yes," said Gund, thinking of something else.

"I shall pay it all in time," Thatcher persisted, with a poor bolstering of his pride.

Gund gave his head an impatient jerk. "We'll take that up some other time; it does n't matter," he said. "Now, that jag of cash wheat at Duluth—" he gave some practical advice.

"That's true," said Thatcher as to the advice. "But that don't matter much now, either. It's all gone." He made a large, loose gesture.

He added: "I suppose there'll be talk enough when I—errmm—make my assignment." He laid the hot iron to his flesh with a certain morbid interest.

"You need n't assign," said Gund, promptly.

Thatcher looked at him dumbly.

"Nearly all you owe, you owe to me. I'm going to fix up the rest. Rather have it all in my own hands. Rather not have you assign—understand? I intend to keep your name out of it." In his charity, Peter felt uncomfortable, nervous, on the defensive. It helped him a little to add: "I'm looking at it from the standpoint of the chief creditor. It makes my claim better—understand?"

"Well, really, Peter—" After all, for a moment only commonplaces came to Thatcher's mind. Yet it was a great reprieve. It meant that he could take his failure and bankruptcy off in a corner by himself. He was not to be publicly pilloried. It was so great a relief that finally he said weakly, almost tremulously: "It's very good of you, Peter."

Gund had to defend himself against that. He said brusquely: "Oh, the devil! it ain't anything. No use your assigning. You have n't got anything left to assign that's worth mentioning."

That wholesomely braced Thatcher up a little. "No; that's so," he admitted. "Still, I'm glad not to get into the newspapers. I'm sorry about the girl's money," he added, as though that incidental regret were left.

"That was unlucky," Peter admitted candidly. "But it happens. I reckon she won't suffer any. I suppose she'll marry well, in time." He might have said that without thinking of Arthur, but it happened that he did think of him.

"Well, I've sometimes thought that she fancied your son," said Thatcher. The words came naturally out of his attitude toward Gund. He spoke them quite shame-

lessly. He did not know exactly that he was leaning upon Peter; but he had a weakly wounded and nervous comfort in keeping a fast hold upon this stanch, enduring little man. "And I don't know but Arthur—" He broke off, smiling like an old man over an indifferent joke.

"Well, I rather guess he does," said Gund, promptly. "Of course, if it happens that way, so much the better. We've known each other a long time." He really felt sorry for Thatcher, not so much because he had lost his money as because he had turned so woe-fully flabby.

"That's so," said Thatcher, still with a comfort in the subject. "Of course I once expected to give her a different sort of send-off—and in time—"

"Pooh! Guess I can scratch up enough to set the youngsters going respectably, if it comes to that," said Gund.

A real emotion stirred in Thatcher. "You're a good fellow, Peter," he said, with futile gratitude.

Gund smiled a little, grimly. "Well, I'm a pretty good trader," he said. "I know my way around in a wheat deal."

In the office Randall and Arthur were waiting. Gund beckoned to the partner in a way that excluded the son.

"Have they laid down?" the partner asked at once.

"Gone all to pot—flat broke," said Gund.

The bare office, with its rows of chairs whence patrons watched the blackboards, was quite empty. The floor, like a deserted battle-field, was littered over with the debris of the day's trading. A silent workman in a blue blouse was sweeping it with a big broom, and putting the chairs to rights.

Gund dropped in one of the chairs and lighted a fresh cigar. He was tired, but content. "Thatcher's gone to pieces," he repeated, with a discursive and philosophic interest, now that the strain was over.

"Must grind him—the assignment and all that," Randall suggested.

"He won't assign." Gund philosophized a moment in silence. "It's sort of queer," he said, with a purely philosophic interest. "I suppose I did as much as any one man to break him, and now I'm going to help him out. This morning, over there,"—he pointed to the den in the corner,— "I advised him to unload on Sheahan and Tomlins. He could 'a' done it, and saved a lot. But his nerve failed him; he was n't equal to it. The minute I saw his nerve was gone, I knew the game was up—and I unloaded on him. Then

what do you suppose he did?" Gund looked up at his partner with a deep relish for the fulfilment of his theories. "It's exactly what I always said: When a man's nerve is gone, look out for him. Why, Thatcher went out and robbed his daughter. The girl had one hundred and twenty thousand dollars left by her mother,—stocks and bonds, I suppose,—and he took it. It's always the fellow whose nerve is gone that does those things. A bold man don't do 'em. Thunder, no! he goes out in the open and robs strangers. That was the money that braced the market about noon. Of course we were short a big line then. You see, I'd advised Thatcher to unload on the others, and it seems to me a bright, nerry sort of man would have suspected that I'd be unloading on him. But what do you suppose Thatcher does?" Again Gund cherished his point for a moment. "Why, soon's he sees me, he toddles right up and tells me what he's done—taken the girl's money and so forth. Had n't nerve enough to keep it to himself and play it through alone—understand? Must come and tell me, and play right into my hands. Well, I just went up-stairs and sold him that hundred and twenty thousand dollars' worth, and some more, too."

The broker smoked a moment, and even smiled a little, in pure fondness for the accuracy of his judgment.

"'Scrupulous,' I suppose they'd call it," he said, after a moment, retrospectively. "Well, when a man gets 'scrupulous' in a wheat deal, he'd best go throw his money in the river. It ain't that sort of a game."

He was aware that his son had moved around to the door, and now stood looking out, waiting. Peter's eyes were fixed dis-cursively on the younger figure as he went on:

"This wheat speculation is the fastest race they've got up yet, and a handicapped man can't win in it. The faster the race is, the less you can stand a handicap; and scruples are a handicap. A man with scruples wants to stick to the cash wheat trade, or something else slow and easy. But if he comes in here, blast him! let him play the game to win. I guess the boy'll stick to the cash trade, and I don't know but the second generation ought to. If we make money enough for 'em they can afford to wear gloves—stick to principles and pink teas." He got up abruptly. "So I'm going to step in and help Thatcher out," he added, leaving Randall to guess the connection, or miss it, as he might.

He crossed the office, and laid a hand on his son's arm.

"Ready to go home?" he asked briskly.

For answer Arthur opened the door; but on the flagging he paused.

"How does it come out?" he asked.

"Well, Thatcher's lost all his money," said Peter; "but he won't have to assign or to come into the newspapers. We save him his name." There was a slight movement of the puffy eyelids at the plural pronoun.

"You, father!" Arthur cried triumphantly. "It was fine. It was like you."

The young man's praise struck a harsh note in Peter's breast. For an instant he looked hardily at his son, and it flashed upon him to tell this triumphing young gentleman just what was "like" his father—to explain precisely what had happened that day. And this impulse was a belief in his own day as against the coming day which called itself finer.

"Kid gloves don't do it all, young man," he said. "What good are they, unless somebody has had the bare, strong hand to grab things and to hold on to them?"

But, after all, that was impracticable; let the second generation be as fine as it liked. "You can remember," he added, "that your father knew his way around in a wheat deal, if he did n't make much of a fist in society." He wished to forestall the protest which he saw coming, and he went on hastily: "It's up to you, now—up to the kid glove. See if you can do as much for the girl as we did for the father. I fancy she'll need it. You're going up to their house to that Frenchman's lecture business to-night?"

"Why, yes—if Thatcher is n't going to assign. But then, of course she won't know about it; there's no need of his telling her." Arthur spoke with a certain nervous hopefulness.

"Is n't there need?" said Peter, derisively. "You depend on Thatcher for doing the useless thing. He's gone to pot. You go up there and see."

Arthur found the suggestion startling enough; but he labored to put it aside. Of course Thatcher would n't tell her at once, he said; perhaps not at all. If he should tell her, he could see that some cherished things that had happened that day might be quite expunged. He relied on Thatcher's pride, on his natural reluctance; but as he got out of the cab in front of the high-gabled Roman brick front on the Lake Shore Drive, his heart beat up disquietingly.

He did not see Thatcher. Presently he

understood an excuse—a sudden indisposition, from which he could draw no augury. He got one full look at Margaret—very splendid in evening toilet. That was reassuring, for she seemed herself. Then he avoided her eye, until it came to him that she also was avoiding him, and that was disquieting.

PRESENTLY the lecturer stopped, amid applause. The room at once broke into multitudinous action, from which Arthur stood apart in a kind of painful incapacity, a tumult in his mind. He saw Margaret twice, and looked away at once. The people were going.

Again his anxious eye met hers, and he looked away. But she came directly over to him, where he stood aside. The action touched him, but it gave him no certainty.

"You're getting a wide range of knowledge to-day," he began.

"Yes," she said. She looked steadily into his eyes. "I've just had my second lesson in wheat, too. Papa told me."

"Oh!" He gave his head a jerk aside, of protest, of regret.

"I had to know sometime; it was best to know now," she said, still looking at him, and with a little melancholy smile. She had proposed, as a duty, to make him understand the difference as soon as might be—the great change in their positions since the afternoon. The change, to her understanding, was an elemental one, altering everything, unmaking everything. This was exactly as he had feared that it might be.

Yet just at that moment, as she stood be-

fore him, knowing everything, and warning him that she knew, it did not seem to him that the conditions of their relationship had been altered in the least. In the shock of the disclosure her loveliness and his sympathy were all that he understood; so that at once, as though they were back in that electric moment in the gallery, he said:

"It's too bad, Margaret, dear; I wanted you not to know. But of course it does n't make any difference to us, does it?" he pleaded.

And at once it was as though she were back in the moment when she had felt so profound a compassion for him. He seemed to ask her compassion now as much as then, although it was her father who had failed, not his.

"No," she said; "it does n't make any difference to us." She stood before him an instant, looking down, a picture of loyalty and surrender.

It was perfect—only they were in plain view of half a hundred people, and he could do nothing but fetch a sigh. The sigh seemed at once to put them into relationship with conventional things. Margaret even laughed a little. They turned toward the guests.

"Then I don't see why it was n't the best day that ever happened—all around—for me!" he said triumphantly.

"If you'll always think so!" she said.

They gave an irresponsible little laugh together, and walked down the room side by side, looking anything but downcast. Arthur was thinking, or his brains were humming, in irresponsible gladness: "After all, a wheat deal more or less—what does it matter!"



THOMAS FOGARTY

JIM.

BY JACOB A. RIIS,

Author of "How the Other Half Lives," etc.



USED to think that it would have been better for Jim if he had never been born. What the good bishop said of some children—that they were not so much born into the world as they were damned into it—seemed true of Jim, if ever it was true of any one. He had had a father, once, who was kind to him, but it was long since. The one he called by that name last had been sent to Sing Sing, to the lad's great relief, for a midnight burglary, shortly after he married Jim's mother. His back hurt yet when he thought of the evil days when he was around. If any one had thought it worth while to teach Jim to pray, he would have prayed with all his might that his father might never come out. But no one did, so that he was spared that sin. I suppose that was what it would have been called. I am free to confess that I would have joined Jim in sinning with a right good will, even to the extent of speeding the benevolent intentions of Providence in that direction—anyhow, until Jim should be able to take care of himself. I mean with his fists. He was in a way of learning that without long delay, for ever since he was a little shaver he had had to fight his own way, and sometimes his mother's. He was thirteen when I met him, and most of his time had been put in around the Rag Gang's quarters, along First Avenue and the river-front, where that kind of learning was abundant and came cheap.

His mother drank. I do not know what made her do it—whether it was the loss of the first husband, or getting the second, or both. It did not seem important when she stood there, weak and wretched and humble, with Jim. And as for my preaching to her, sitting in my easy-chair, well fed and respectable, that would come near to being impertinence. So it always struck me. Perhaps I was wrong. Anyway, it would have done her no good. Too much harm had been done her already. She would disappear for days, sometimes for weeks, at a time, on her frequent sprees. Jim never made any inquiries. On those occasions he kept aloof from us, and paddled his own canoe, lest we should ask questions. It was when she had

come home sobered that we saw them always together. Now it was the rent, and then again a few groceries. With such lifts as she got, sandwiched in with much good advice, and by the aid of an odd job now and then, Mrs. Kelly managed to keep a bit of a roof over her boy and herself, down in the "village" on the river-front. At least, Jim had a place to sleep. Until, one day, our visitor reported that she was gone for good—she and the boy. They were both gone,—nobody in the neighborhood knew or cared where,—and the room was vacant. Except that they had not been dispossessed, we could learn nothing. Jim was not found, and in the press of many things the Kellys were forgotten. Once or twice his patient, watchful eyes, that seemed to be always trying to understand something to which he had not found the key, haunted me at my office; but at last I forgot about them, too.

Some months passed. It was winter. A girl, who had been one of our cares, had been taken to the city hospital to die, and our visitor went there to see and comfort her. She was hastening down the long aisle between the two rows of beds, when she felt something tugging feebly at the sleeve of her coat. Looking round, she saw on the pillow of the bed she had just passed the face of Jim's mother.

"Why, Mrs. Kelly!" she exclaimed, and went to her. "Where—?" But the question that rose to her lips was never spoken. One glance was enough to show that her time was very short, and she was not deceived. The nurse supplied the facts briefly in a whisper. She had been picked up in the street, drunk or sick—the diagnosis was not clearly made out at the time, but her record was against her. She lay a day or two in a police cell, and by the time it was clear that it was not rum this time, the mischief was done. Probably it would have been done anyhow. The woman was worn out. What now lay on the hospital cot was a mere wreck of her, powerless to move or speak. She could only plead with her large, sad eyes. As she tried to make them say that which was in her soul, two big tears rolled slowly down the wan cheeks and fell on the coarse sheet. The visitor understood. What woman would not?

"Jim?" she said; and the light of joy and understanding came into the yearning eyes. She nodded ever so feebly, and the hand that rested in her friend's twitched and trembled in the effort to grasp hers.

"I will find him. It is all right. Now, you be quite happy. I will bring him here."

The white face settled back on the pillow, and the weary eyes closed with a little sigh of contentment very strange in that place. When the visitor passed her cot ten minutes later, she was asleep, with a smile on her lips.

It proved not so easy a matter to find Jim. We came upon his track in his old haunts after a while, only to lose it again and again. It was clear that he was around, but it seemed almost as if he were purposely dodging us; and in fact that proved to have been the case when at last, after a hunt of weary days and nights through the neighborhood, he was brought in. Ragged, pale, and pinched by hunger, we saw him with a shock of remorse for having let him drift so long. His story was simple enough. When his mother failed to come back, and, the rent coming due, the door of what had been home to him, even such as it was, was closed upon him, he took to the street. He slept in hallways and with the gang among the docks, never going far from the "village" lest he should miss news of his mother coming back. The cold nights came, and he shivered often in his burrows; but he never relaxed his watch. All the time his mother lay dying less than half a dozen blocks away, but there was no one to tell him. Had any one done so, it is not likely that the guard would have let him through the gate, as he looked. Seven

weeks he had spent in the streets when he heard that he was wanted. The other boys told him that it was the "cruelty" man sure; and then began the game of hide-and-seek that tried our patience and wore on his mother, sinking rapidly now, but that eventually turned up Jim.

We took him up to the hospital, and into the ward where his mother lay. Away off at the farther end of the room, he knew her, the last in the row, and ran straight to her before we could stop him, and fell on her neck.

"Mother!" we heard him say, while he hugged her, with his head on her pillow. "Mother, why don't you speak to me? I am all right—I am."

He raised his head and looked at her. Happy tears ran down the thin face turned to his. He took her in his arms again.

"I am all right, mother; honest, I am. Don't you cry. I could n't keep the rooms, mother! They took everything; only the deed to father's grave. I kept that."

He dug in the pocket of his old jacket, and brought out a piece of paper, carefully wrapped in many layers of rags and newspaper that hung in dirty tatters.

"Here it is. Everything else is gone. But it is all right. I've got you, and I am here. Oh, mother! You were gone so long!"

Longer—poor Jim—the parting that was even then adding another to the mysteries that had vexed my soul concerning you. Happiness at last had broken the weary heart. But if it added one, it dispelled another: I knew then that I erred, Jim, when I thought it were better if you had never been born!

THE WORD OF THE ENIGMAS.

BY CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

THE stars and suns know of their guiding force
No more than I:
Untaught, unasking whither runs their course,
And whence, and why,
They heed the living power, nor seek its source.

The sea knows not the master that it loves;
Must I know mine?
It rolls its vast profound in cyclic grooves
Before his shrine,
And feeds a myriad lives each time it moves.

O restless soul, with reasonings deceived,
With doubtings racked,
Leave all thou hast believed or disbelieved,
And live, and act!
So find thy problems solved, thy fate achieved.

BROTHER SIMS'S MISTAKE.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.



HE Rev. Joshua Sims reached the Holly Bluff settlement Saturday afternoon, near the close of summer, with but little time to spare, and no disposition to preach a sermon. He was due at Smyrna upon the following morning, where he was under contract to join four couples in the bonds of wedlock, and at the annual picnic near Smyrna, many miles farther, on Monday. Four fees were involved in the matrimonial affair, and Brother Sims yielded to no man in his respect for a fee, be it possum, pork, or pocket-money. But the Smyrna picnic was the chief social function in church circles, and the glory of that picnic was its barbecued shotes; for be it known that, while the legal title was sometimes doubtful, there was ever about shotes—annually contributed for picnic day—a flavor distinctive and delightful, born of the free range of swamps that abound in mass and the cool, sweet muscadine. Death might perhaps have kept Brother Sims's physical outfit from arriving upon the picnic-grounds in time for dinner, but it is suspected that even death would not have deterred his astral body, if it is indeed true that when men die the initial velocity acquired in life is still potent. It would, in all likelihood, have arrived promptly, and have made a meal of the astral shotes.

Time had laid only gentle hands on the great itinerant since he preached his famous sermon and embalmed himself in the memory of admiring Americans. He was a little thicker through waist and neck, and the blackness of him had gained from the fatness of life a braver luster. These were the only changes. His roving eyes still flashed their keen, comprehensive glances; his flow of words and ideas was still as marvelous, his wit and satire as brilliant, his invective as terrific.

The indisposition of Brother Sims in connection with the expected sermon arose from what might be called his state of unpreparedness; for the habits of Brother Sims were the chains of his genius. He was not a preacher

of discourses; he was no defender of the faith. He was mighty, but in the charge only; and the devil, to him, was always a personal one. If anybody could withstand Brother Sims's charge, he might defeat him; but few, even with the backing of the arch-enemy himself, would attempt such a thing. To preach successfully and effectively, it was absolutely necessary for Brother Sims to arrive on the ground at least twelve hours in advance of his appointment; and twelve were always sufficient, for within the limit he would move around industriously, and from the zealous and jealous gather enough of the misdeeds of his flock to enable him to locate the common enemy and fire effective volleys. His skill in this preparation was nothing less than phenomenal, his execution something more than frightful. Upon this occasion, preparation being impossible, a substitute must be found; and Brother Sims announced an "experience meeting."

And the summons went forth. By their mysterious channels of communication, it was known within a few hours to all negroes interested that Holly Bluff would hold an experience meeting.

Darkness descended. To the humble log church, spacious, but dwarfed by the great pines that sheltered it,—pines erect like the pipes of a mighty organ, and murmuring sweetly their far, faint melodies, hushed hymns of long ago,—came the scattered flock. There were nervous little black Tom, guarded vigilantly by his gigantic consort Tempy, the one with a fat lightwood torch, the other with a fat umbrella; Henry Clay Thompson, bent and sad since emancipation forced him to think; black Aleck, with the fisherman's heraldry upon his Sunday garments; Ben Evans, with his wife Melviny; and Sal, whose "comin' through," some years previous, left scars upon the whole congregation. Besides these there were a hundred others, grave, silent, apprehensive. For no one knew the workings of the great man's mind. They only remembered where their own bars were down, and past results.

And there was present the presiding elder, Uncle Lazarus. The eye of the preacher rested upon him the moment he entered. It followed him to the corner from which the "Yes, Lord!" "Do so, Lord!" "Oom hoo!" "Face the light!" and "Amen!" were expected to roll promptly. And soon the keen observer noticed that, however often the attention of that eye was won by newcomers, it always returned to Uncle Lazarus; and soon a whisper went around which focused all other eyes upon the same unfortunate deputy shepherd. It was understood that the Evil One was present in Uncle Lazarus, and was to be assaulted.

Ten minutes before the opening hour, the preacher lifted his head suddenly and asked in a cheerful voice:

"Brother Lazarus, how many members does yer claim for Holly Bluff?"

Brother Lazarus reflected a full minute—not to recall the statistics, but to avoid any trap that might be laid for him; for let it not be supposed that Lazarus had failed to observe what had become revealed to all others. He knew Joshua Sims as well as any man living.

"One hunderd an' forty-fo'," he said at length.

"Yes," said Brother Sims, encouragingly stroking his fat chin as he half reclined in his chair; and then: "How many did yer have las' year, Brother Lazarus?" The voice was now musical and conciliating. It was almost a little voluntary upon brotherly love.

"One hunderd an' forty-eight."

"Yes," said Brother Sims; and then it was plain to everybody that some problem had presented itself; for his face gradually lost its placidity, and a wave of trouble rolled across it. "Did yer say *one forty-eight*, Brother Lazarus?" he asked, at length. "Does yer mean ter say fo' of my sheep done strayed?"

"Dead!" said Brother Lazarus, almost cheerfully. "Thar was—"

"Ain't thar nobody hyah, Brother Lazarus, ter carry de Word to de dyin'? Is all de sinful souls of men roun' hyah done be'n saved?"

Lazarus was silent; Brother Sims had announced the line of his forthcoming remarks.

The congregation were now doubly happy. Not only were their apprehensions stilled, but there was in the situation before them promise of large reward; for in singling out Lazarus the preacher had selected a most able opponent, and this being an experience meeting, Lazarus would have a chance.

Finally, the late-comers had all arrived, and the human drift that had hung against step and lintel floated in. The shuffling feet grew still. Then spoke the Rev. Joshua Sims, gently and pathetically.

"Dearly beloved," he said, exactly reproducing the full musical tones of a great Georgian he had once heard, "hit was my full mind to come tergedder wid yer dis mornin'; but de debble took Brother Si Evans ter Macon on yestiddy, an' de Messina Church money went wid 'im. An' de same ole enemy of mankind took 'im ter dwell en de tents of de wicked, tel, if it had n' be'n for Cap'n Bofay an' de perleece, he would n't er had 'nuff er dat money lef' ter git outer de jug wid. Hit took me nigh onter all dis blessed day laborin' wid dat sinful soul ter fin' out dat Messina's new church is goin' ter stay er-growin' in de shape of live trees fer er few mo' years ter come. I ain't in no mind, dearly beloved, ter preach ter-night, an' I calls yer tergedder fer er ole-time 'sperience meetin'. Br'er Clay, lead us ter grace."

And Brother Clay led them. He prayed for unlimited blessings upon the lost world, his powerful voice rising to a climax of emotion for the absent, and lapsing almost to a whisper when he came back to those at hand. With an astute perception of impending difficulty, he interpolated very skilfully an able defense of the presiding elder, to whom he was much beholden. "An', O Lord," he said, "don't jedge er man too hard what 's got er morgidge so big hit covers er mule, er sow, an' er bull yearlin', tel yer would n' know dey was under dere ef de trough war n't empty all time."

"Oom hoo!" exclaimed Lazarus, encouragingly.

"Don't jedge er man too hard what 's got fo' chillen too little ter work an' too big ter fill up three times 'twix' sun-up an' sun-down; 'sides one what 's a widdier wid two more babies, an' es wife's mother an' es own ter look atter!"

"Hyah 'im, Lord!" said Lazarus. "He knows!"

"Don't jedge er man too hard when he 's lak dat, fer time has come wid him when hit 's more pow'ful ter save bodies den ter save souls; fer ef de body perish, de soul hit will sho'ly git erway fum us all."

"Listen ter de good brother, dear Lord!"

"An' so, ef it comes ter de p'inted question, how many sheep lef' in de fold, look at dem he done save when de grass was short, an' don't let no man pester him 'bout fo' ole

wethers what die. Gi' 'im time, an' er good price fer cotton dis fall, an' trus' 'im ter mek up for los' bodies wid foun' souls."

"Amen!" said Lazarus, fervently, and a fairly good echo supported him.

But Brother Sims was not to be thwarted. He gave out the hymn:

Are there any of the old sheep lost to-night?
Are there any of the old sheep lost?
Are there any of the old sheep lost to-night?
Better ring them golden bells;
Ring them sweet golden bells;
Ring them sweet bells!
Ring them sweet golden bells,
And call the old sheep home!

A long and solemn silence followed the singing of this hymn. The audience were expectant. After a glance at Brother Lazarus, who seemed little disposed to lead off, the preacher said:

"Dearly beloved, what have de Spirit done for you?"

After a few moments, Chloe arose, and gave a dramatic recital of her "comin' through," which warmed up the assemblage to a spontaneous burst of song; and then little Tom told of an angel meeting him in Swift Creek swamp, and how he "breshed" sin from him with a "gold-handle bresh." And Tempy had seen a man "comin' down the mountain, leavin' shinin' footprints," and bidding her keep in the strait and narrow path. Old Peter, with his low and musical voice, confessed that he had felt a hand in his, one night, leading him back, when he was "on de wrong road." And little Manse gave a recital of such marvelous inconsistency that no one raised a hymn when he finished; but his grandfather offered up a fervent prayer for liars and the new generation of "little niggers." Many had spoken, and the hours passed, when the critical moment arrived.

The Rev. Joshua Sims realized when too late that he was at a great disadvantage. Unless Lazarus should give in his experience first, he would have the closing; and Lazarus had a rampant, tropical fancy which, once set free, was an uncertain factor in any experience meeting. Besides this, Lazarus possessed a sense of humor, and, from long association with Sims, had acquired a readiness that was not discreditable to his model; moreover, he knew his antagonist's record.

The preacher had waited patiently, with the hope that the other would speak first and sacrifice the advantage of position; but that

worthy sat with his chin upon his hands, and his hands crossed over his stick, absorbed in thought. Occasionally he nodded his head, but whether as an indorsement of some sentiment expressed, or in acceptance of some thought that came to him, will never be known. Certain it is, however, that once his form shook with emotion, and a broad smile flashed upon the placid vacancy of his aged countenance; but people often laugh in church from emotion not allied to fun. Still, the preacher did not like that silent demonstration, and from time to time his eyes rested inquiringly upon the elder. When the last stretch of silence had remained unbroken until it was painful, he said in his friendliest tones:

"Brother Lazarus, can you shed any light on de darkness of dese po' souls ter-night?"

Lazarus looked sleepily upon him, and replied slowly:

"Hold de candle, Brother Sims, tel I look over Jordan. Mebbe I can find de troof dere!"

No man knew better than Joshua Sims the strength and weakness of the negro character. Never in his ministry did he show anger, never did he abuse. The negro fattens on scolding, and while excusing himself generally excuses his critic also. But ridicule is torture. Laughing faces and curious eyes turned upon him can come as near making the uneducated country negro a sick man as any combination under the sun. Sims usually crucified his victim with metaphor, a parable or story; and when, still seated in his broad, deep chair in front of the pulpit, he began his remarks, the silence of the room was as the silence of the gallows when the sheriff lays hand on the lever.

"Dearly beloved," he began, "one er de riches' white men what ever live in dis kentry was name' Dives. He was big rich, but not in grace. He come of bad stock, 'cause es pa make es money 'fo' de war, tradin' niggers. After he done dead, es son, dis hyah same Dives I 'm talkin' 'bout, tek es money an' trade mules, same as es pa trade niggers; an' fus' thing yer know, he done lay by er thousan' million dollars in de 'change bank yonner in Macon, an' don't ask nobody any odds, but des set esse'f down ter live. Now, dere was livin' on de Dives place er po' ole nigger name' Lazy. Dat war n't es rale name, dearly beloved; it was des er nick-name. His name sho' 'nuff was Lazarus."

A ripple of excitement, followed by a distinct laugh from little Manse, drew a mild look of inquiry from the speaker; and the

presiding elder withered the guilty party with a stare of such ferocity that the little fellow's jaw fell, and he slid along his bench precipitately, and finally sat upon the floor with a loud thump. When he had arisen, and the excitement had subsided, the preacher continued:

"Somehow, dey got fust ter callin' 'im Lazy-urous, an' fum dat hit worked down ter Lazy. Hit was er name made for de man, an' hit fit 'im like er new back-ban' on er pasture-mule."

Again the preacher paused, and poured a look of mild rebuke over the audience; for several women were hunching one another and ducking their heads in silent laughter. Their mirth died out when they encountered the eyes of Brother Lazarus.

"Ol' Unc' Lazy knocked off work, one year, when es young Marse Dives comed out ter spen' de summer on es place, an' hung roun' de house. But law! he never knowed what hard times was tel he got ter settin' up wid dat white man; fer hard times an' Dives trabble tergedder, han' en han', an' when yer met one yer met de t'other. Unc' Lazy lef' ev'rything ter run hitsef' dat year; es cotton went ter grass, an' de lambs of de church got scattered en de hills an' swamp,—for he was de presidin' elder,—an' fo' of 'em died plum' dead!"

"Dar, now!" said Emanuel, involuntarily; and everybody laughed—everybody but Lazarus, who photographed upon his brain the rash speaker's image. Joshua Sims wrinkled his forehead as one who is resolutely patient under annoyance, and waited until order was restored.

"Den, dearly beloved, Unc' Lazy knowed what hit was ter put es trus' en princes. He got so pow'ful weak an' po', he was hongry all time; an' he go an' set essef' down by es Marse Dives while 'e was er-eatin'; an' when dey fetch in dat barbecue shote, what was des er-layin' on de dish, smilin' wid es eyes shet, an' weepin' brown gravy down enter er collar of sweet 'taters—"

"Hush, man, hush!" exclaimed an earnest voice somewhere; and Emanuel, reaching back, shook hands with Peter, amid subdued applause.

"—When he seed dat shote, an' de niggers rushin' en fum de kitchen wid hot biscuit, b'iled bacon, fried greens, an' big hominy an' cracklin' bread, an' de air of de room was full er misery, es heart fairly died, an' he groan, des so: 'Oh, Marse Dives, I so hongry!' An' dat white man sorter look down over es shoulder to whar po' ole Lazy

was er-settin' on de flo', like he was greatly s'prised. 'Have er crum', 'e say, des so, 'have a crum!' An' wid dat 'e bresh de table wid er backhanded lick, an' smile at de gal what was swingin' de peacock feathers, 'cause 'e knowed ole Lazy had ter scramble fer dat much wid de setter dog.

"An' den come mo' trouble; for dat white man des natchully mean ernuff ter drink six glasses of 'simmon beer right 'fo' es nigger's eyes, an' finish wid de jug. An' when po' ole Lazy say, 'Oh, Marse Dives, I so thirsty,' 'e say, 'Go down ter de spring branch, back er de house, nigger, an' git some water.' An' den he an' de nigger wid de fly-bresh laugh erg'in. You kin always 'pend on de fly-bresh nigger ter laugh.

"An' so hit went on all dat summer; an' po' ole Lazy git so thin, when 'e swaller er grape you could see whar hit stopped; but es Marse Dives he git fat tel de fall er de year come. Den, one day, es Marse Dives tek sick, an' de docters come, an' say one of es livers is out er gear; an' dey cut 'im open, an' tek er muscadine seed outer es vermyfuge pendulum, ter be in de fashion. Den, while dey was threadin' de needle ter sew 'im up erg'in, es little soul climbed outer hits nes' like a young jay-bird, an' hit kerplunk 'way down yonner en de lake er fire, 'fo' dey knowed it was gone."

"Amen!" said Peter, fervently, and then stirred uneasily, because the eyes of Lazarus sought him.

"Well," continued the preacher, "den Unc' Lazy fairly perish fum de face of de yarth, an' make only ha'f a load for de angel what come down ter fetch 'im up; for dere war n't nuthin' seeyus charged erg'in' de ole man, 'cep'in' es laziness, an' hit was borned en 'im. An' somep'n had ter be done ter make Dives feel bad, outside er de burnin'. So de good angel sail off wid Unc' Lazy; an' when he got up to whar Peter had de gates cracked, Peter up an' say, 'I think,' sez 'e, des so, 'fum de way dat po' soul holds essef', hit mus' sho'ly be Unc' Lazy.' An' de angel say, 'Oom hoo!' Den Peter say, sorter puzzled-like, 'Who gwine tend 'im, chile?' An' de angel 'e don't know. Den Peter stick es keys back en es belt, an' say, 'Dat nigger b'long ter de tribe er Ham, an' Aberham is 'sponsible for 'im. Go tek 'im ter de ole man, my son, an' tell 'im de cusses an' chickens sometimes come home ter roost tergedder.' An' de angel come ercross ole man 'Aberham settin' under er fig-bush, smokin' es pipe, an' he do like de angel tell 'im."

By this time Joshua Sims's audience had

recovered from their spasm of solemnity, and were laughing as only plantation negroes can laugh. To add to the interest of the situation, Lazarus, under the mimicry of the preacher and his biting satire, had been settling in his seat until his head was below the level of their gaze. The curious, back of the first row, could only behold him by rising and peeping over the shoulders in front, and this they did whenever a new point was made, greatly adding to his distress. The preacher had not looked toward his victim, but his eyes brightened with the applause, and he rose to greater heights.

"Well, dearly beloved, Aberham war n't no man ter go back on es kin; an' yet he was er little bit 'shamed fer folks ter see 'im. So 'e des open de bosom of es puffy shirt,—one of dese hyah neggigent shirts de town boys wear out ter picnics,—an' 'e say ve'y kindly ter de angel, 'Drap 'im en dere, my frien'; drap 'im en dere. I'll tend 'im tel he rests up an' gits es secon' win'. An' de angel drapped 'im, an' Father Aberham comb es whiskers er little wid es lef' han', an' look roun'. An' ain't nobody know what done happen.

"But hit war n't ve'y long, dearly beloved, 'fo' Unc' Lazy, who done gone right ter sleep, was waked up by hyahin' er voice he knowed risin' outer de depths like er man talkin' fum er well, sayin', 'Oh, Father Aberham, I so hongry!' An' Father Aberham open es eye an' say ter ole Lazy, 'Elder, hyah dat?' An' ole Lazy say, 'Oom hoo! I hyah 'im.' Den sez Father Aberham, 'Well, well! Why n't yer talk back?' Wid dat de shirt-front sorter stir er little, an' ole man Lazy sing out, 'Have er crum'. An' Father Aberham laugh tel es whiskers trimble. But Dives come erg'in. 'Oh, Father Aberham, I so thirsty!' An' ole Lazy sing out erg'in, 'Go down ter de spring branch, back er de house, honey, an' try some water!' An' Father Aberham shake all over, an' say ter esse'f, 'Sho'ly dis is er merry dog!'

"But bimeby Dives give a mighty shout what wake up ev'ybody: 'Oh, Father Aberham, I do beseech yer, let Unc' Lazy come down hyah an' des so much as wet de end of my tongue wid one drap er water!' Well, dearly beloved, dat was somethin' else; dat was *work*, an' de los' of er fat job. Dat puffy shirt stirred pow'fully like er sack wid er pig in hit. De front flied open, an' out pops ole Lazy like a red-headed woodpecker fum er hole in er tree. He mek er horn outer es two han's, ter shout back in mighty anger; but Father Aberham tech 'im on de shoulder.

'No bad words, elder!' he say, des so, 'no bad words!' An' ole Lazy sorter laugh, an' drap back in es warm nes'. 'I was des 'bout ter tell 'im ter go somewhar,' he say; 'an', bless my soul, *he already done gone dere!* Let de po' white trash burn!'"

The laughter that followed this was prolonged many minutes, and was a tribute not only to the skill and power of the preacher, but to Lazarus; for the ingenious turn given at the close made him a sort of hero, and the laugh was at his wit, not at him.

Gradually, under the realization of this fact, he assumed an upright position, and his courage returned. He arose gravely, and, crossing over, shook hands with the preacher, and resumed his seat. It was a happy demonstration.

"Look out, now!" said little Manse, "look out for Unc' Lazarus!" And this clearly voiced warning stilled the tumult and turned all eyes upon the elder. Perceiving his own danger, Joshua Sims gave out the doxology; but Lazarus waved his hand, and no one raised the tune. He sat in silent reverie until the strain upon the audience became almost painful; then he said, imitating Joshua Sims's voice perfectly:

"Dearly beloved, you have hyard fum Brother Sims. Now let er po' ole man hold er candle for yo' wand'r'in' feet erbout er minute!"

"Amen!" "Sho'ly!" "Yes, Lord!" Such were the responses that came to him; and assured by these, he began in a low, earnest voice:

"I was er-settin' down yonner on de san'-bar t'other side de pond, las' week, studyin' how I could save souls, dearly beloved, an' gether my crop same time, when somep'n happen dat 'stonish me. I look up, an' yonner come er man walkin' wid what look like er kivered umberella. 'Fo' I done seed 'im good I say, 'Huh! da' 's Mister Ed'ards come back fum de salt water, an' he goin' ter qeshum me now 'bout what dese hyah niggers be'n doin' while 'e gone'; an' I sorter brace myse'f ter tell 'im de troof, when I see hit war n't 'im, but fum de way he was gittin' 'bout under de limbs an' bushes, look like Mister Wimby, what sometimes comes er-fishin'. An' den I say, seein' 'im straighten up an' rear back as 'e walk, steppin' high: 'No; dat mus' be Marse George Dunc'n!' Den I say, 'No; sho'ly, fum de way he hol'es head an' tote dat umberella, hit 's Jedge Speer, an' 'e out er-lookin' for moonshiners.' Wid dat I sorter laugh, 'cause I knowed how col' de trail was roun' dere. But hit war n't

de jedge; hit was er strange man, dress ter kill, an' makin' esse'f free wid ev'ything like 'e done own hit. He come an' stood on de san'-bar, an' look erbout, sorter whistlin' easy ter esse'f, an' not botherin' 'bout me. Bimeby he strip de kiver off dat thing en es han', an' I see 't war n't no umberella, but look like one er dese hyah j'inted rods; an' in erbout two minutes he done screwed hit tergedder, put in er little wheel, run out er line, an' was tyin' on er hook. I look ter see what he goin' ter fish wid, but dere war n't no sign of er bait-gourd, an' I say, 'Dis hyah some newfangle' thing ter fool dem trout, an' Mister Ed'ards goin' ter hol' me 'sponsible.' Sez I, 'I'll des step up an' brace 'im one time, anyhow'; an' so I walk roun' 'im tel my shadder hit 'im en de eye, an' I say, ve'y perlitte: 'Scuse me, boss, but I 'spec' you done bought dis place, ain't yer?'

"Wid dat he smile little bit, an' say, 'No; Unc' Lazarus; but I own most er de niggers.'

"Wid dat I natchully fell back, 'cause dat man know my name, an' es smile gi' me er chill on my back. When I git my breath, I walk roun' de t'other side, an' say erg'in, 'Scuse me, sah, 'scuse me; but dis hyah place is posted!'

"Wid dat, dearly beloved, he smile ter esse'f erg'in, as he fix on es hook, an' 'e say, 'Ah!'—des so,—ah! Well, dat 's all right, ole man; I 'm posted merse'f.'

"An' wid dat he sorter look back over es shoulder at me an' smile erg'in; an' 'fo' God, de col' chill an' de hot chill chase one ernudder up an' down my back tel I fairly staggered, puffec'ly pluralized wid 'stonishment. Fum dat time I could n't do nothin' but stan' by an' hol' my jaw.

"Den dat white man start out ter fish. He tek er little red ribbin fum es hat, an' twis' hit roun' es hook, an' flung hit erway out yonner in de pond. Dearly beloved, I look down dere den, an' seem like ter me hit war n't water but air I see, hit was so clear. Look like de worl' was in de pond, an' I could see all sorts er souls swimmin' roun' er layin' up en de shadder of de lily-pads. 'Mongst dat crowd I seen little Manse wid er mouf like er catfish, an' Aunt Chloe an' Manuel an' Peter an' Tattlin' Tilly, an' er heap more. An', dearly beloved, I seen down dere Brother Sims, layin' up erg'in er log, wid er white skin drawed over es eye, payin' no 'tention ter de crowd swimmin' roun'. 'Spec' he was studyin' up dat 'sperience wid Dives an' ole Lazy."

As the rippling merriment of his hearers

broke into a tumultuous laugh, Lazarus smiled grimly.

"Well, when dat hook wid de ribbin drap down in dat crowd, hit drap right front er Brother Sims's nose; but he did n't 'pear ter know hit was dere. Lots er dem po' souls started for it; but Chloe got dere fust, an' smiled hit right enter her mouf. An' de gemman gi' es pole er flip, an' nex' minute Chloe was flutt'rin' in de san' behind 'im. He des twis' de hook out 'er mouf, an' say, des so: 'Yer can allus ketch er country nigger like dat—wid er ribbin.'"

A commotion in Chloe's neighborhood showed where the shell had burst. Brother Sims arose with dignity.

"Brother Lazarus," he said slowly, "is yer makin' up er story on dis occasion, or is yer tellin' er 'sperience? 'Cause—"

"Tellin' er 'sperience, Brother Sims; same sort er 'sperience ole Unc' Lazy had. An' hit 's too late now ter back down. Face de light, Brother Sims; face de light!"

Brother Sims resumed his seat, while those in the rear of the room crowded forward eagerly.

"An' den, dearly beloved, dat white man re'ch back in de bresh behind 'im, an' find er little round cucumber, an' put hit on es hook, sayin', wid es eye on Brother Sims, 'I reck'n dis 'll fetch 'im.' Hit war n't bigger'n er hick'ry-nut, but soon as hit teched de water hit look like er forty-pound melon. Hit fell right in front er Brother Sims; an' all 'e do was ter let er bubble come right up fum es nose an' bus' on top er de water, like 'e was sayin', 'Yer can't fool me.' But Manse, little Manse, lyin' little Manse, des wiggle esse'f for'd, an' open es big mouf. 'Fo' yer could bat yo' eyes, Manse was gapin' on de san', swearin' he did n' steal fum nobody."

At the mention of water-melons, Manse, who had recently had trouble in Lazarus's patch, glided through the crowd and out of the door. When his punishment arrived no eye could find him. He appeared afterward at the window, contributing a horse-laugh from time to time. Lazarus continued:

"I think," said de gemman, 'I'd er fetched 'im but for dat big-mouf hornyhead gittin' de bait. But yer goin' ter hyah fum em dis time.' An' wid dat 'e put on er little bottle er whisky what holds er sample, an' gi' hit er curl in de air; but when hit teched de water, Brother Sims he still ersleep; an' hit did n' mek no difference ef 'e was erwake, 'cause Brother Manuel come fum somewhar en de moss wid er rush, an' hit dat bottle so

hard he run plum' ergroun'. De gemman kick 'im high up onter de san', an' say, 'Ef I 'd knowed Manuel was down dere I 'd er run 'im off w' de pole, 'cause nobody can beat Manuel gittin' ter er bottle er whisky.' But by dis time Brother Sims done waked up an' was swimmin' roun' en er ring. De gemman did n't have nair 'nother bottle, so 'e had ter try er new bait. He des shek er bush, an' er young bird drapped down. 'Putty good chicken en de water!' 'e say, des so, an' 'e strung 'im on es hook. He drop dis right 'fo' Brother Sims's nose; but hit only made er little shiver run down es side-fins, an' 'e back off suspicious-like. Nobody can't fool Brother Sims when hit comes ter chicken. But hit fooled ole Peter. He landed en de san' wid de chicken en es mouf an' de legs stick'n' out through es gills.

"An' so hit went. Dat man des stan' up dere an' ketch mighty nigh de whole Holly Bluff crowd; an' hit made my heart ache, 'cause dere was *some* good folks dere. But Brother Sims still keep er-swimmin' roun' an' roun', an' lay low; an' den de gemman stop an' scratch es head er little, an' den he smile ter esse'f. He tek er little yaller mud, an' roll hit an' twis' hit tel hit look like er doll. He stick some white rocks en de mouf for teef, an' two huckleberries for eyes, an' fum er bush whar black sheep be'n scratch esse'f he pull some wool an' stick hit en de doll's head. Den 'e tear up es red handk'chi'f; an' 'fo' yer could bat yer eye he done dress dat doll ter kill! I was er-lookin' at 'im wid my mouf wide open. Done dress dat doll ter kill! An' 'e snatch up er little dry grass, an' plat er hat; an' knock down er hummin'-bird, what come erlong, wid es pole, an' put 'im on de far side er de hat; an' des stretch out es han' an' say:

'Ki, yi!
Kee, yee!
Butterfly,
Come ter me!'

An' er big yaller butterfly come an' balance esse'f on es finger, pumpin' wid es wings; an' he sot 'er on de nigh side. All time 'e doin' dis 'e singin' sof' ter esse'f. Den he hol' out es han' wid de doll stan'in' en hit, an' 'e say, 'How is dat, ole man?' An' I say, 'Sho'ly you is er king en er circus!'

"Well, dearly beloved, 'e put dat doll on es hook, an' look at me. 'What yer bet dis time, ole man?' 'e say, des so. An' I say, 'Gi' me yo' side de game, an' I bet er mil-

lion!' He laugh, an' gi' de bait er whirl, dearly beloved—"

"Brother Lazarus," said Joshua Sims, rising, and drawing an old-fashioned silver watch from his fob with dignified formality, "'fo' yer fling dat line,—I hates ter break inter yer 'sperience,—but hit 's er long way ter Smyrna, an' I better be goin'!"

"No, Brother Sims; yer can't start tel de moon comes up, an' hit ain't come up yit! He gi' de bait er whirl, dearly beloved—"

"Brother Lazarus, des er minute 'fo' yer fling dat line—"

"He gi' dat bait er whirl, dearly beloved, 'way over de water ter drap in de right place; but hit never drapped. Brother Sims made er rush, an' meet hit en de air. He broke water, an' come cl'ar out by esse'f, an' fell ten foot up de bank, wid de bait an' hook an' fo' foot er line out er sight en es mouf. An' de noise 'e made was like de flop of er twenty-foot plank."

So great was the confusion at this point, the voice of Lazarus was drowned out. Brother Sims was down in the crowd, working toward the door, but purposely obstructed by the laughing members of his flock. Lazarus stood in a chair and shouted:

"An' den dat white man turn an' look at me wid one eye shet; an' es fine shoes an' clothes drapped off, an' es hoofs come out, an' es fishin'-pole turn ter er forked tail, an' I knowed 'im for de Ole Man. Oh, Brother Sims! Face de light, brother; face de light!"

The crowd took up the shout. Brother Sims turned at the door, with a last effort at dignity.

"I knowed him den for de Ole Man," continued Lazarus, shouting above the din, "what made Dives call fer water. Face de light, Brother Sims!"

Brother Sims was shaking hands and getting out.

"De moon is er-risin', Brother Lazarus, an' hit 's er long way down ter Smyrna."

The laughing crowd followed him out, and their voices filled the piny woods. As they separated toward the cabin lights far and near, suddenly, away off in the shadows, the rich barytone of Manse came floating back, as clear as a bell:

Play on yo' harp, little David;
Hally-lu, hally-lu!
Little David, play on yo' harp;
Hally-lu!

This ringing chorus, always a challenge for the improvisors, was instantly caught up



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

"BROTHER LAZARUS, DES ER MINUTE 'FO' YER FLING DAT LINE—"

in every direction. As it died out there was a pause, and again Manse's voice was heard:

Debble he stan' on er nec' er lan',
An' he fish for de soul of er mortal man.

Once more the ready voices united:

Play on yo' harp, little David;
Hally-lu, hally-lu!
Little David, play on yo' harp;
Hally-lu!

And then little Manse settled a debt and made a name for himself; for to the silence that followed he gave these lines:

Debble got er fryin'-pan settin' on de burner:
Lay low, Br'er Sims, when yer git down ter
Smyrna!
Play on yo' harp, little David.

And long the laughing voices echoed in the pines.

"I OPENED ALL THE PORTALS WIDE."

BY KATE CHOPIN.

I OPENED all the portals wide
To swallows on the wing.
It matters not what now betide:

I've had the taste, the touch, the breath, the scent and song of spring.

Oh, fair, sweet spring! abide with me
In joy the whole time long;
Bring all thy life, thy light, with thee:

I fain would keep thy taste, thy touch, thy scent, O spring! thy song.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JOSIAH BRADLEE (LUCY HALL).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

GILBERT STUART'S return to this country marks an important epoch in American art. At the time of his coming back there were only four portrait-painters of ability in the land, each one of them, however, being a much better painter than is commonly credited, which is doubtless largely owing to Stuart's overshadowing them. This quartet was Charles Willson Peale, Matthew Pratt, Ralph Earl, and John Trumbull. Peale's early portraits are most excellent pictures; but his later ones, by which, unfortunately, he is best known, are mere perfunctory efforts with which to cover his museum walls; yet but for these inartistic works we would be without any delineation of some of the foremost patriots of the Revolution. Pratt was an artist of distinction, and many portraits ascribed, with reverence, to the brush of Copley, are from the easel of Matthew Pratt. Earl, but for his dissipated habits, might have reaped a reward commensurate with his ability, which was of no mean order; indeed, so good a painter was he that a portrait of Mrs. Richard Yates, in the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, ascribed to Stuart, is unquestionably the work of Ralph Earl. Trumbull needs no comment; his works are well known, and while very unequal, his best are exceedingly good. But not one of these men was adequately employed when Stuart opened his studio in New York, in the early winter of 1793.

Why, when Stuart came back to America to paint the portrait of Washington,—even though, as we have seen, it was not out of patriotism or admiration for the man, but “to make a fortune,”—he should have waited two years before visiting Philadelphia, where the President resided, we do not know. It was not on account of over-employment in New York, for there are comparatively few portraits painted there by Stuart at that time. There are, however, a few signally fine ones. What is claimed to be, and very likely is, the first one Stuart painted after his return, is a superb canvas of the distinguished jurist and president of Columbia College, William Samuel Johnson, in his scarlet hood of an Oxford doctor of civil law, an hon-

orary degree conferred upon him by the university in 1776. Soon after, Stuart limned John Jay in his robes as chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States—a black-silk gown, faced with salmon-colored satin and having a white edge. Stuart had painted in London an earlier portrait of Mr. Jay, which, in good Stuart fashion, was left there with the head only finished, and so found some years later by Trumbull, who was Jay's secretary, and who completed the picture. There is a particular interest attached to Stuart's London portrait of Jay. It is identical with the portrait of Jay in an unfinished painting of the “Signing of the Treaty of Peace,” at Kingston Hall, Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Belper. This painting is attributed to West, but has little resemblance to that painter's work. Belonging to the same period as the Jay and Johnson portraits is the fine half-length of General Gates in uniform, full of character and strength. Of course Stuart painted some others at this period, but none of importance, either as to subject or work.

Gilbert Stuart went to reside in Philadelphia about New Year, 1795, and there he painted his famous life-portraits of Washington, three in number.

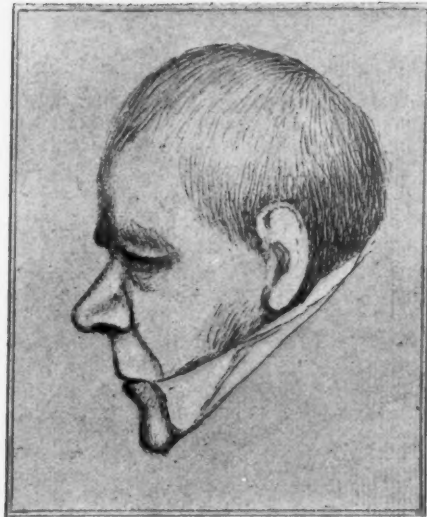
The portrait of Mrs. Josiah Bradlee belongs to a later period than any of Stuart's portraits of women heretofore reproduced in this series. It was painted soon after Stuart's removal to Boston, which took place in 1805, and is a very charming, delicately painted panel, which Mr. Wolf has rendered with ample justice. Lucy Hall, who became the wife of Josiah Bradlee, one of Boston's foremost shipping merchants, was the daughter of Benjamin Hall of Medford, Massachusetts, who was the leading citizen of that town in Revolutionary days. Her mother, Lucy Tufts, was a lineal descendant of Thomas Dudley, deputy governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1650. Mrs. Bradlee's portrait by Stuart, with a companion portrait of Mr. Bradlee, is owned by her daughter, Mrs. Lucy Hall Shober, a lady living in Philadelphia, in her ninety-sixth year.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF MRS. LUCY HALL SHOBER, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JOSIAH BRADLEE (LUCY HALL).



WALTER SCOTT, PARLIAMENT HOUSE, 9TH JUNE, 1825.

UNPUBLISHED PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SKETCHED BY A CONTEMPORARY, JOHN SHERIFF OF EDINBURGH.

BY JOHN THOMSON.

JOHN SHERIFF was better known as "Dr. Syntax," which cognomen he derived from his bearing a striking resemblance to the caricatures by the celebrated Rowlandson which adorn the book (at that time well known), "A Tour in Search of the Picturesque by Dr. Syntax." Sheriff was a conspicuous character in Edinburgh during the first half of the present century, and after the publication of the book referred to was universally denominated and recognized as "Dr. Syntax."

Dr. Syntax lacked stability and steadiness of purpose, with the result that he never attained to fame or worldly success. Tall and almost gaunt in appearance, with much quaintness and oddity of manner, and dressing in a style completely out of touch with the fashions of the time, he naturally attracted attention. He was of a quiet and inoffensive disposition; but though in most respects a pronounced eccentric, he was recognized as having great aptitude in sketching the human face and figure. He followed

no regular occupation, and, lacking means, he was not infrequently the recipient of a kindly charity bestowed on him by friends, who, despite his peculiarities, were affectionately drawn to him. His time was largely spent in visiting places of public resort, such as the law-courts, the city churches, the classes in the university, public meetings, and, when sitting, the General Assembly, his purpose being to take notes, but more especially to sketch the various speakers or other prominent persons that might take his fancy. He was engaged in this work for about thirty years, and during that period produced a very large number of sketches. Many of these, it is to be regretted, have been lost, but close on a thousand still remain. The greater number are in pen and ink, some in pencil, and a few in water-color. These embrace the more prominent Edinburgh professors, judges, clergymen, doctors, and town councilors of his time, including notables in other parts of Scotland. The doctor was privileged with easy access to the

university classes, and many of his favorite professors are reproduced in various attitudes. A few of the sketches may perhaps be regarded as somewhat stiff and lacking in artistic beauty, but if such defects exist, they are largely compensated for by the realism that marks the doctor's productions. The various subjects were depicted while all unconscious of the artist's operations; and thus, in the absence of pose and preparation, they were delineated exactly as he saw them.

As adjunct to the scanty letterpress regarding Sheriff, portraits of the artist are here introduced, the two together giving some idea of the unknown genius whose recently unearthed sketches of Sir Walter Scott now see the light. These portraits are marked "No. 1" and "No. 2." No. 1 is from a sketch by Sheriff himself. No. 2 is from a caricature portrait by Crombie in "Modern Athenians." A notice of Sheriff by John Hill Burton is to be found in the "Life of Professor John Wilson," better known as "Christopher North," by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon; also in Crombie's "Modern Athenians" and other works of the



NO. 1. JOHN SHERIFF (DR. SYNTAX).
From a sketch by himself.



NO. 2. JOHN SHERIFF (DR. SYNTAX).
From a sketch by Crombie.

period. He was not a native of Edinburgh, and is believed to have been born in the south of Scotland. He is buried in Warriston Cemetery, Edinburgh, the grave being marked by a modest tombstone bearing the following inscription: "In memory of John Sheriff, who died 17th August, 1844. Erected by those who mourn the loss of 'Syntax.'"

In his "Miscellaneous Essays" (page 129, People's Edition) Carlyle says: "Any representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that face and figure which *he* saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be, in a deeper or less deep degree, the universal one; and every student and reader of history, who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of fact and *man* this or the other vague historical name can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a portrait, for all the reasonable portraits there are, and never rest till he have made out, if possible, what the man's natural face was like." And to this the Sage of Chelsea adds: "And all this is quite apart from the artistic value of the portraits." Fortified with such an authority, no apology is needed for bringing this new and interesting series of sketches of Sir Walter Scott to public notice.

Sheriff's portraits of Scott represent the

author under varying attitudes and change-ful moods, as he sat in court discharging his official duties, all unconscious that he was being made the subject of the artist's skill. In Allan's "Life of Scott," written immediately after his death, but not issued till 1834, the writer, in making special reference to his manner and appearance in court, says: "Frequently Scott sat doing nothing but staring about him in a vacant manner, with his under lip far drawn into his mouth, as if he experienced a difficulty in breathing. At such times his countenance seemed to have rather a stolid expression; but to those who examined it closely it evidently arose from the intensity of internal rumination." The same writer adds that when Scott saw any one or anything in court which tickled his fancy, "his eyes, which in what may be termed the moments of repose gave little animation to his features, appeared then to light up the whole visage with the sunshine of humor. . . . They were surrounded by numerous diverg-

ing lines, which increased greatly the expression of the ludicrous in his countenance, and possessed the extraordinary property of shutting as much from below as above."

From Syntax's unpublished sketches we give here two out of the dozen or more drawings made by him of Sir Walter. The first is a sketch of the head only, in pen and ink, giving a side view. It has the following inscription at the foot: "Parliament House, Edinburgh, 9th June, 1825."

A peculiar interest attaches to the second sketch of Scott that we give, inasmuch as the sketch was completed on what must be regarded as a memorable occasion, namely, during the last appearance of Scott in his position as clerk to the Court of Session. This important fact is ascertained, as will be seen, from the following inscription on the portrait: "Sir Walter Scott's two last sittings as Clerk of Session in the Parliament House, Edinburgh, 9th and 10th July, 1830. Drawn by John Sheriff."



SCOTT, AS CLERK OF THE COURT OF SESSION,
PARLIAMENT HOUSE, 1830.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

RHYMERS and writers of our day,
Too much of melancholy!
Give us the old heroic lay;
A whiff of wholesome folly;
The escapade, the dance;
A touch of wild romance.
Wake from this self-conscious fit;
Give us again Sir Walter's wit;
His love of earth, of sky, of life;
His ringing page with humor rife;
His never-weary pen;
His love of men!

II.

Builder of landscape, who could make
Turret and tower their stations take
Brave in the face of the sun;
Of many a mimic world creator,
Alive with fight and strenuous fun;
Of nothing human he the hater.
Nobly could he plan:
Master of nature, master of man.

III.

Sometimes I think that He who made us,
And on this pretty planet laid us,
Made us to work and play
Like children in the light of day—
Not like plodders in the dark,
Searching with lanterns for some mark
To find the way.
After the stroke of pain,
Up and to work again!

IV.

Such was his life, without reproach or fear.
And at the end,
When Heaven bent down and whispered in his ear
The word God's saints waited and longed to hear,
I ween he was as quick as they to comprehend;
And when he passed beyond the goal,
Entered the gates of pearl no sweeter soul.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST LOVE.

WILLIAMINA STUART.

BY F. M. F. SKENE.

What a romance to tell! and told it will one day be; . . . but the dead will feel no pain.

THESE words were written by Sir Walter Scott in his private journal, in the year 1827, exactly thirty years after the winter day in 1797 which had seen his first love—the object of his intense and long-enduring attachment—pass out of his life forever as the bride of one of his own most faithful friends. They were written just seventeen years after that hour in 1810 when Williamina Stuart's heart-broken husband had laid her in the grave, from which he turned away to hide himself and his undying grief in complete seclusion.

It is this romance which we are about to tell; and if he who consoled himself with the thought that in death he would feel no pain could know of our purpose, we cannot doubt that he would rejoice in it: for our object is to relate the true history of this romance, which has, unfortunately, been already given to the world in a totally inaccurate form—one in which aspersions that are as unjust as they are mistaken are cast on the character and conduct of the gentle, high-minded lady whom Sir Walter justly loved and honored. Nor is it only in printed records that she has been misjudged: public opinion has attributed to her unworthy motives, in her mode of dealing with her poet lover, which had no existence in reality, and would have been im-

possible to one of her pure and generous disposition.

We are in a position, from family connections and the possession of numerous letters written by the lady herself and by her mother, to tell this touching romance as it really occurred, and as it has never yet been told in its true proportions.

Williamina Stuart was the only child of

Sir John Wishart Belsches Stuart and his wife, the Lady Jane, daughter of David, seventh Earl of Leven and Melville.

In Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott" the Christian name of the lady who was his first love is given as Margaret; but that is a mistake—due, probably, to the idea existing in some quarters that he had portrayed her in Margaret of Branksome, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." That also is a mistaken theory, for we have seen an autograph letter from himself to Miss Edgeworth, in

which he states that the description of Matilda in "Rokeby" was the only one in which he ever attempted to picture the appearance and character of her he had so loved and lost. "Williamina" was her only baptismal name, given to her in honor of her grandmother, the Countess of Leven and Melville, a lady greatly distinguished in her day by her beauty and amiability. But from infancy the fair young girl, who was all the world to Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart,



PAINTED BY COSWAY. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY FRANK FRENCH.

WILLIAMINA, LADY STUART FORBES.

Unpublished miniature at Fettercairn. Inscription written by her mother, Lady Jane Stuart, probably in 1796:

"Even Cosway's flattering pencil cannot grace
That dear, that charming form, that matchless face;
Nature alone can justice do to these,
Tho' Cosway's pencil never fails to please."

was known under the short, familiar name of "Willie," by which designation they speak of her, in letters still extant, "as the very joy and delight of their lives."

Miss Stuart was not quite twenty years of age at the time of her marriage, but during her short period of girlhood the fascination which she seems to have exercised over all who came near her was very remarkable. Some portraits of her which still exist show her to have been very beautiful, although, unhappily, the one that has been engraved most frequently is taken from a badly executed attempt at a likeness, which does not in the least resemble her.

Her own letters and those of her mother prove her to have been of a singularly noble and refined nature. But the mere possession of beauty, either of mind or of person, would not wholly account for the attraction by which she seems to have drawn to herself various distinguished men whose talents and culture would have been likely to render them fastidious. Walter Scott was not the only man of genius who succumbed to her witchery, and we can perhaps best explain the secret of her involuntary power by quoting the words of a clever writer who calls attention to "that mysterious gift of charm which, like magic, gives to some men and women a wholly unexplained influence and ascendancy over their kind. We now and again come across some person to whom all things are forgiven because they possess this extraordinary charm. No one can say in what it consists; it neither belongs especially to beauty, nor yet to talent, nor to goodness . . . in life. It is impossible to get behind the secret of charm."

It may be well to give here Sir Walter's own description of Williamina, under that of the fictitious heroine in "Rokeby":

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,
Half hid and half revealed to view
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,
That you had said her hue was pale:
But if she faced the summer gale,
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,
Or heard the praise of those she loved, . . .
The mantling blood in ready play
Rivalled the blush of rising day.
There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye;
The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned. . . .

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In hours of sport, that mood gave way
To Fancy's light and frolic play;
And when the dance, or tale, or song,
In harmless mirth sped time along,
Full oft her doting sire would call
His (Maud) the merriest of them all.

Sir Walter Scott's mother and the Lady Jane Stuart had been friends in earlier days; but the young people had never met till the morning when both, still unknown to each other, had joined in the Sunday service at the Old Greyfriars' Church in Edinburgh, and found it pouring with unexpected rain when they came out. Miss Stuart had no umbrella with her, and Sir Walter at once offered her his and escorted her home. The young lady could not then have been more than seventeen years of age, but the charm which in that first hour she exercised over Walter Scott was instantaneous and indelible. It endured more or less through all the vicissitudes of his life, and drew tears from his eyes in his old age, when she who then captivated him, heart and soul, had long been numbered with the dead. After this first meeting Scott sought anxiously for opportunities of being again with her who had so fascinated him. His mother and Lady Jane resumed their former intimacy, and he seems to have been made very welcome at Sir John's house.

He was not then celebrated in any way; he had not even written his first poem, a translation of the ballad of "Lenore" by Bürger, and was simply a young advocate making his way at the bar. We have it, however, on the testimony of a lady who knew him well, that his personal appearance was at that time very engaging. Her description of him remains to us in these words:

Young Scott was a comely creature. He had a fresh, brilliant complexion; his eyes were clear, open, and well set, with a changeful radiance; while the noble expanse and elevation of his brow gave to his whole aspect a dignity far above the charm of mere features. His smile was always delightful, and one can easily fancy the peculiar intermixture of tenderness and gravity with playful, innocent hilarity and humor in the expression as being well calculated to fix a lady's eye. His figure was eminently handsome, tall much above the usual standard, the head set on with singular grace, the throat and chest after the truest model of the antique, the hands delicately finished, the whole outline that of extraordinary vigor without a touch of clumsiness.

His father's house and that of Williamina's parents were very near together, and they met frequently so long as she remained

in Edinburgh; but a considerable portion of her time was spent at Melville House, the home of her grandfather, Lord Leven, as well as at Invermay, Sir John's country residence until he inherited the title and fortune of his Stuart ancestors, when he acquired the estate of Fettercairn, which became his daughter's permanent home till her marriage.

Williamina naturally saw much of the best society wherever she went, and she was greatly admired both for her beauty and her talents. She was highly accomplished in many ways: she painted well, played on the harp, and sang charmingly; she spoke French fluently, and enjoyed foreign literature as well as that of her own land. She had many admirers. Among them was the father of a distinguished man well known by reputation even in our own day, but on whom she seems never to have bestowed much attention.

Walter Scott was, however, undoubtedly by far the most ardent and devoted of all the aspirants to her favor, and no deeper, truer love was ever offered by one human being to another than that with which he worshiped Williamina Stuart for three long years in silence—in silence because Scott was extremely diffident. His prospects were at that time by no means brilliant, and his intense longing for her whom he termed the secret empress of his heart was so absolutely bound up with all his hopes of earthly happiness that he dared not by an open avowal risk the terribly critical question on which his fate depended. According to his own words,

Silent he loved. In every gaze
Was passion—friendship in his phrase.

The young people were apparently simply on friendly terms. They corresponded frequently, discussing different phases of literature, which interested both extremely; but the letters were all seen by Williamina's parents, and we have it on record that her father had no idea of the real nature of Scott's feelings toward her. His own father, Mr. Scott, had keener sight, and knowing that the young lady was highly connected, and had prospects in the future far above those of his own son, he deemed it his duty as an honorable man to speak on the subject to Sir John, saying frankly that he did not wish the matter to go any further without the express sanction of the lady's father. Sir John, however, while thanking Mr. Scott for his high-minded scruples, told him he believed he was quite mistaken in supposing

there was anything more than the merest friendship between the young people; and as neither of them was ever told anything of this episode in their intimacy, matters went on as before.

Walter Scott's passionate attachment to his *chère adorable*, as he often called her, was, however, weighing very heavily upon his life; and it had a powerful influence in driving him to very hard work in his legal profession, which was somewhat uncongenial to his imaginative and poetic temperament, but which he knew might make him, in a worldly point of view, more eligible as a suitor to the aristocratic young lady.

A most serious mistake was made by Mr. Ruskin, when he criticized the writings and character of Sir Walter Scott, by the manner in which he estimated the poet's early attachment, and its influence on his life, declaring that he never knew *l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*. Apparently Ruskin judged in this erroneous fashion because Scott wrote very little about it; and we cannot do better than quote the words in which Mr. Andrew Lang has refuted this most false and misleading statement:

It is necessary to differ from Mr. Ruskin when he says that Scott never knew *l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*. He whose heart (as he says himself) was broken for two years, and retained its crack till his dying day—he who, old and tried and near his death, was moved by the memory of the name which thirty years before he had cut in runic characters on the turf at the castle gate of St. Andrews—knew love too well to write of it much. He had won his ideal as alone an ideal can be won. He never lost her, because she was unattainable.

"There are few," Scott wrote, "who have not broken ties of love, secret disappointments of the heart to mourn over." He could not be ever eager to recall them, and because he had known and always did know *l'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle*, a seal was set upon his lips.

We come now to the year 1796, the most momentous period in the history of this sad first love of a noble mind; and it is also the point from which may be said to date the calumnies that have darkened the memory of beautiful Williamina Stuart. These were twofold. It has been asserted, both in published statements and by the easily deceived *vox populi*, first, that after having given Walter Scott the utmost possible encouragement, and virtually engaged herself to him, she then deliberately threw him over when a more welcome lover appeared; secondly, that she did this dishonorable and cruel act from the most unworthy motives—because the

worldly position of the new suitor, heir to the title and wealth of the baronets of Pitsligo, was infinitely superior to that of the young and as yet unknown advocate. Now, the first of these calumnies is mainly founded on a false interpretation of a letter written by Williamina to Walter Scott, in answer to one from him. After three years of silent longing and devoted love, he had at last been unable to resist the temptation to tell her openly the real nature and depth of his feelings toward her, and had written all that was in his heart for her, without reserve. They were, as we have seen, in the habit of corresponding, and therefore a reply to this letter was no proof of any intention, on her part, to allow of a change in their relations. Scott, writing on the subject at the time to an intimate friend, admits that she distinctly urged upon him the "prudent line of conduct," which would leave their intercourse to be conducted, as before, on simple terms of friendship; and then he adds:

I read over her epistle about ten thousand times, and always with new admiration of her generosity and candor. . . . It would be very difficult to describe the mixed feelings her letter occasioned, which, *entre nous*, terminated in a very hearty fit of crying.

Williamina had written with the gentleness and sweetness which were her prevailing characteristics, and probably from this fact Scott does seem to have, unfortunately, derived some hopes which had no real foundation, as it is plain that, although they met frequently afterward in Edinburgh, there was no change whatever in the footing on which they had always stood, and Scott apparently did not attempt any further avowal of his attachment. Just at this time he brought out his first poem, a splendid translation of the wild German ballad of "Lenore"; and a friend of his prepared for him a beautifully bound and ornamented copy to be by him presented to Miss Stuart. The gift could not be refused from the young author, and Williamina intimated that she had appreciated and admired it; but the matter went no further, and the fatal climax of his unreturned affection was at hand. In the autumn of that year Walter Scott went to stay for a few days with Sir John and Lady Jane Stuart at their country-seat, where he had frequently been received before with the friendliness and hospitality which were natural to them. It was the last visit he ever paid to them; for their daughter let him see at once that his hopes were finally

in vain, and that the affection he so long had tried to win had been given unreservedly to William Forbes, who was emphatically her first as well as her last love. It is probable, as we have seen, that Scott, in his anxious hopefulness, had misinterpreted some expression in Williamina's written answer to his avowal of his love for her; but, apart from all other proofs that there never was any engagement between them, William Forbes was far too honorable as well as too proud a man to have sought her had he known that any such existed. Scott was his own intimate friend, and the fact of his betrothal could not have been concealed, intimate as they were, had it ever taken place.

The fact that Williamina had never known a feeling save that of friendliness to any save the man who became her husband is clearly shown in a letter from Lady Jane Stuart to her future son-in-law, Sir William Forbes. Apparently this lover also had been diffident and doubtful of winning the prize so many coveted, and had applied to the mother of his lady-love to tell him without reserve how far he had gained her affections. We give an extract from Lady Jane's answer:

The subject you wish me to write upon is a most interesting one to us all, and I will be as open and undisguised in what I shall say upon it as possible, and tell you all the truth, and nothing but the truth. . . . That her opinion of you was formed before you came here is what I know well. We had many conversations about you, and I never shall now forget how much she was prepossessed in your favor the first evening she met with you, and what I have often remarked is that the same thing has never happened of any other, having never once heard her speak in the same way of any one of all the young men we have seen and met with; so that I must believe there was something particular in your appearance or manners that from the first attracted her attention. During the course of our frequent meetings last winter we had much opportunity of observing your conduct, and you were often the subject of the pleasing and undisguised communications we held together. . . . I cannot tell you all the particulars in you that pleased us, but your manner altogether was so different from any other, and so much adapted to please us, that we were constantly making comparisons between the . . . attention you paid to us, and that of others. . . . In short, I cannot explain how it happened, but there was a sort of confidence and satisfaction in your attention that I early found was growing upon her. Carry it ever in your mind that nothing could induce her to say more than she thinks to please any one. Take my word, who knows her well, you may implicitly rely on every word she says as being the sincere sentiments of her heart.

In the above letter Lady Jane states positively enough the fact that her daughter had never loved but one man from first to last, and that man was her future husband; but her own letters to him show that her affection for him was of the most passionate and absorbing nature, such as can never be felt but once in a lifetime. One of Scott's most intimate friends, writing at the time of his disastrous visit to Invermay, says Scott had always feared there was great self-deception, on his part, with regard to Miss Stuart's feelings toward himself; and of this fatal truth he had indeed become painfully certain when he finally left her, knowing well that while she had never thought of him but as a friend, she did indeed love deeply and faithfully the man who had succeeded where he had failed.

It was a cruel disenchantment—a most crushing blow. He left her father's house, and wandered away into a country solitude, to battle with the anguish which during two long years he was unable to quell, and which, in fact, endured more or less to the very end of his life. He said in reference to it, as we have quoted, that "the dead will feel no pain"; but still, the secret agony they have known in life ought to be sacred to us now, and we will not attempt to touch on Walter Scott's bitter trial otherwise than by giving lines from his own hand, which tell how it fared with him as he turned away forever from the long-loved presence he dared seek no more:

Toll the bell;
Greatness is o'er.
The heart is broke,
To ache no more.

An unsubstantial pageant all!
Drop o'er the scene the funeral pall.

In the present generation, even as in those which were nearer to his own time, Walter Scott holds a royal place in the hearts of all who have read his works, with which none can compete; but it is the history of Williamina Stuart we are telling now, and not his, and therefore we must leave him, in all the bitterness of what he terms his two years of awaking from a blissful dream, while we tell of the radiant happiness which flooded all her own life as with unclouded sunshine. On January 19, 1797, she was married to William, eldest son and heir of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, and the young couple entered thereby on a period of unalloyed felicity and peace, which terminated only with her death, thirteen years later. Their deep contentment was probably the more

complete from the fact that some difficulties had arisen previously as to the marriage, the cause of which has not transpired in any of the existing records; but as it is known that at a later period William Forbes did not feel very cordial toward his father-in-law, it is possible that Sir John Stuart may have manifested some unwillingness to give up his peerless daughter even to so worthy a suitor. But all was joy and serenity after that bridal day. They seem to have passed their honeymoon in a tour through the western Highlands, and a pretty instance is given of the manner in which Williamina captivated all who came near her, in the recollections of an aged lady not long since gone from this world. Her home was in the island of Mull, and one day she saw a vessel arriving at the harbor there, containing such an unusual number of tourists that she felt sure they could not all obtain accommodation in the small island inn. Among them she noticed a very beautiful young lady and her husband, and she sent to offer them shelter in her house. They very gladly accepted her kind invitation, and made themselves known to her as William Forbes and his bride. The enthusiastic admiration which the hospitable lady conceived for Williamina lasted to the very end of her own life, long after Lady Stuart Forbes had herself passed away. "She was an angel, not a woman," the good lady used to exclaim, when speaking of her; and even in extreme old age she could always be roused to animation by the mention of that magic name.

The unjust aspersions on Williamina, which charged her with being a cold-hearted, calculating person, will best be disproved by a few brief extracts from her letters to her husband. These were mainly written during short periods of separation between them, which occurred in consequence of Lady Jane Stuart's frequent illnesses, when Williamina was always imperatively called upon to go and attend to her mother, as Sir John was in Parliament, and had to be often absent from home. How precious her tender letters were to William Forbes is shown by the fact that he never seems to have destroyed a single one, but cherished them so carefully that they are all extant to this day; and sacred as they are to his descendants, we venture to quote a few passages from them. She writes to him from Fettercarn:

My dearest, dearest love, how I wish you could fly to your own Williamina! I wonder if there ever was or ever will be in this world such another person

as my William. I am persuaded *never*. Good angels guard you, my love—dearest and best my beloved! *Que le bon Dieu vous bénisse* is my first prayer in the morning, my last at night.

She had dreamed of him on one occasion, and then writes:

The whole day have I been employed in wondering what has become of the sweet vision which cheated me. It appeared in the only shape in which happiness can reach me, and I had just pressed it to my heart when it vanished. Dearest, dearest William, you never can know or think how very dear you are to your own Williamina.

Two years after their marriage she writes thus:

The letter which I had last night the happiness of receiving from you calls so loudly on every feeling of my heart for an answer that I must write, even at the risk of your thinking I do nothing else. Dear loved William, why are you so good to me? Your kindness breaks my heart. To think how little I merit it! Your sweet letter cost me many tears. They flowed from the only source whence you have ever drawn them—from a mind oppressed with those grateful feelings which you may imagine, but I can never express.

One more passage will suffice. He had gone a long distance to see her on one occasion, and then she writes:

Dearest, dearest William, how are you? Fatigued to death—I know you are; but do you feel no other bad effects from the greatest piece of kindness that ever any wife met with before? Before we are entitled to that name some such improbable vows may be read of, because love and madness are generally supposed by wise people to be synonymous; but if even a novelist of the present time were to tell us of a young man traveling ninety-five miles and back for the sake of seeing a wife of three years' standing, what an outcry against the unnatural idea would such a violation of the probabilities occasion! If it may never be in my little power to give you such a proof of my affection, but never, never, my love, will I forget it. May Heaven ever bless and guard you, beloved William, and restore you safe and well to your own Williamina.

The writer of these letters was no heartless, mercenary woman who could wreck the life of such a one as Walter Scott by breaking a solemn engagement from purely selfish motives. The heart that had been so utterly surrendered to William Forbes had never beat for Scott with more than a calm and measured friendship.

On the death of Sir John Stuart, Williamina inherited the house and estate of Fettercairn, and there she and her husband made their happy home, surrounded by their

children, of whom six were born to them, four sons and two daughters. One great sorrow they had in the early death of their eldest boy; but the three sons who remained to them were all distinguished in after life by qualities which won for them the esteem and respect of all who knew them. The memory of Sir John Stuart Forbes, who succeeded his father at Fettercairn, is cherished there with deep affection and gratitude for many kindly deeds. His grandson, now representing him in that fair ancient home, worthily upholds the noble traditions of his family, while by his side there reigns another Lady Jane, who is one of the loveliest visions that ever brightened those old walls.

Williamina's children were all, however, still quite young when the call came for her to pass from their clinging arms to the custody of a higher love. She died on December 5, 1810; and from that day, so far as society and the outer world were concerned, Sir William Forbes may be said to have died with her. He retired into the most complete seclusion, maintaining the heart-stricken silence of a grief too deep for words, and scarcely seeing even his own nearest relatives. He was naturally a reserved and sensitive man, as Sir Walter Scott himself described him in the introduction to the canto of "Marmion" which he dedicated to Sir William Forbes's brother-in-law, James Skene of Rubislaw. Speaking of their early companions, he adds:

And one whose name I may not say;
For not Mimosa's tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he.

Only at the call of duty did Sir William Forbes ever emerge from his retirement, and on one occasion, when he did so, he gave a touching proof that the friendship between him and Walter Scott had not been affected at all by their early rivalry. When the great financial misfortune fell on Scott which drove him to the heroic, ceaseless toil that undermined his health and life, Sir William Forbes, whose bank was among the largest losers by the disaster, came forward at once with most generous offers of help in every way. Scott writes thus of those efforts to lighten his heavy burden:

Sir William Forbes called, with all offers of assistance—high-spirited, noble fellow as ever, and true to his friend. In what scenes have Sir William and I not borne share together! It is fated our planets should cross, though, and that at the periods most interesting to me. Down, down, a hundred thoughts!

Even then, amid his crushing anxiety, the vision of Williamina had evidently risen up before him in all its alluring sweetness; but he never knew till after the man who had won her from him was laid beside her in the grave that he had secretly paid one of Scott's most pressing debts for a large amount out of his own private means, and carefully concealed the generous action from him.

We come now to the last scene which connected Williamina Stuart Forbes with Walter Scott, and that at a time when both she and her husband had long been numbered with the dead, and the lover of her early youth was an aged man, bowed down with care and grief. He had been married, in the interval, to a good and estimable wife; but he himself states plainly in a letter to a friend that it was a union very different from that which would have bound him to Williamina:

Mrs. Scott's match and mine [he writes] proceeded from the most sincere affection on both sides; but it was something short of love, which I suspect people only feel once in their lives—folks who have been nearly drowned in bathing scarcely venturing a second time out of their depths.

More than thirty years had passed since Scott had parted with his first and only love, when a letter came to him, inscribed as being from "one who had been in former happy days no stranger to him," and whom he found to be none other than the Lady Jane Stuart, the aged mother of his lost Williamina. He had not seen her or held any communication with her since his last visit to Invermay, when his heart had been wrung by the discovery that he had been cherishing a fatal delusion, which had finally vanished to leave him desolate. Lady Jane's letter merely contained a request for permission to print some ballads from a manuscript book he had given to her daughter, to which petition he at once acceded; but a few days later his journal contains this entry:

When I came home a surprise amounting to a shock reached me in another letter from Lady Jane Stuart. Methinks this explains the gloom which hung about me yesterday. I own that the recurrence of these matters seems like a summons from the grave. It fascinates me. I ought perhaps to have stopped it at once, but I have not

nerve to do so. Alas, alas! But why alas? *Humana perpersi sumus.*

In this second letter Lady Jane said she would send him the manuscript book as a "sacred and secret treasure," and added:

Were I to open my heart, of which you know little indeed, you would find how it has [been], and ever shall be, warm toward you. Not the mother who bore you followed you more anxiously, though secretly, with her blessing than I! Age has its tales to tell and sorrows to unfold.

Sir Walter Scott was then living in Edinburgh, and he found that Lady Jane's house was quite close to his own. A longing to see her once more seems to have seized upon him, but he had not the courage to meet her alone. He asked Mrs. Skene, the wife of his dearest friend, who was also Sir William Forbes's sister, and intimate with Lady Jane, to accompany him to her abode. Mrs. Skene was ready to do anything he wished; but she dreaded the interview, which she feared would be very painful. It took place in her presence, and she told Mr. Lockhart afterward that the meeting had been most deeply affecting, as both Sir Walter and Lady Jane were moved to tears, and completely overcome. He paid her a second visit not long before Lady Jane's death, which occurred two years later, and thus he himself recorded it:

I went to make another visit, and fairly softened myself with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses the whole night! This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead, and time rolls back thirty years. . . . I begin to grow overhardened, like a stag turned to bay. . . . Yet what a romance to tell! and told it will one day be—and then my three years of dreaming and two years of wakening will be chronicled, doubtless; but the dead will feel no pain.

With these words, which we quoted in commencing this brief history of Williamina Stuart, we close the record. "They have all gone into a world of light." Those noble and attractive persons, whose momentous connection with one another was destined to form so sad and strange a story, have all alike passed to that land where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, but where the dwellers in its cloudless light feel pain and grief no more.

RUDYARD KIPLING AND RACIAL INSTINCT.

BY HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.



EVER fascinating is the study of one who moves deeply those of his own age and generation; and clearly Rudyard Kipling, our most famous living writer, has moved in quite unique manner the thoughtful, yes, even the superficial, men and women of his time. Yet how can one hope coolly and with unwarped judgment to analyze the qualities of his friend? for he who has awakened those of many lands and of many callings to appreciate the strength of the ties which bind humanity together can surely not resent it if we one and all claim his friendship. Indeed, he has aroused a sense of even intimate acquaintance in the breasts of many who, until the anxious moments of last winter, failed to realize that they had learned to love him as a man of the widest sympathies—not devoid, indeed, of the failings of our race, but nevertheless displaying its virtues in exceptional manner.

Perhaps to another generation we must pass the task of judging, under the fierce fire of long-continued criticism, the breadth of his genius; yet it must surely be agreed that genius in no small measure has been granted to him who has so deeply affected those of his own age, and who, with all the adulation that has been poured out before him, still holds the power to judge himself calmly, to value himself as a mere expresser of what nature has bequeathed to him. No one who did not thus judge himself could have written the lightsome lines, "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre"; no one who did not thus meet the praise of his fellows could set before himself as an ideal the time when

Only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working . . .

Knowing the man to be of that ilk, we have no fear that the world's broad interest, of late so vividly evidenced, will warp his critical self-judgment; we but rest assured that his sense of responsibility will be deep-

ened as he learns how large is the number of those who are influenced by his words. Nor, as his friends, do we fear to speak of his genius; nor do we hesitate in his very presence to seek to fathom in some measure its quality.

BUT genius is constituted by its very mystery; just because it defies analysis is it for us what it is. Could we analyze it, and even in a measure reproduce it, it would become at that moment common property, and no unique gift. It is as much a mystery for the man in whom it is displayed as for the one who feels that he has no measure of it himself: so much a mystery indeed that the man of genius has always persistently clung to the notion that he spoke or acted under the command of higher powers—of a Muse were he a Homer, of a *daimon* were he a Socrates. The genius throws light upon our way, leads us in paths which we joyously tread, but which would have been unknown to us had we not felt his influence. He strikes chords which resound within us, to which we are capable of vibrating sympathetically, though but for his touch our capacity would have remained unknown to us.

Kipling displayed this characteristic very distinctly when he wrote for us his stirring "Recessional." Its sentiments had been far from our thoughts, but the immediate appreciation it received showed how ready we were to recognize their significance. Its very name was an "inspiration" which led us to see how close to our deep religious life are the moments of rest after extravagant jubilation. Its substance appealed to every soul to whom experience had brought knowledge of the vanity of pomp and display uncoupled with sense of the deeper significance of life.

THE wide-spread acknowledgment of his power is doubtless due largely to the broad versatility which he displays, and which enables him to touch the hearts of men of the most diverse types. Thus it happens that few are found who do not think him a master; and yet, on the other hand, that there are few of us folk of narrower sympathies who do not find that special portions of his writings fail altogether to appeal to us—who

do not, in fact, deplore the publication of certain of his works.

This very versatility makes it no easy task to explain in terms of any simple principles the power he displays. Is it due to the realism of his story-telling? Surely not. He satisfies, indeed, most fully the fundamental demand of our human nature, upon which is rightly based such truth as there is in the dogma of the realist: his intuition leads him naturally to avoid those false notes which untruthfulness involves, and which clash with the harmony we would sustain. But, like all great artists, he treats his realism as a negative principle, which enables him to avoid sources of unrest that would overwhelm the impression of beauty, while he looks beyond the avoided untruth for the striking characteristics which appeal to our sympathies and imagination.

Nor can it be said that his strength is due to his skill in the widest reach of the poet's art. His most ardent admirers will scarcely claim to find always in his poems perfection of taste or special verbal dignity. That he is a true singer we all know. The pulse cannot but throb in unison with the measured beat of his lines; our souls are set aflame by the fire that burns within him. But his power over us lies deeper than the rhythm with which we are thrilled as we read his words.

We must look elsewhere for the force which compels our admiration—must look for some quality which is more fundamental than realistic keenness, broader than poetic or rhetorical form.

THE secret of his strength lies in the fact that he expresses the force of the deeper-lying human instincts as they are stimulated by the demands of modern life. He bids us listen to them as guiding voices which tell of the long experience of our human ancestors, and of that line of living forms from which the first of human beings was descended. He warns us that these instincts must not be quenched by the artificiality of what we in our pride call our modern civilization; that they must be modified to harmonize with the complex environment of these later times, rather than bridled into subjection by a confident rationalism which forgets the failures of reason in the past.

He is, for instance, the prophet who preaches to us of the dignity of arduous work, as in the lines quoted above, and in his brilliant "Bell Buoy," for instance; and of the nobility of the willingness to curb individual desire, to the end that greater re-

sults may be accomplished by all than were possible if individuals labored in isolation.

"Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed," sings his engineer McAndrew; and the same lesson is taught by such tales as "Her Majesty's Servants," "William the Conqueror," and others, some of which have been lately collected under the significant title, "The Day's Work."

It is this characteristic which gives his more serious poems a distinctly religious flavor. "McAndrew's Hymn," "The Hymn before Action," "Mulholland's Contract," tell not of modern critical philosophy, indeed, but they proclaim the worth of the deep-seated religious sentiments which men the world over acknowledge to be founded upon fundamental truth, however much they may feel that this truth needs restatement to bring it into accord with the logical and philosophical tenets of the day.

His vigorous imperialism tells the same story. The process of nature, which through dim ages in the past has perfected the race of men by the contest for survival, expresses itself in him with new power. Civilization must contend with civilization that the more efficient, the more skilful, the more resourceful, may inherit the earth. And even those of us who believe this to be a moment when these deeply intrenched instincts should be restrained,—that the time has come when civilization will be the better advanced by such restraint, by coöperation rather than contest,—even they must grant, nevertheless, that the instincts to which he appeals, which have given our forefathers their pre-eminence, cannot be repressed without danger, must be guided rather than thwarted, must be made instrumental in the movement toward perfection, rather than crushed out and obliterated.

What some tell us are his faults and errors express this same revolt against the repression of those instinctive forces within us—forces which have dignity given them by the very fact that they speak of the experience of the ages—by the very fact that they have been impressed upon us by nature in her struggles toward the higher life. Of these faults we can speak but lightly here. If at times he deals with indelicacies, almost with brutalities, even then his themes tell of nature's demand that the experience of eons of time shall not be lost to sight in our efforts to establish artificial standards of life.

YET we are led to ask ourselves whether these qualities in his work, which take so

strong a hold upon us, are of a kind that destine him to master other generations as he masters ours. Permanent impression upon a race can only be made by one who speaks for the ideals which are scarce formed within the men of his time, but which are to become all-powerful in their descendants. To the failure to satisfy such longings of after-generations must be ascribed the fact that many writers of the past whose praises have been upon every lip during their lives have failed to influence a later age. The history of Anglo-Saxon literature is filled with the names of those who have thus appealed to their own time, but have lost their hold as years have passed. Shakspeare, whose name we think the greatest upon its pages, was one who moved his own generation deeply, and who moves ours also, in all that relates to the fundamental qualities of human nature; and at the same time he voiced sentiments which are our established heri-

tage to-day, though they were but ideals and hopes in the age in which he sang.

In much of our author's work we recognize these characteristics which are so clearly exemplified in the writings of the great masters. But there are times when we cannot avoid asking ourselves whether the use of local dialect, the appeal to special classes, the treatment of problems which are of merely momentary interest, may not prevent our descendants from listening to the nobler sentiments which set our hearts throbbing as we read his words. Yet, as we rest devoutly thankful that his voice has not been silenced in his youth, so we look forward to the work he has still to do, with fullest confidence that it will display those qualities which seem thus far to have been in a measure submerged, and which, if more distinctly emphasized, will insure the addition of another star of first magnitude to the galaxy which makes the pride of English literature.

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

VIA CRUCIS.¹

A ROMANCE OF THE SECOND CRUSADE.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Casa Braccio," etc.

WITH A PICTURE BY LOUIS LOEB.

XVII.



GILBERT sat in the door of his tent at noon, the sun shining down upon him and warming him pleasantly, for the day was chilly, and he was still aching. As he idly watched the soldiers going and coming, and cooking their midday meal at the camp-fires, while Dunstan and Alric were preparing his own, he was thinking that this was the third day since he had saved the queen's life, and that although many courtiers had asked of his condition, and had talked with him as if he had done a great deed, yet he had received not so much as a message of thanks from Eleanor, nor from the king, and it seemed as if he had been forgotten altogether. But of Beatrix, Dunstan told him that she was in a fever and wandering, and the Norman woman had said that she talked of her home. Gilbert hated himself because he could do nothing for her, but most bitterly because he had yielded to the queen's eyes

and to her voice in the instant of balanced life and death.

The great nobles passed on their way to their tents from the king's quarters, where the council met daily to trace the march. And still Gilbert's shield hung blank and white on his lance, and he sat alone, without so much as a new mantle upon him, nor a sword-belt, nor any gift to show that the royal favor had descended upon him as had been expected. So some of the nobles only saluted him with a grave gesture in which there was neither friendship nor familiarity, and some took no notice of him, turning their faces away, for they thought that they had made a mistake, and that the Englishman had given some grave offense for which even his brave action was not a sufficient atonement. But he cared little, for his nature was not a courtier's, and even then the English Normans were colder and graver men than those of France, and more overbearing in arms, but less self-seeking one against another in courts.

Dunstan came from behind the tent, where

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the fire was, bringing food in two polished brass bowls, and Gilbert went in to eat his dinner. Coarse fare enough it was, a soup of vegetables and bread, with pieces of meat in it, and little crumbs of cheese, scraped off with a sharp knife, and floating on the thick liquid; and then, in the other bowl, little gobbets of roasted beef, run by sixes on wooden skewers that were blackened at the ends by fire. And it all tasted of smoke, for the wood was yet green on the hillsides. But Gilbert ate and said nothing, neither praising nor blaming, for very often on the long march he had eaten the dried bread of the German peasants and the unleavened wheat-cakes of the wild Hungarians, with a draft of water, and had been glad even of that. Also on Fridays and Saturdays, and on the vigils of feast-days, and on most days in Lent, he had eaten only bread and boiled vegetables, such as could be found, and the fasting reminded him of the old days in Sheering Abbey.

For in his nature there was the belief of that age in something far above common desire and passions, dwelling in a temple of the soul that must be reached by steps of pain; there was the spirit of men who starved and scourged their bodies almost to death that their souls might live unspotted, and the terribly primitive conception of every passionate sin as equal in importance to murder, and only less deadly than an infamous crime in the semi-worldly view of knightly honor, which admitted private vengeance as a sort of necessity of human nature.

The mere thought that he could love the queen, or could have believed that he loved her for one instant, seemed ten thousand times worse than his boyish love of Beatrix had once seemed, when he had supposed that there was no means of setting aside the bar of affinity; and it was right that he should think so. But though temptation is not sin, he made it that, and accused himself; for it was manifest that the merest passing thrill of the blood, such as he had felt on that night at Vézelay, and now again, must be an evil thing, since it had brought about such a great result in a dangerous moment.

These were small things, and nice distinctions, that a strong man should dwell on them and bruise his heart for his wickedness. But they were not strong compared with the eternity of torture that awaited him who looked upon his neighbor's wife to covet her. There were among the nobles who had taken the cross not a few to whom the law seemed less rigid and perdition less sure, and Eleanor

herself gave her sins gentle names; but the Englishman was old-fashioned, and even the good Abbot of Sheering had been struck by his literal way of accepting all beliefs, in the manner of a past time when the world had trembled at the near certainty of the last judgment, expiating its misdeeds by barefooted pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and its venial faults by cruel macerations of the flesh.

Gilbert therefore looked upon all bodily weariness and suffering and privation which he chanced to encounter on the march as so much penance to be borne cheerfully because it should profit his soul; and while the young blood coursed in his veins, and the world's bright lights danced in his eyes, the cold spirit of the ascetic fought against the warm life toward an end which the man felt rather than saw, and of which the profound melancholy would have appalled him, could he have realized it.

As month followed month, though his strength increased upon him under much labor, and though his cheeks were tanned by sunshine and weather, the broad forehead grew whiter under his cap, and more thoughtful, and his eyes were saddened, and his features more spiritual; also, while he longed daily to draw his sword and strike great blows at unbelievers for faith's sake and to the honoring of the holy cross, the rough fighting instinct of his people, that craved to see blood for its redness and to take the world for love of holding it, no longer awoke suddenly in him, like hunger or thirst, at the wayward call of opportunity. He could not now have plucked out steel to hew down men, as he had done on that spring morning among the flowers of the Tuscan valley, only because it was good to see the dazzling red line follow the long, quick sword-stroke, and to ride weight at weight to overthrow it, swinging the death-scythe through the field of life. He wanted the cause and the end now, where once he had desired only the deed, and he had risen another step above the self that had been.

He knew it, and nevertheless, as he sat still after he had eaten his midday meal, he saw that his years had been very sad since his first great sorrow; and each time, when he thought he had gone forward, some strong thing had driven him back, or some great grief had fallen upon him, and he himself had been forced down. He had been proud of his arms and of his boyish skill at Farringdon, and before his eyes his father had been foully slain; he had faced the murderer in the cause of right, and he himself had been

half killed; he had believed in his mother as in heaven, and she defiled his father's memory and robbed her son of his inheritance; he had sought peace in Rome, and had found madness and strife; he had desired to do knightly deeds, and had killed men for nothing; he loved a maiden with a maiden heart, and at the touch of a faithless woman his blood rose in his throat, and for a look of hers and a tone of her voice he had put forth his hands to grapple with sudden death, forgetting the other, the better, the dearer.

So he was thinking, and the door of his tent was darkened for a moment, so that he looked up. There stood one of Queen Eleanor's attendant knights, in tunic and hose, one hand on his sword-hilt, the other holding his round cap in the act of salutation. He was a Gascon, of middle height, spare and elastic as a steel blade, dark as a Moor, with fiery eyes and thin black mustaches that stuck out like a cat's whiskers. His manner was exaggerated, and he made great gestures, but he was a true man and brave. Gilbert rose to meet him, and saw behind him a soldier carrying something small and heavy on one shoulder, steadying it with his hand.

"The Lord of Stoke?" the knight began in a tone of inquiry.

"If I had my own, sir," answered the Englishman, "but I have not. My name is Gilbert Warde."

"Sir Gilbert—" began the Gascon, bowing again and waving the hand that held his cap in a tremendous gesture, which ended on his heart as if to express thanks for the information.

"No, sir," interrupted the other. "Of those who would have given me knighthood I would not have it, and they of whom I would take it have not offered it."

"Sir," answered the knight, courteously, "those of whom you speak cannot have known you. I come from her Grace the Duchess of Gascony."

"The Duchess of Gascony?" asked Gilbert, unaccustomed to the title.

The knight drew himself up till he seemed to be standing on his toes, and his hand left his sword-hilt to give his mustache a fierce upward twist.

"The Duchess of Gascony, sir," he repeated. "There are a few persons who call her Highness the Queen of France, doubtless without meaning to give offense."

Gilbert smiled in spite of himself, but the knight's eyes took fire instantly.

"Do you laugh at me, sir?" he asked, his

hand going back to his sword, and his right foot advancing a little, as if he meant to draw.

"No, sir. I crave your pardon if I smiled, admiring your Gascon loyalty."

The other was instantly pacified, smiled too, and waved his long arm several times.

"I come, then, from her Grace the Duchess," he said, insisting on the title, "to express to you her sovereign thanks for the service you did her the other day. Her Grace has been much busied by the councils, else she would have sent me sooner."

"I am most respectfully grateful for the message," answered Gilbert, rather coldly, "and I beg you, sir, to accept my appreciation of the pains you have taken to bring it to me."

"Sir, I am not wholly at your service," replied the knight, again laying his hand upon his heart. "But besides words the duchess sends you by my hand a more substantial evidence of her gratitude."

He turned and took the heavy leathern bag from his attendant soldier, and offered it to Gilbert, holding it out in his two hands, and coming nearer. Gilbert stepped back when he saw what it was. The money was for a deed that might have cost Beatrix her life. He felt sick at the sight of it, as if it had been as the price of blood which Judas took. His face turned very pale under his tan, and he clasped his hands together nervously.

"No," he said quickly, "no, I pray you! Not money! Thanks are enough!"

The knight looked at him in surprise at first, and then incredulously, supposing that it was only a first refusal, for the sake of ceremony.

"Indeed," he answered, "it is the duchess's command that I should present you with this gift in most grateful acknowledgment of your service."

"And I beg you, by your knighthood, to thank her Grace with all possible respect for what I cannot receive." Gilbert's voice grew hard. "She is not my sovereign, sir, that I should look to her for my support in this war. It pleased God that I should save a lady's life, but I shall not take a lady's gold. I mean no discourtesy to her Grace, nor to you, sir."

Seeing that he was in earnest, the Gascon's expression changed, and a bright smile came into his fallow face, for he had found a man after his own heart. He threw the heavy bag toward the soldier, and it fell chinking to the floor before the man could

reach it, and turning to Gilbert again, he held out his hand with less ceremony and more cordiality than he had hitherto shown.

"With a little accent," he said, "you might pass for a Gascon."

Gilbert smiled as he shook hands, for it was clear that the knight meant to bestow upon him the highest compliment he could put into words.

"Sir," answered the Englishman, "I see that we think alike in this matter. I pray you, let not the queen be offended by the answer you shall give her from me; but I shall leave it to your courtesy and skill to choose such words as you think best, for I am a poor speaker of compliments."

"The Duchess of Gascony shall think only the better of you when she has heard me, sir."

Therefore, with a great gesture and a bow to which Gilbert gravely responded, the knight took his leave and went to the door; but then, suddenly forgetting all his manner, and with a genuine impulse, he turned, came back, and seized Gilbert's hand once more.

"A little accent, my friend! If you only had a little accent!"

His wiry figure disappeared through the door a moment later, and Gilbert was alone. He asked himself whether the queen had meant to insult him, and he could not believe it. But presently, as he remembered all that had happened, it occurred to him that she might be ashamed of having shown him her heart in a moment of great danger, and now, as if to cover herself, she meant him to understand that he was nothing to her but a brave man who ought to be substantially and richly rewarded for having risked his life on her behalf.

Strangely enough, the thought pleased him now, as much as the brutal offer of the gold had outraged his honorable feeling. It was far better, he reflected, that the queen should act thus and help him to look upon her as a being altogether beyond his sphere, as she really was. After this, he thought, it would be impossible and out of the question that any look or touch of hers could send a thrill through him, like a little river of fire, from his head to his heels. The hand that had been held out to pay him money for its being alive must be as cold as a stone and as unfeeling. She was helping him to be true.

He shook himself and stretched his long arms as if awaking from sleep and dreaming. The motion hurt him, and he felt all his bruises at once; but there was a sort of

pleasure in the pain, that accorded with his strange state of heart, and he did it a second time in order to feel the pain once more.

XVIII

THE knight, whose name was Gaston de Castignac, faithfully fulfilled Gilbert's wishes, using certain ornate flourishes of language which the Englishman could certainly not have invented, and altogether expressing an absolute refusal in the most complimentary manner imaginable. The queen bade him return the gold to her seneschal without breaking the leaden seal that pinched the ends of the knotted strings together. When she was alone, her women being together in the outer part of the tent, she hid her face in her white hands, as she sat, and bending forward, she remained in that attitude a long time, without moving.

It was as Gilbert had thought. In the generous impulse that had prompted her to ask Beatrix's forgiveness she had done what was hardest for her to do, in a wild hope that, by insulting the man who had such strong attraction for her, she might send him away out of her sight forever. Had he accepted the money, she would assuredly have despised him, and contempt must kill all thoughts of love; but since he refused it, he must be angry with her, and he would either leave her army, and join himself to the Germans during the rest of the campaign, or, at the very least, he would avoid her.

But now that it was done and he had sent back the money in scorn, as she clearly understood in spite of her knight's flowery speeches, she felt the shame of having treated a poor gentleman like a poor servant, and then the certainty that he must believe her ungrateful began to torment her, so that she thought of his face, and longed to see him with all her heart. For Beatrix's sake and her own honor she would not send for him; but she called one of her women and sent for the Lady Anne of Auch, who bore the standard of the ladies' troop, the same who had stopped her horse without a fall. In her the queen had great faith for her wisdom, for she had a man's thoughts with a woman's heart.

She came presently, tall and grave as a stately cypress among silver birches and shimmering white poplar-trees.

"I have sent for you to ask you a question," the queen began, "or, perhaps, to ask your advice."

The Lady Anne bowed her head, and when Eleanor pointed to a folding-stool beside her,

she sat down and waited, fixing her black eyes on a distant part of the tent.

"You saw the young Englishman who stopped my horse," the queen began. "I wish to reward him. I have sent him five hundred pieces of gold, and he has refused to receive the gift."

The black eyes turned steadily to the queen's face, gazed at her a moment, and then looked away again, while not a feature moved. There was silence, for Anne of Auch said nothing, while Eleanor waited.

"What shall I do now?" Eleanor asked after a long pause.

"Madam," answered the dark lady, smiling thoughtfully, "I think that, since you have offered him gold first, he would refuse a kingdom if you should press it upon him now, for he is a brave man."

"Do you know him?" asked Eleanor, almost sharply, and her eyes hardened.

"I have seen him many times, but I have never spoken with him. We talk of him now and then, because he is unlike the other knights, mixing little with them in the camp and riding often alone on the march. They say that he is very poor, and he is surely brave."

"What does Beatrix de Curboil say of him?" The queen's voice was still sharp.

"Beatrix? She is my friend, poor girl. I never heard her speak of this gentleman."

"She is very silent, is she not?"

"Oh, no! She is sometimes sad, and she has told me how her father took a second wife who was unkind to her, and she speaks of her own childhood as if she were the daughter of a great house. But that is all."

"And she never told you her stepmother's name, and never mentioned this Englishman?"

"Never, madam, I am quite sure. But she is often very gay and quick of wit, and makes us laugh, even when we are tired and hot after a day's march and are waiting for our women; and sometimes she sings strange old Norman songs of Duke William's day very sweetly, and little Saxon slave songs which we cannot understand."

"I have never heard her laugh or sing, I think," said Eleanor, thoughtfully.

"She is very grave before your Grace. I have noticed it. That may be the English manner."

"I think it is." The queen thought of Gilbert, and wondered whether he were ever gay. "But the question," she continued, "is what I am to do for the man."

She spoke coldly and indifferently, but her eyes were watching the Lady Anne's face.

"What should you do yourself?" she asked, as the noble woman made no answer.

"I should not have sent him gold first," replied Anne of Auch. "But since that cannot be undone, your Grace can only offer him some high honor, which may be an honor only, and not wealth."

"He is not even a knight!"

"Then give him knighthood and honor too. Your Grace has made knights,—there is Gaston de Castignac,—and the fashion of receiving knighthood only from the church is past."

"I think I have heard him say that he would have it from his own liege sovereign, or not at all. He will not even set a device in his shield, as many are beginning to do, to show in the field that they are of good stock."

"Give him one, then—a device that shall be a perpetual honor to his house and a memory of a brave deed well done for a queen's sake."

"And then? Shall that be all?"

"And then, if he be the man he seems, single him out for some great thing, and bid him risk his life again in doing it for holy cross and for your Grace's sake."

"That is good. Your counsel was always good. What thing shall I give him to attempt?"

"Madam, the Germans have been betrayed by the Greek emperor's Greek guides, and we ourselves have no others, so that we in turn shall be led to slaughter if we follow them. If it please your Grace, let this Englishman choose such men as he trusts, and go ever before our march till we reach Syria, sending tidings back to us, and receiving them, and bearing the brunt of danger for us."

"That would be indeed an honorable part," said the queen, thoughtfully, and she turned slowly pale, careless of her lady's straight gaze. "He can never live to the end of it," she added in a low voice.

"It is better to die for the cross than to die or live for any woman's love," said Anne of Auch, and there was the music of faith in her soft tones.

The queen glanced at her, wondering how much she guessed, and suddenly conscious that she herself had changed color.

"And what device shall I set in this man's shield?" she asked, going back to the beginning, in order to avoid what touched her too closely.

"A cross," answered Anne. "Let me see; why not your Grace's own, the cross of Aquitaine?"

But the queen did not hear, for she was dreaming, and she saw Gilbert in her thoughts, riding to sure death with a handful of brave men, riding into an ambush of the terrible Seljuks, pierced by their arrows—one in his white throat as he reeled back in the saddle, his eyes breaking in death. She shuddered, and then started as if waking. "What did you say?" she asked. "I was thinking of something else."

"I said that your Grace might give him the cross of Aquitaine for a device," answered the Lady of Auch.

Her quiet eyes watched the queen, not in suspicion, but with a sort of deep womanly sympathy; for she herself had loved well; and on the eighth day after she had wedded her husband, he had gone out with others against the Moors in the Southern mountains; and they had brought him home on his shield, wrapped in salted hides, and she had seen his face. Therefore she had taken the cross, not as many ladies had taken it, in lightness of heart, but earnestly, seeking a fair death on the field of honor for the hope of the life to come.

"Yes," said the queen; "he shall have the cross of Aquitaine. Fetch me some gentleman or squire skilled with colors, and send for the Englishman's shield."

"Madam," said Anne of Auch, "I myself can use a brush, and by your leave I will paint the device under your eyes."

It was no uncommon thing in that day for a lady of France to understand such arts better than men, and Eleanor was glad, and ordered that the shield should be brought quickly by two of the elder pages who were soon to be squires.

But Alric, the groom, who lay in the shade outside Gilbert's tent, chewing blades of grass and wishing himself in England, would not let the messengers take the shield from the lance without authority, and he called Dunstan, who went and asked Gilbert what he should do. So Gilbert came and stood in the door of his tent, and spoke to the young men.

"We know nothing, sir, save that we are bidden to bring your shield to the queen."

"Take it. And you shall tell her Grace from me that I crave excuse if the shield be of an old fashion, with rounded shoulders, for it was my father's; and you shall say also that she has power to take it, but that I will not sell it, nor take anything in return for it."

The young men looked at him strangely, as if doubting whether he were in his right mind. But as they went away together, the one who bore the shield said to the other that they should not give the message, for it was discourteous and might do harm to themselves. But the other was for telling the truth, since they could call Gilbert's man to witness of the words.

"And if we are caught in a lie," he said, "we shall be well beaten."

For they were young and were pages, not yet squires, and still under education.

"Also, we shall be beaten if we say things uncourtly to the queen," retorted the first. "This air smells of sticks," he said, and he sniffed, and laughed at his jest, but somewhat nervously. "You shall speak for us," he added, "for you are the truth-teller."

So they came to the queen, and laid the blank shield at her feet, and neither would say anything.

"Saw you the gentleman to whom it belongs?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," they answered in one breath.

"And said he anything? Have you no message?"

"He said, madam—" said one, and stopped short.

"Yes, madam, he said that we should tell your Grace—"

But the page's courage failed him, and he stopped also.

"What said he?" asked Eleanor, bending her brows. "Speak out!"

"May it please your Grace, the gentleman said that it was his father's shield."

"And that he craved excuse if it were of an old fashion," added the other.

"And that he would not sell it," concluded the one who was the bolder of the two.

Then he shrank back, and his companion too, and they seemed trying to get behind each other; for the queen's eyes flashed wrath, and her beautiful lips parted a little over her gleaming teeth, that were tightly closed. But in an instant she was calm again, and she took money from her wallet and gave each page a piece of gold, and spoke quietly.

"You are brave boys to give me such a message," she said. "But if I chance to find out that you have changed it on the way, you shall each have as many blows as there are French deniers in a Greek bezant—and I doubt whether any one knows how many there may be."

"We speak truth, madam," said the two, in a breath, "and we humbly thank your Grace."

She sent them away, and sat looking at the shield at her feet, while Anne of Auch waited in silence. Her eyes burned in her head, and her hands were cold, and would have shaken a little if she had not held them tightly clasped together.

"It was unknighly of him to say that," she cried at last, as if it hurt her.

But her lady was still silent, and the queen turned her hot eyes to her.

"You say nothing. Was it not unknighly of him?"

"Madam," answered Anne of Auch, "since you wished to pay him for your life, it is little wonder if he thinks you may offer to buy his arms."

They said no more for a long time, and from the outer tent the sweet subdued voices of many women, talking and laughing softly together, floated into the silence like the song of birds at dawn. At last the queen spoke, but it was to herself.

"He had the right," she said bitterly, and bent her head a little, and sighed. "Paint me the shield, Lady Anne," she added, a moment later, looking up calmly once more. "On a field azure, for the faith he keeps, gild him the cross flory of Aquitaine—for me!"

She rose and began to walk slowly up and down the tent, glancing at Anne from time to time. The lady had sent for her colors, ground on a piece of white marble, and a small chafing-dish with burning coals, in which a little copper pot of melted wax mixed with resin stood on an iron tripod. She warmed her brush in the wax, and took up the costly blue on it, and spread it very dexterously all over the long shield. When it was cool, the resin made it very hard, and with rule and dividers she measured out the cross with its equal arms, all flowered, and drew it skilfully, while the queen watched her deft fingers. And last of all she washed the cross with Arabian gum, a little at a time, and laid strong gold-leaf upon it with a small steel instrument, blowing hard upon each leaf as soon as it was laid, to press it down, and smoothing it with a hare's foot. When it was all covered and dry, she took a piece of soft leather wrapped about her forefinger, and carefully went round the outline, taking off the superfluous leaf that spread beyond the gummied part. She had learned these things from an Italian who had come to Auch to adorn the chapel of her father's house.

The queen had sat down long before it was finished, but her eyes followed the Lady

Anne's brush and her fingers, while neither of the women spoke.

"It is a fair shield," said Eleanor, when it was done. "Lady Anne, shall I send it to him, or shall he come here? Were you in my place, which should you do?"

"Madam, I would send for the Englishman. From your Grace's hands he cannot refuse honor."

Eleanor did not answer, but after a moment she rose and turned away.

"Nor death," she said in a low voice, as to herself, and stood still, and pressed her hand to her forehead. "Send for him, and leave me alone till he comes, but stay when he is here," she added in clear tones, but still not looking at the Lady Anne, who bent her head and went out.

The tall, old-fashioned shield stood on its point, leaning against the table. Eleanor looked at it, and her features were moved, now that she was alone, and her eyes were veiled. She lifted it in both her hands, wondering at its weight, and she pushed aside an inner curtain and set the shield upon an altar that was there, hidden from the rest of the tent for a little oratory, as in many royal chambers. Then she knelt down at the kneeling-stool and folded her hands.

She was not ungenerous, she was not at heart unjust, she deserved some gentleness of judgment; for she was doing her best to fight her love, for her royal honor's sake and for the sick girl who seemed so poor a rival, but who loved Gilbert Warde as well as she and less selfishly. As she knelt there, she believed that she was in the great struggle of her life, and that once and forever she could make the sacrifice, though it had grown to be a great one.

She meant to send him before the army, and the wager for his death was as a hundred to one. Let him die: that was the consecration of the sacrifice. Dead in glory, dead for Christ's sake, dead in the spotless purity of his young knighthood, she could love him fearlessly thereafter and speak very gentle words upon his grave. It was not cruel to send him to die thus, if his days were numbered, and he himself would gratefully thank her for preferring him before others to lead the van of peril; for the way of the cross leads heavenward. But if he should come alive through the storm of swords, he must win great honor for all his life.

Therefore she prayed for him alone, and she dedicated his great shield on her own

altar, in her own words, with all her passionate heart, wherein beat the blood of her grandsire, dead in a hermit's cell after much love and war, and the blood of the son she was to bear long after, whom men were to call Lion-hearted.

And she prayed thus with a pale face:

"Almighty God, most just, who art the truth and who orderest good against evil, with pain, that men may be saved by over-coming, help me to give up what is most dear in life. Hear me, O God, a sinful woman, and have mercy upon me! Hear me, O God, and though I perish, let this man's soul be saved!

"Lord Jesus Christ, most pitiful and kind, to thee I bring my sin, and I steadfastly purpose to be faithful, and to renounce and abhor my evil desires and thoughts. Hear me, O Christ, a sinful woman! To thy service and to the honor of thy most sacred cross I dedicate this true man. Bless thou this shield of his, that it may be between him and his enemies, and his arms, also, that he may go before our host, and save many, and lead us to thy holy place in Jerusalem! Endue him with grace, fill him with strength, enlighten his heart! Hear me and help me, O Christ, a sinful, loving woman!

"Holy Spirit of God Most High, Creator, Comforter, let thy pure gifts descend upon this clean-hearted man, that his courage fail not in life, nor in the hour of death! Hear me, a sinful woman, thou who, with the Father and the Son, livest and reignest in glory forever!"

When she had prayed, she knelt a little while longer, with bowed head, pressing against her clasped hands on the praying-stool till they hurt her. And that was the hardest, for it had been her meaning to make a solemn promise, and she saw between her and her love the barrier of her faith to be kept to God, and of her respect of her own plighted honor. Rising at last, she took the shield again, and kissed it once between the arms of the cross; and her lips made a small mark on the fresh gold-leaf.

"He will never know what it is," she said to herself, as she looked at the place, "but I think that no arrow shall strike through it there, nor any lance."

Suddenly she longed to kiss the shield again, and many times, to thousands, as if her lips could give it tenfold virtue to defend. But she thought of her prayer and would not, and she brought the shield back into the tent, out of the oratory, and set it upright against the table.

Then, after a time, Anne of Auch lifted the curtain to let Gilbert in, standing by the entrance when he had passed her.

He bent his head courteously but not humbly, and then stood upright, pale from what he had suffered, his eyes fixed as if he were making an inward effort. The queen spoke, coldly and clearly:

"Gilbert Warde, you saved my life, and you have sent back a gift from me. I have called you to give you two things. You may scorn the one, but the other you cannot refuse."

He looked at her, and within her outward coldness he saw something that he had never seen before—something divinely womanly, unguessed in his life, which touched him more than her own touch had ever done. He felt that she drew him to her, though it were now against her better will. Therefore he was afraid, and angry with himself.

"Madam," he said, with a sort of fierce coldness, "I need no gifts to poison your good thanks."

"Sir," answered Eleanor, "there is no venom in the honor I mean for you. I borrowed your shield,—your father's honorable shield,—and I give it back to you with a device that was never shamed, that you and yours may bear my cross of Aquitaine in memory of what you did."

She took the shield and held it out to him with a look almost stern, and as her eyes fell upon it they dwelt on the spot she had kissed. Gilbert's face changed, for he was moved. He knelt on one knee to receive the shield, and his voice shook.

"Madam, I will bear this device ever for your Grace's sake and memory, and I pray that I may bear it honorably, and my sons' sons after me."

Eleanor waited a breathing-space before she spoke again.

"You may not bear it long, sir," she said, and her voice was less hard and clear, "for I desire of you a great service, which is also an honor before other men."

"What I may do, I will do."

"Take, then, at your choice two or three score lances, gentlemen and men-at-arms who are well mounted, and ride ever a day's march before the army, spying out the enemy and sending messengers constantly to us, as we shall send to you; for I trust not the Greek guides we have. So you shall save us all from the destruction that overtook the German emperor in the mountains. Will you do this?"

Again Gilbert's face lightened, for he knew the danger and the honor.



THE KNIGHTING OF GILBERT.

"I will do it faithfully, so help me God."

Then he would have risen, but the queen spoke again.

"Lady Anne," she said, "give me the sword of Aquitaine."

Anne of Auch brought the great blade, in its velvet scabbard, with its cross-hilt bound with twisted wire of gold for the old duke's grip. The queen drew it slowly and gave back the sheath.

"Sir," she said, "I will give you knighthood, that you may have authority among men."

Gilbert was taken unawares. He bowed his head in silence, and knelt upon both knees instead of on one only, placing his open hands together. The queen stood with her left hand on the hilt of the great sword, and she made the sign of the cross with her right. Gilbert also crossed himself, and so did the Lady Anne, and she knelt at the queen's left, for it was a very solemn rite. Then Eleanor spoke:

"Gilbert Warde, inasmuch as you are about to receive the holy order of knighthood at my hands without preparation, consider first whether you are in any mortal sin, lest that be an impediment."

"On the honor of my word, I have no mortal sin upon my soul," answered Gilbert.

"Make, then, the promises of knighthood. Promise before almighty God that you will lead an honest and a clean life."

"I will so live, God helping me."

"Promise that to the best of your strength you will defend the Christian faith against unbelievers, and that you will suffer death, and a cruel death, but not deny the Lord Jesus Christ."

"I will be faithful to death, so God help me."

"Promise that you will honor women, and protect them, and shield the weak, and at all times be merciful to the poor, preferring before yourself all those who are in trouble and need."

"I will, by God's grace."

"Promise that you will be true and allegiant to your liege sovereign."

"I promise that I will be true and allegiant to my liege queen and lady, Maud of England, and to her son and prince, Henry Plantagenet, and thereof your Grace is witness."

"And between my hands, as your liege sovereign's proxy, lay your hands."

Gilbert held out his joined hands to the queen, and she took them between her palms, while Anne of Auch held the great sword, still kneeling.

"I put my hands between the hands of my lady, Queen Maud of England, and I am her man," said Gilbert Warde.

But Eleanor's touch was like ice, and she trembled a little.

Then she took the sword of Aquitaine and held it up in the right hand, though it was heavy, and she spoke holy words:

"Gilbert Warde, be a true knight in life and death! 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things'—and do them, and for them live and die."

When she had spoken, she laid the sword flat upon his left shoulder, and let it linger a moment, and then lifted it and touched him twice again, and sheathed the long blade.

"Sir Gilbert, rise!"

He stood before her, and he knew what remained to be done, according to the rite, and it was not fire that ran through him, but a chill of fear. The queen's face was marble-pale and as beautiful as death. One step toward him she made with outstretched arms, her right above his left, her left under his right as he met her. Then she coldly kissed the man she loved on the cheek, once only, in the royal fashion, and he kissed her.

She drew back, and their eyes met. Remembering many things, he thought that he should see in her face the evil shadow of his mother, as he had seen it before; but he saw a face he did not know, for it was that of a suffering woman, coldly brave to the best of her strength.

"Go, Sir Gilbert!" she said. "Go out and fight, and die if need be, that others may live to win battles for the cross of Christ."

He was gone, and Anne of Auch stood beside her.

"Lady Anne," said the queen, "I thank you. I would be alone."

She turned and went into the little oratory, and knelt down before the altar, looking at the place where the shield had stood.

(To be continued.)

THE MAKING OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

BY J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

A WAY back as far as the fourteenth century, somebody conceived the happy title of the "Kingdom of Fife" for that little neck of Scottish country which lies between the Forth and the Tay. The phrase survives as a modern pleasantry, when the Forth and the Tay bridges have joined Fife to the Lothians and civilization, and removed the point of the old epigrammatic proverb which allowed a man to be out of the world when he had got into Fife. Nevertheless, in spite of the bridging of the stormy firths, the county of Fife is to the tourist in Scotland still practically an unknown land. It is true that sight-seers go to St. Andrews, but St. Andrews is taken mostly by way of Dundee, and the Fife which is the glory of the artist and the delight of the antiquary is not on that side. It is nearly two centuries ago now since Defoe himself remarked that the traveler who would see the ancient "kingdom" aright "must go round the coast." In other words, he must take in everything from Queensferry to Crail and the East Neuk. And what a feast of the picturesque he would have! Historian Buchanan used to speak of the coast as "girt about with townlets." And was it not these same townlets, with their tiled roofs glistening in the sunshine, that suggested James V's famous description of Fife as "a beggar's mantle with a fringe of gold"? The fringe of gold is still there—a little tarnished by time, perhaps; but the mantle is no longer the beggar's garment that it was when James amused himself by playing the gaberlunzie among the Fifers. To-day they will tell you in Fife that there are more proprietors in the "kingdom" than in any other county in Scotland, Lanark alone excepted; and the value of the land is

stated at something like two pounds per acre higher than the average for the rest of the country. Of course these things are for the gazetteers and the guide-books; but the Fifers are a sensitive race, and the tourist who goes among them must be well informed, and watchful of his words.

If you look at that part of the map of Scotland which represents Fife's fringe of gold, you will find the name of Largo indicating one of its quaint seaboard towns. It

is a stirring little place, with a bay that has been celebrated in Scottish song, and is occasionally compared by enthusiastic traveled natives with the glory of Naples itself. Behind the town there rises the striking eminence known as Largo Law—the peculiar term "law," according to the learned in such matters, pointing to the early settlement of Danes and Northmen hereabouts. The law stretches up to a height of nearly a thousand feet above

sea-level; and any one who would have the best view, not only of Largo itself, but of the country around, must needs mount to the top. Away to the west, in the far distance, the eye rests on the Lomonds and some of the Perthshire hills; in the foreground there is the peaceful beauty of a landscape dotted over with villages and farm-houses, and picturesque castles and mansions, and woods and streams, stretching along the shores of the glittering Forth. Looking across the bay toward the southeast, one notes the companion law of North Berwick, the Bass Rock, with its myriads of sea-fowl and its memories of the Covenanters, and the Isle of May, where a coal fire was kept burning as a mariners' beacon for two hundred years; while away to the northeast there are the gray ruined towers of St.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBLER.
JAMES W. DEFOE, THE LAST LINEAL DESCENDANT
OF DANIEL DEFOE. PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MAXWELL.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SELKIRK FAMILY.

Andrews, and the Bell Rock lighthouse, and the wide expanse of the German Ocean, white with many sails. Such is the nature of the view to be obtained from the Law of Largo, on whose heights, two hundred years ago and more, the future Robinson Crusoe scrambled and played, a rough-and-tumble youth of that good old time in the bonny Scotland of "braw fighters" and true-blue Presbyterianism.

That a certain Alexander Selkirk was connected in some way with Defoe's romance is vaguely understood by everybody having the least acquaintance with Cowper's "monarch of all I survey." But beyond the fact that Selkirk was an exile, and that Juan Fernandez was the place where he lorded it over "the fowl and the brute," what do the majority of Crusoe's admirers know of the man who sat, all unconsciously, for Crusoe's portrait? Selkirk, in truth, if he were to rise from the dead, might very well conceive a grudge against Defoe. Practically his identity has been lost—merged, as it were, in that of the half-imaginary personage of whom he was the prototype. His hermit life on the Pacific islet was quite as worthy of note as a piece of human endurance and human triumph over adverse conditions as is Defoe's vivid narrative of Crusoe's labors and

achievements; and yet it is solely by that narrative that Selkirk's name has survived. Perhaps, if he could have lived long enough to be conscious of it, he would have borne the wrong with that easy-going philosophy which his exile engendered. Perhaps he would not. It is a matter of no great concern; nor, if it were, would any one be likely, at this time of day, to quarrel with destiny on his behalf.

De Quincey, playfully expressing an indifference to dates, says it is so certain that a man was born and born somewhere, that he married or wished to marry, that he finally paid the penalty of nature either by being hanged or deserving to be hanged, that these circumstances, in comparison with other points, are not worth dwelling on. It is a comforting theory for the writer who has to break new ground in dealing with a man who lived and died in the days when lives were more frequently taken than written. In the case of Alexander Selkirk, the "other points" are fortunately more abundant than the dates and the inevitables of which the Opium-Eater makes so little. Let us look at some of them. The first thing we have to note is that Selkirk, like the man who made him famous, does not seem to have been quite satisfied with the family name. In his "True-Born Englishman" Defoe has a sneer at those who professed to have come over with "the Norman bastard"; but seeing that his father was known as plain Foe, he was apparently not above the vanity of inducing the belief that he himself was of Norman-French origin. Selkirk's people bore the name of Seleraig, and the name is so spelled in all the old local records. Worthy folks they appear to have been, of the good old Scotch type. The father conveniently combined the work of tanning hides and making shoes, and was well enough respected to have been made an elder of the kirk. When Alexander came into the world, in 1676, his father had already given his name to six sons in succession. Nor was this an insignificant matter. In Scotland there has always been a superstitious reverence for the seventh son. Many special qualities of character are assigned to him; and if any one is to have good luck, he is to have it. Male fortune-tellers generally accounted for their gift of second sight by saying they were seventh sons. In Selkirk's case the result of the foolish superstition was that he was thoroughly spoiled by his mother, who, we are told, had formed "most extravagant hopes of him." Her notion was that he should seek his good fortune

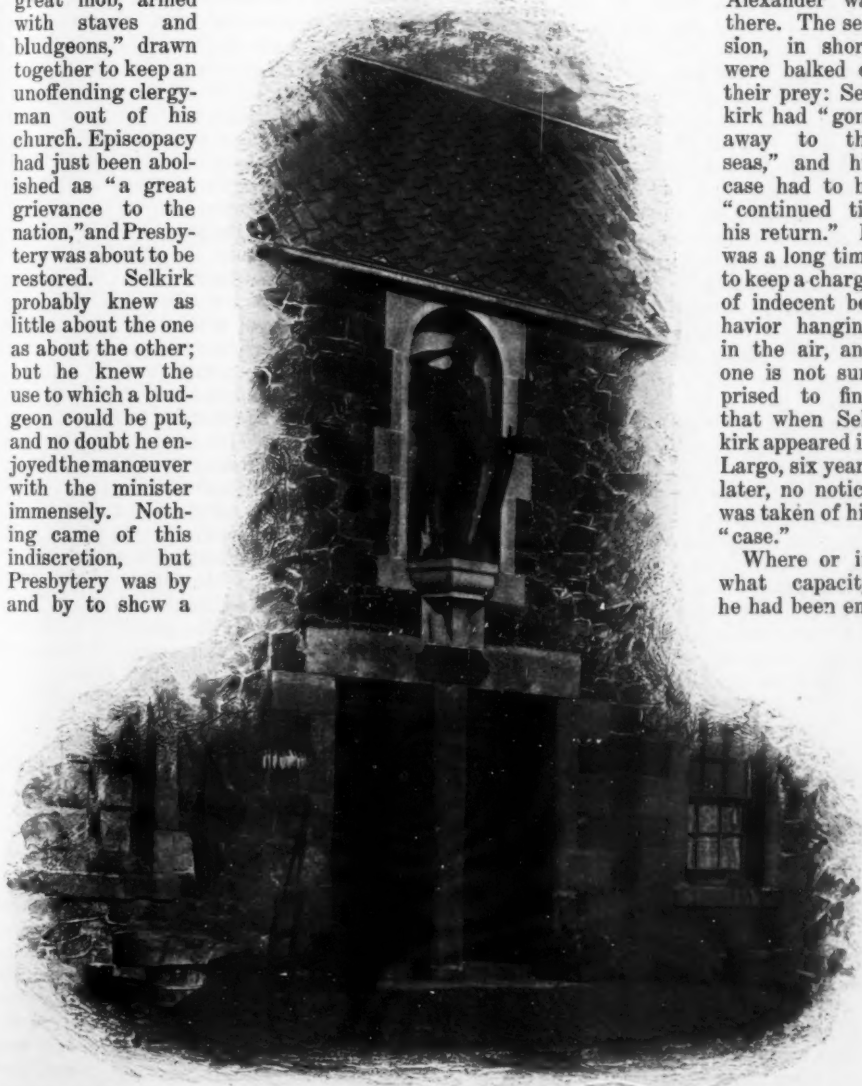
at sea; his father believed, on the contrary, that he would find it by making boots and shoes for the people of Largo. As a matter of fact, young Selkirk kept to his father's trade until the merest accident led him into what his mother had assumed to be the right way.

Apparently he had been from the first a wild, restless, troublesome youth. In 1689, when he was just thirteen, we hear of him as making one of "a great mob, armed with staves and bludgeons," drawn together to keep an unoffending clergyman out of his church. Episcopacy had just been abolished as "a great grievance to the nation," and Presbytery was about to be restored. Selkirk probably knew as little about the one as about the other; but he knew the use to which a bludgeon could be put, and no doubt he enjoyed the maneuver with the minister immensely. Nothing came of this indiscretion, but Presbytery was by and by to show a

better way of dealing with offenders. In the books of the kirk session of Largo it is recorded to this day how, on August 25, 1695, the session met to hear what Alexander Selkirk had to say for his "indecent behaviour in the Church." No Alexander appeared to answer, and the church officer was ordered to cite him for next meeting. The next meeting was held two days later,

but still no Alexander was there. The session, in short, were balked of their prey: Selkirk had "gone away to the seas," and his case had to be "continued till his return." It was a long time to keep a charge of indecent behavior hanging in the air, and one is not surprised to find that when Selkirk appeared in Largo, six years later, no notice was taken of his "case."

Where or in what capacity he had been en-



STATUE OF SELKIRK AT LARGO.

gaged all this time, there are no documents to show. It is, however, clear that his character had not improved, for he had not been many weeks at home when the kirk session were on his track for a new offense. The old records bristle with details of this crime and the procedure connected with it. It seems that Selkirk's brother Andrew, a youth of weak intellect, had dared to laugh at a little mistake made by Alexander in drinking from a canful of salt water. A regular domestic riot ensued, brothers and parents being all engaged in efforts to appease the infuriated Alexander, who was only restrained from going up-stairs for a pistol by his father sitting on the floor against the door to prevent him from opening it! In later days, if action were taken at all, this would have been a case for the civil courts; but then ministers usurped the functions of magistrates. The kirk, in fact, was nothing less than a tyranny. As Mr. Henley puts it, when speaking of the youth of Burns in Ayrshire, it constrained the spiritual and social liberties of its subjects, made life miserable, warped the characters of men and women, and turned the tempers and affections of many from the kindly natural way. It had sent Selkirk to sea already; it sent him to sea again, although—to his credit be it said—not until Largo kirk had seen him make public repentance of his "scandalous" conduct. It must have tried Selkirk pretty severely to stand a rebuke from the pulpit in the face of the great congregation; but one is glad to find that he promised amendment, "in the strength of the Lord." If he had remained in Largo, no doubt the records would have told us whether his penitence was permanent. But Largo had seen him disgraced; he would not run the risk again.

In connection with the famous wars of the Spanish Succession, several English merchants had entered into a scheme for a privateering expedition to the South Seas. One of the vessels, the *St. George*, was commanded by William Dampier, who had already distinguished himself in various naval enterprises of that lively, cutthroat age. Filled with magnificent designs of capturing gold-laden ships, Dampier sailed from the Downs in the April of 1703, and a few weeks later was joined, somewhere on the Irish coast, by a vessel called the *Cinque Ports*, of which Alexander Selkirk had somehow or other been appointed "sailing-master." An exciting story could be told of the fortunes—and misfortunes—of the bucaneeering crews; but the only point worth noting here is that

"honest Alexander Selkirk," as one old chronicler calls him, fell out with his captain, and an "irreconcilable difference" was the sequel. By this time the *Cinque Ports* had been well riddled with shot, the result of more than one "engagement" on the high seas; and Selkirk, putting the "difference" and the danger of getting drowned together, determined to leave the vessel on the first opportunity. The opportunity came, somewhere about the end of August or the beginning of September, 1704, when anchor was cast off Juan Fernandez. Apparently Selkirk made no secret of his intention to desert the ship, for his effects were landed just as if he had been a passenger bound for the island. In telling the story afterward, he remarked that he went ashore under the full conviction that the prospective change of life would be "more eligible than being exposed to further dangers" with a captain who had "used him so ill." But he had miscalculated the strength of his resolution. The moment he saw the vessel putting off, "his heart yearned within him and melted at parting with his comrades and all human society at once." In short, his courage utterly failed. He made signs of entreaty to be taken on board again; but the captain had construed his conduct as mutiny, and exile was to be the punishment of his defection. The *Cinque Ports* vanished from the sight of her old sailing-master, and in a few weeks her captain and crew, to avoid a watery grave, had surrendered themselves prisoners to the Spaniards. Meantime Selkirk was making the best of his solitude.

Such, in brief, is the incident to which the world owes the existence of "Robinson Crusoe." It is true, there had already been an exile on Juan Fernandez. Dampier had made a call at the island in 1681, when, by some unexplained accident, one of his seamen, a Mosquito Indian, was left behind. This predecessor of the real Crusoe remained in company with the goats until 1684, living pretty much the life that Selkirk afterward lived. But the Indian failed to find his Defoe, and his exile, in consequence, went for nothing. What Selkirk in reality did with and for himself during the four years and four months of his imprisonment may be taken for granted. The story, if he had himself written it out, could hardly have been prosaic; but Defoe having employed his "lively fancy" on it, there is no need to deal with the naked details, supposing these were available, which they are not. One or two points, however, may be noted, and for these

we must look to the account given by Crusoe's deliverer. It is a curious circumstance that, as Dampier was indirectly the cause of Selkirk's exile, so he was also the means of his rescue. Dampier had not been very successful in the exploits with which Selkirk was at first connected; but the succession wars still continued, and in 1708 he managed to prevail on some Bristol merchants to fit out a couple of vessels for the usual cruising business in the South Seas. The command of one of the vessels, the *Duke*, was given to a certain Woodes Rogers, and this "master mariner," fortunately, had the forethought to keep a journal of the voyage. It is the earliest account we have of Selkirk's exile, and is therefore worthy of special attention.

Under date of January, 1709, Rogers records how his men were greatly in need of "a harbour to refresh them, many being ill through want of clothes, and being often wet in the cold weather." Accordingly, on the first day of February the captain made the island of Juan Fernandez, being in part attracted thither by a fire which some one had apparently kindled to draw the attention of the vessel. A boat was sent ashore; and Rogers proceeds to tell that when it returned the sailors brought with them "a man clothed in goatskins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them." Here, it need hardly be said, was our old friend Selkirk, once more in contact with his fellows. Rogers gives no hint of the circumstance, but, according to another account of the rescue, Selkirk expressed his reluctance to leave the island when he heard that Dampier was connected with the expedition. If he had any such misgivings, it is clear that he wronged the notorious navigator, for Rogers says that he made Selkirk his mate on the express recommendation of Dampier, who spoke of him, in connection with the *Cinque Ports*, as "the best man in her." However, allowing that point to pass, let us look for a moment at the story which Selkirk told Rogers regarding his exile.

It seems that when he was left on the island he had only some clothes and bedding, a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible, and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could, but for the first eight months had "much ado to bear up against melancholy." He built two huts with trees, covered them with long grass, and lined them with the skins of goats. In the smaller hut he cooked his food; in the larger he slept and employed

himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying, "so that he said he was a better Christian while in his solitude than ever he was before, or than he was afraid he should ever be again." At first he never ate till hunger compelled him, nor did he go to bed till he was quite tired out with watching. For his food he relied chiefly on the goats, of which he killed about five hundred, from first to last. He told Rogers that he caught as many more, which he marked on the ear and liberated; and it is interesting to note that Commodore Anson found several animals thus marked when he touched at the island some years later. After his powder gave out, Selkirk took his game by speed of foot. Rogers had a bulldog, which he sent with several of his nimblest runners to assist him in capturing the goats; but he "distanced and tired both the dog and men, caught the goats, and brought 'em to us on his back." His feet were so hard with this racing through the woods that for a long time after his rescue he could not wear boots. For clothing he made himself a coat and cap of goatskins, which he stitched together with a nail. He had his last shirt on his back when found. Rogers says that when he first came on board he had "so much forgot his language, for want of use, that we could scarce understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves." Nay, more curious still, "we offered him a dram, but he would not touch it, having drank nothing but water since his being there, and 't was some time before he could relish our victuals." Upon these latter circumstances Rogers, most un-captain-like, proceeds to moralize. Selkirk's experience, says he, loftily, instructs us "how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigour of the mind, both which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor. For this man, when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility." Having said which, the captain cuts himself short by remarking that such reflections seem more proper for a philosopher and divine than for a mariner. Here he shows his good sense. Fancy a mariner, and a pirate too, moralizing on the grievous effects of grog and gormandizing!

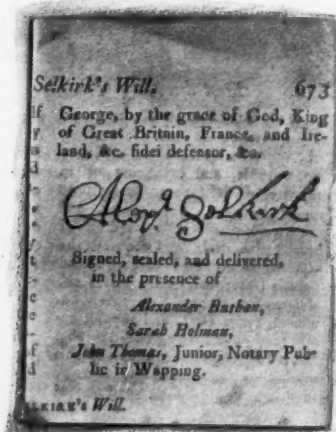
Selkirk's experiences on the way back to civilization were very much what they had been on the way to solitude. He took a leading part in the undisguised robbery which was the object of Rogers's expedition; and when at length he landed in London, in 1711,



COTTAGE WHERE BELKIRK WAS BORN.



BELKIRK'S GUN.



BELKIRK'S AUTOGRAPH AS APPENDED TO HIS WILL.



BELKIRK'S CUP.



BELKIRK'S CHEST.

he was able to boast of some eight hundred pounds as his share of the spoil. His story seems to have made the proverbial nine days' wonder. Steele, who met him and drew from him an account of his experiences, which he published in "The Englishman," speaks of him as being quite "familiar to men of curiosity." His aspect and gestures, according to Addison's friend, showed that he had been "much separated from company"; there was "a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought." Steele says he did not regard his return to company with unmixed delight, and quotes him as remarking that, though he was now worth eight hundred pounds, he would never be so happy as when he was not worth a farthing. Perhaps the "men of curiosity" were to blame in asking him to tell his story too frequently. Steele had found him very friendly and communicable; but some one else who tried him, not long after, reported him to be "an unsociable, odd kind of man," far from being so free as Steele would have led one to believe. Even the tar cannot always be telling the same yarn.

In course of time Selkirk, naturally enough, made his way to his native Largo. He seems to have given his people no warning of his arrival in England; at any rate, when he appeared in Largo kirk, one Sunday forenoon in 1712, nobody knew him. To be sure, he was clad in "gold-laced clothes," but that would only excite the greater attention. At length the mother's keen instincts detected her bairn, and with a cry of recognition she rushed to Sandy's arms! Then, it is said, the Selkirk pew was cleared out, and the family went home.

What happened to Selkirk after this is not very clear. Largo, sluggish and sleepy as it must then have been, could hardly be so dull as Juan Fernandez; yet there is some reason for believing that Selkirk found it too lively for his tastes. He erected a sort of cave dwelling in his father's back garden, and when he was not "meditating" there, he was in the woods or walking moodily by the shore. People evidently fought shy of him, as of some uncanny creature who had been in league with Satan's invisible world. The parish minister of the town, writing in 1798, refers to an old Largo man who remembered having, when a boy, slept with him for one night after his return. He could not be persuaded to do it a second time, being "terrified at the uncommon whiteness of his linen

and the hairiness of his body." Imagination truly *does* go a long way! To the unmarried females of Largo, Selkirk had, however, a romantic side; and one fine day it was discovered that the eccentric exile had eloped with one Sophia Bruce, who had succumbed to the charm of the white linen and the interest of the island story. Why there should have been an elopement it would have been difficult to make out, had it not afterward appeared that the union was of that sailor type not likely to be sanctioned by the rigid rules of Largo kirk. The pair were traced to London, where Sophia was presently found alone, Selkirk having gone back to sea. Before he thus dared the "perrills" of the deep, he made a will in her favor,—this was in January, 1717,—in which he describes her as his "loving friend, Sophia Bruce, of the Pall Mall, London, spinster," and bequeaths her a house at Largo, which had come to him from his father. But the sailor's affections are notoriously unstable, and poor Sophia, being out of sight, was soon out of mind. Before 1720 Selkirk had yielded to the blandishments of a certain widow named Frances Candis, and the old will was revoked. At this time the worthy seaman, as we learn from the will, was "mate of His Majesty's ship *Weymouth*." That is practically the last we hear of him, for he died on board the vessel before December of the following year. On the strength of her connection with him, the Sophia of the elopement afterward applied for charity to a dissenting minister in Westminster; and the much-marrying widow—she took a third husband immediately after Selkirk's death—proved her right, in the Scotch courts, to the house at Largo.

Thus ends the authentic history of Alexander Selkirk. He left no children, but representatives of the family from which he sprang are still to be found in his native town. Mr. David Gillies, whose mother was a great-grandniece of Selkirk, has commemorated him in a statue which, since its unveiling by the Countess of Aberdeen in 1885, has made the leading feature of Largo for every visitor to the place. If you ask a native where any one lives, the position will almost certainly be indicated from a reference to "the statue." Nor is there any difficulty in identifying the statue, for the sculptor has dressed his Crusoe in the very garb with which necessity first and Defoe afterward adorned him. And there are other interesting memorials of Defoe's hero to be seen in Largo besides the statue. That elope-

ment of which we have heard led to a good many personal effects being left behind, and such of them as were associated with Selkirk's island existence have naturally been guarded as interesting heirlooms by all his descendants. There is the gun, there is the chest, and there is the drinking-cup. The chest, a clumsy-looking affair made of cedar-wood, bears the exile's initials on the lid, with certain other rude carvings—the practical result, no doubt, of hours of ennui on the island. The drinking-cup was made by Selkirk himself out of a cocoanut-shell. At one time it had a silver foot and stem, but these seem to have been disposed of by some distressed descendant. The present mountings have to be placed to the credit of Sir Walter Scott. Sir Walter heard of the relics at Largo, and one day he set off to see them, in company with Constable, the publisher. He took the cup back to Edinburgh with him, and had a silver rim and a new rosewood stem added to it; while Constable, not to be outdone in enthusiasm, carried away the old parish records containing the already-mentioned entries relating to Selkirk, and had them handsomely bound for preservation. Such are some of the Selkirk relics still to be seen in Scotland. And Juan Fernandez has its memorial, too. Two thousand feet above the sea-level, on the height which Selkirk called his "Lookout," a handsome tablet commemorates him in the following inscription:

In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the *Cinque Ports* galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in the *Duke*, privateer, 12th February, 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. *Weymouth*, A. D. 1723,¹ aged 47. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. *Topaze*, A. D. 1868.

Thus, while Defoe himself remains undistinguished by statue or mark of public favor of any kind, the humble hero whose fame he created is memorialized in two widely separated corners of the globe.

Whether Defoe ever met Selkirk is a question that has been much discussed. There is an absurd story to the effect that Selkirk put together a rough account of his adventures, and gave the manuscript to Defoe to "improve the style." According to this legend, Defoe, discovering the elements of

a stirring tale in the sailor's notes, set his "lively fancy" to work, and when "Robinson Crusoe" was completed, "returned Selkirk his papers, telling him his history would not sell." Isaac James, in his rambling account of Selkirk's adventures, published at Bristol in 1800, professes to believe this very circumstantial tale, and quotes a Shrewsbury clergyman who in 1777 told him he had "heard upon good authority that when Defoe was on his death-bed nothing seemed to lie with such weight upon his mind as this unjust transaction with Selkirk." Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," felt perfectly certain that Defoe got his materials direct from Selkirk, but was willing to believe that Defoe shared the profits of his great romance with "the poor seaman." The whole thing is a myth. "Robinson Crusoe" was not published until 1719, at which time, as we have seen, Selkirk's story had been common property for seven years. Captain Rogers told it, in 1712, in his "Cruising Voyage round the World"; in the same year Captain Cook printed it in his "Voyage to the South Sea"; and Steele filled the entire number of his "Englishman" with an account of the exile's adventures. There was no need that Defoe should take advantage of Selkirk; and although, of course, it is possible enough that he had interviews with him (it is obvious that he refers to Selkirk, in the preface, when he speaks of "a man alive, and well known, too"), there is no reason why he should not have produced "Robinson Crusoe" as it stands without ever having once seen or communicated with the old buccaneer. Defoe knew how to turn the interests of the public to his own advantage; and the interests of the public at this time were centered mainly on the exploits of famous pirates, and the chances of adventurers in far-away islands on the American and African coasts. Defoe saw in Selkirk's story a ready means of satisfying the prevailing demand, and taking the story as he found it in print, aided, it might be, by additional details furnished by Selkirk himself, he built up that wonderful romance which has ever since been regarded as the best thing of its kind in all literature. It is a pleasing fancy, no doubt, which pictures Selkirk writing out his adventures to be edited by Daniel Defoe of unenviable notoriety, but, like many more fancies, it is without foundation in fact.

While the success of "Robinson Crusoe" with the public was immediate, there is some reason to think that as a manuscript its merits were not so readily recognized. One

¹ This date has since been proved to be wrong. The year, as we have seen, should be 1721.

of Defoe's earlier biographers says, indeed, that the story passed through the whole circle of the publishing trade before it found a purchaser. This is probably an exaggeration, for Defoe was too well known as a writer (he was now close on sixty) to have anything from his pen going a-begging at every bookseller's door. Be that as it may, it is certain that the man who did venture made a very fine thing out of the enterprise. His name was Taylor, and he published, appropriately enough in this case, "at the Ship" in Paternoster Row. What he paid to Defoe has never been ascertained, but the profits of "Crusoe" accruing to himself may be estimated from the fact that, while he was a comparatively poor man when he published the book, he was reported to be "worth between forty and fifty thousand" at his death, five years later. There is no ground for believing that he ever asked Defoe to share the spoil with him, though Beattie was simple-minded enough to give him credit for such an unnecessary piece of generosity.

The original edition of "Crusoe" was in two volumes, with a third volume, which nobody has ever read, for sequel. The first

volume was published on April 25, 1719, and the second followed close upon its heels. The demand was so instantaneous that a second edition—and "editions" were genuine at that time—was published only seventeen days after the first, a third edition followed twenty-five days later, and a fourth on the 8th of August. The book, in short, was a unique success. Even Defoe's enemies—and being a political writer, he had more than his share—even his enemies were forced to admit that he had hit the public fancy as no other contemporary writer had done. One traducer declared, within a few months of its publication, that "Crusoe" was already "famed from Tuttle street to Limehouse hole"—in other words, from one end of London to the other. "There is not an old woman that can go to the price of it," declared he, "but buys it, and leaves it as a legacy with 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'" That was said nearly two centuries ago now; and to-day, with all our accumulations of books, there is still no work that is more generally read or more universally admired than this same "Robinson Crusoe." As Johnson remarked, nobody ever laid it down without wishing it longer.



THE HIDDEN BROOK.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

SO flows my love along your life, O friend,—
A whispered song, with neither break nor end,
Outbreathed wherever your dear footsteps tend.

Albeit you listen not, are not aware
Of any music throbbing on the air,
Still my full heart goes singing to you there,

Content, although the way be long to run
And closed forever from the moon and sun,
With emerald dusks and opal dawns all one,—

Content, content, if Heaven but grant this meed,
That you may drink in any hour of need.

ALEXANDER IN ANGER AND IN LOVE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT: NINTH PAPER.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER,
Professor of Greek, Cornell University.



It was in July, 330, that Darius came to his end. Alexander's fearful race with treachery and death had carried him along the borders of the great salt desert of Khorasan in the scorching heat of an inland summer. The route which the fugitives followed had been the main highway from Media eastward into far Bactria.¹ It was the same which leads to-day from Teheran, by way of Semnan, Damaghan, Shahrud, and Meshed, out of Persia, into the land of the Turkomans and the border realms of the Czar. On the right lay the salt steppes; on the left rose the mountains which to-day mark Persia's frontier and offer a temporary check upon the inevitable advance of the Russian glacier. Close behind these mountains trails already the line of the Transcaspian Railway, and it cannot be long before a branch will find its way through the hills and strike across toward the Persian Gulf.

The place where the Shah was murdered was not far from the site of the modern Shahrud. Here join to-day, as they did of old, the eastern route and the road from Asterabad (ancient Zadracarta), fifty miles to the north, in the Caspian basin. An English officer² who visited the place in 1896 remarks upon its position: "An army stationed at Shahrud would at once command the approaches from the sea, and at the same time effectually prevent any junction between forces operating in Khorasan and the west. It is only fifty miles from Asterabad to Shahrud, and with a little skilful engineering the road could easily be made passable for artillery, or at any rate for light field-guns. No doubt the Russians realize its strategic importance. The whole place is dominated by Russian influence."

After allowing his soldiers a short rest at Hecatompylus (near the present Shahrud), Alexander moved to the north, through the

Elburz Mountains, into the narrow strip of country called Hyrcania, which skirts the southern shores of the Caspian.

The sea, when it first came in sight, was evidently a surprise to him. He saw before him, as Plutarch says, the bay of an open sea not much smaller apparently than the Black Sea, but with somewhat sweeter water than in most seas. He was unable, however, to gain any certain information about it, and concluded it must be an arm of the Sea of Azov. Plutarch, with his superior geographical knowledge, implies that he might have known better, for before his time scientists had already located it as the northernmost of the four great gulfs descending into the continent from the outer ocean. In asserting this, however, Plutarch is almost certainly guilty of an anachronism, for the common opinion of Alexander's day connected the Caspian as an inland sea with the Euxine. Not until Patrocles, in the early part of the next century, explored the coasts of the Caspian, did the mistaken theory of its connection with the northern ocean make its appearance. Accepted then by Eratosthenes, it held its place in the vulgate geography until the time of Ptolemy (second century A. D.). Alexander's soldiers identified the Jaxartes with the Don (Tanaïs).

While in Hyrcania, he subjugated the various tribes of mountain and plain, and received the submission of the two satraps Phrataphernes, governor of Hyrcania and Parthia, and Autophradates, governor of Tapuria, both of whom, in accordance with his principle of respecting and utilizing existing institutions of government, he forthwith reinstated in their authority. Many others also, high officials and noblemen, came to offer their surrender, among them the fine old Artabazus, whom, in recognition of his rank and his loyalty to his sovereign, as well as for old acquaintance' sake, he treated with distinguished consideration, and attached to his personal staff of aides and advisers. This Artabazus, through long experience, as general, governor, and rebel, in the affairs of Asia Minor, as well as a seven

¹ For a map of Alexander's route, see *THE CENTURY* for June, page 243.—EDITOR.

² Clive Bigham, "A Ride through Western Asia," p. 193 ff. (London, 1897).

years' (352-345) residence as a political fugitive at Philip's court in Pella, had made himself familiar with Western ideas, and was a cosmopolitan far beyond the measure of the ordinary Persian grandee.

There came also to surrender themselves fifteen hundred Greek mercenaries, last vanishing remnant of the Greek contingent in Darius's army. In receiving their submission Alexander saw fit to make a distinction—and it is worthy of note that he did—between those who had enlisted in the service of the Shah before the Congress of Corinth (336) had proclaimed the Greek war against Persia, and those who, in quasi-disloyalty, had enlisted later. The former were discharged free, the latter compelled to reenlist. With the mercenaries were found a number of sadly stranded Greek ambassadors, who, for some reason or other, had been in attendance at Darius's court at this most untimely season. One who had come from Chalcedon and a delegation from Sinope were set free; they might be considered outside the pale of responsibility: but the five Spartan ambassadors, who furnished in their presence one last testimonial to the incorrigible stubbornness of their little state, were kept in duress.

From Asterabad, where, after the work was over, Alexander had given his army a fortnight's rest and the delectation of a fête with the usual games, he returned (early autumn of 330) into Parthia, and passed thence along the Bactrian road eastward until he came to Susia, a city of Aria, near the site of the modern Meshed, at the extreme northeastern frontier of modern Persia. Meshed, only fifty miles from the present line of the Transcaspian Railway, stands near the junction of the Persian, Afghan, and Russian frontiers, and hard by the gate which Russia must choose in entering Afghanistan as a vestibule to India. At Susia the satrap Satibarzanes submitted to him, and rejoiced to be confirmed in the government of his province. News of Bessus's activity in the East soon, however, caused the new convert to backslide, and Alexander, who was already on his way toward Bactra, Bessus's capital, turning sharply to the south, and in two days' marches pushing through the seventy miles that separated him from the rebel's stronghold at Herat (Artacoana), proceeded to cleanse the land of every vestige of opposition, and then to place a trustier man, Arsamēs the Persian, in the governorship of the land. Satibarzanes had meanwhile fled to join Bessus at Bactra (modern Balkh). At the foot of Artacoana's citadel arose later one

of Alexander's famous Greek cities of the East, Alexandria-Areion, which survives to-day as Herat, for two centuries past the apple of discord between Persia and Afghanistan. It stands where the ways part, the great eastern road by the Heri-Rud valley across Afghanistan to the east, and the route which the caravan trade from the remotest antiquity to the present time has always followed from northern Persia and the Caspian, by way of Herat, Kandahar, Ghasni, and Kabul, on into India. This is the route that all the great conquerors have trod whose hosts have entered the gate of India—Mahmud the Great (1001 A.D.), Genghis Khan (thirteenth century) and Tamerlane (1398) the Mongols, Nadir Shah the Persian (1737), Alexander the Macedonian. It is the well-known "Key of India," and when Afghanistan passes under Russian control, it will be still better known.

The revolt of Satibarzanes had determined Alexander to secure this important route and the country adjacent to it, the present western and southern Afghanistan, before penetrating to Bessus's lair at Bactra (Balkh) in northern Afghanistan. So continuing his march southward from Herat, he entered the province of Drangiana, the district about the great Hamun swamps (Palus Aria).

Here, probably at its capital city, Phrada (Prophthasia), came to light an ominous conspiracy in the very heart of his own camp. No less a person was involved than Philotas, the commander of the famous companion cavalry, and son of Parmenion, the commander-in-chief; and the sudden emergence of the trouble just at this time seems to be connected with a change in Alexander's relation to his men and to his mission that was now beginning to be felt, and perhaps with a change in the bearing of Alexander himself. The occurrence has received much attention from modern¹ as well as ancient historians, and a fair and correct understanding of its significance is important for an estimate of the conqueror's whole mind and attitude at this determining period of his career.

Parmenion, now seventy years of age, had been from the start the most faithful reliance of the young conqueror. It was he who had assured him the loyalty of the army in Asia on his father's death, who had among all his generals favored most unreservedly the plan

¹ The most recent and the fullest discussion of the subject is found in an article by Friedrich Cauer, "Philotas, Kleitos, Kallisthenes," *"Jahrbücher für Class. Philol."* Supplement-Band XX (1894), pp. 1-79.

of Asiatic conquest, and who, through all the hardships, difficulties, and triumphs of the four years past, had been his nearest adviser and most important military aide. His apparent lack of energy in the battle of Gaugamela, and his premature call for reinforcement which had so unfortunately diverted Alexander from the pursuit, had left an unpleasant impression upon the young king's mind. Perhaps it was through weariness of his conservatism or suspicion of his senility that he had been left behind now in command of the garrison at Ecbatana.

His influence had always been great among the Macedonian soldiery. He had originally had three sons in the army, two of whom had lost their lives in service. One of them, Nicenor, had held the important post of commander of the hypaspists; another was Philotas, in a like or even more important command. His son-in-law Cœnus and his brother Agathon were also in important commands. Many of his kinsfolk held minor positions in the army. This group formed an easy nucleus about which should shape itself into expression the rising discontent with the new order of things. There was uneasiness abroad in the Macedonian camp. The older men were beginning to feel that the Alexander with whom they had left Europe was gradually drifting away from them. He had begun to show a liking for Oriental manners that was not to their mind. The talk about his assumption of divinity had not been met with favor by them when it first cropped up nearly two years before in Egypt. Little had been heard of it since then, but since Darius's death there had been a growing tendency to assume the court manners of an Oriental despot. He had not yet, as he did a year or two later, gone so far as to exact of his Macedonians the Oriental etiquette of prostration in his presence, but even the acceptance of it constantly from the Orientals themselves was not a good omen for the future. Then, too, Persian noblemen, like Artabazus, were being admitted to his court and confidences in increasing numbers. Persian satraps were being restored to the control of rich provinces, and native officials of lower grade retained in authority. What wonder if the old Macedonians who had borne the toil of war saw in all this only the victor robbed of his spoils!

Alexander had also begun, at least on state occasions, to assume the Oriental dress, not in its extreme form, tiara and all, to be sure, but with a compromise between the Median and Macedonian styles. Plutarch speaks about

it thus:¹ "From here [Hyrcania] he marched into Parthia, and, as he had not much to do here, first put on the Median dress, probably with a desire to accommodate himself to the usages of the country, in recognition of the influence which conformity to the usual dress and costume has in the work of civilizing a people; or perhaps it may have been a way of insinuating upon the Macedonians the usage of prostration through accustoming them to tolerate this change in the conduct of life. He did not, however, assume the ultra-Oriental style of dress, with all its odious barbarian features, the trousers, the sleeved jacket, or the tiara, but a compromise between the Persian and the Macedonian, more quiet than the former, but yet more imposing than the latter. At first he wore this only when meeting barbarians or with his friends at home, but later he appeared in it publicly, when he drove out, and at public audiences—a sight which caused the Macedonians much pain."

We should not, from what we know of national prejudices even in the present enlightened days, expect to find charitable judges of Alexander's growing cosmopolitanism among the hardy warriors of homely Macedonia. His great idea of a cosmopolitanism expressed in a world-empire, and created by the breaking down of barriers, so that each part might contribute of its own, was just beginning to intrench itself in his mind, at the expense of the old idea of exploiting the East for the good of the West, and must be his excuse to those who give him charitable judgment. All know, however, who have observed individual specimens of humanity undergoing the process of cosmopolitanizing, with how great risk to character it makes its way, and how frequently it is itself an evidence of loss of anchorage and of moral decay.

Parmenion and his kin were evidently patrons of the old school. Rumors had reached the ears of the king, two years before, of things Philotas, in unguarded moments, had said which involved criticism of the king. Through Philotas's mistress, a fair woman of Pydna who had been taken among the captives at Issus, word had come that one day in his cups Philotas had boasted that all the great deeds were really those of his father and himself, though the benefit of them, kingship and all, accrued to Alexander alone. The king had apparently forgotten it, but still he watched Philotas.

This was the state of things when in the

¹ Plutarch, "Alexander," xlv.

late autumn of 330, at Phrada, in Drangiana, word suddenly came of a plot. A young man named Nicomachus had been incited by a friend, one Dimnus, to join in a conspiracy planned against the life of the king. He, through his brother, had sent word of the danger to Philotas, who had failed to carry it to the king, though in constant communication with him. Two days elapsed, when the matter was by another route reported to the king. This brought Philotas under suspicion; and others, influenced to some extent by prejudice against him, now appeared with positive accusations. He was immediately put under arrest, and, in old-fashioned style, put on trial before the army, with the king as his accuser.

We have no way of estimating the evidence. The method of procedure was certainly not such as to guarantee the dispassionate hearing worthy of a court. Philotas had gained many private enemies by his overbearing manner and his tendency to indulge in luxury and ostentation. Even his father had once rebuked him: "My son, to be not quite so great would be better." Whatever the proofs were, the army-court declared him a would-be regicide, and clamored for his execution. In judging of the probable justice of this verdict, it is to be noted that another general, Amyntas, who was accused of complicity in the same conspiracy, was by the same tribunal acquitted. Arrian says Philotas was convicted by clear proofs. The presumption is that he was guilty. There is nothing inherently improbable in the belief. It was always the fate of autocrats to be conspired against by those nearest them.

Still Alexander was not absolutely satisfied. Philotas had insisted on his innocence, and excused his failure to report the alleged conspiracy by saying that he had discredited the report of its existence. He was therefore subjected to torture, in the hope of extorting a confession. The torture was administered in private by Hephæstion, Craterus, and Cœnus, the three most intimate associates of the king; and Alexander himself, in order to take personal cognizance of every detail, was close at hand, hidden by a curtain. When Philotas, under stress of torture, showed an unexpected lack of fortitude for a tried soldier, Alexander is reported to have said from his place of concealment: "What, Philotas, sensitive and craven as that, and yet engaged in a design like this?" He is said at last to have confessed and to have implicated his father—this, however, on the authority of Curtius Rufus only. He was

then put to death, and trusty messengers were sent swiftly across to Ecbatana to order the assassination of his father also, which was forthwith accomplished by the hands of his officers. This was a high-handed and outrageous act. It seems impossible that Parmenion could have been guilty, but the mere fact that the king could have thought it necessary showed how sensitive he had become to the possibility of an opposition centering about the family of Parmenion.

The command of the companion cavalry, formerly held by Philotas, was now divided between Clitus, the son of Dropides, and Hephæstion, the latter of whom had of late advanced rapidly in the esteem of Alexander. It is remarked, for instance, that he among all the Macedonians showed most sympathy for the new ideas of the king. It was a period of transition in Alexander's life, and the friendship of Hephæstion marks the new period.

It is evident that Alexander could have spent but little time in Drangiana. Late¹ in October or early in November he advanced through the country of the peaceable and hospitable Ariaspian dwelling along the lower courses of the Hilmand, on the western frontiers of the modern Afghanistan, and thence turned his line of march toward distant Bactria, where Bessus was still maintaining the emblems of authority of the old Persian empire. The route chosen led up the valley of the Etymandrus (Hilmand) toward Ghasni, then down into the Kabul basin, and thence northward over the passes of Paropamisus (the modern Hindu Kush). Opposition faced him at every turn, but he fought his way rapidly through to the foot of the Paropamisus.

At two points at least on the route he founded colonies, probably marked by the modern sites of Kandahar and Ghasni, and near his halting-place at the foot of the mountains a third, not far from the modern Kabul. Once during the year word came of trouble in the outer world. An army from Bactria had invaded Aria and was seeking to detach the district from its allegiance. Not to be himself diverted from his projects, Alexander sent a strong force under Artabazus the Persian, which not without difficulty accomplished the defeat of the intruders. Alexander's way up the Etymandrus valley led at times through deep snow, and bitter

¹ Hogarth's attempt ("Philip and Alexander," Appendix B) to revise the chronology of this period fails of satisfying Arrian's account of later movements in Sogdiana.

privations were suffered. The winter was coming on, and when he reached the foot of the mountains by Kabul it must have been late in December (330).

With the opening of spring (329 B. C.) he crossed the passes of the Hindu Kush at an elevation of over thirteen thousand feet, and came to the city of Drapsaca in Bactria. After a little rest he pushed on in pursuit of Bessus, who gradually retired before him, and crossed the Oxus (Amu-Darja) into the territory of the modern Bokhara. The Oxus, which now flows into the Sea of Aral, was in Alexander's time, and even down to as recent a period as the sixteenth century, a tributary of the Caspian. If a plan recently proposed by Russian engineers of restoring it to its ancient course should be realized, it will provide a waterway from the Caspian into northeastern Afghanistan, direct toward the gate of India. When Alexander came to the Oxus he found it a mighty stream swollen with the melting snows; and in default of boats, or wood with which to build them, he sent his men across on "life-preservers" improvised out of their leather tent-coverings stuffed with straw. Five days were expended in the crossing. Hounding Bessus down, he finally found him with a few soldiers in a fortified village, forsaken and betrayed by his generals and his army. Now Darius could be avenged. Stripped naked, with his neck in a heavy wooden yoke, Bessus was made to stand by the roadside while the army marched by. When Alexander came up to where the wretched man was placed, he caused his chariot to halt, and asked him why he had betrayed his king, who was his kinsman and benefactor. He answered that he had not done it alone; others had planned it with him, and they had done it in hope of winning Alexander's favor. The king showed his appreciation of the answer by ordering him scourged and sending him in chains to Bactra (Balkh), his capital, whence, in the following winter, he was brought to Zariaspa (Charjui), and there, by a court of his peers, condemned in due and proper Median form to suffer the death of a regicide. They cut off his ears and nose, and sent him to Ecbatana to be put to death by the native authorities. So, though Greek and Macedonian shuddered at the horror of mutilation, the lord of the East was avenged by the East, and in genuine Eastern style.

Arrian,¹ in passing, cannot restrain his Hellenic instincts from volunteering the remark: "I do not approve of this harsh pun-

¹ Arrian, "Anabasis," iv, 7.

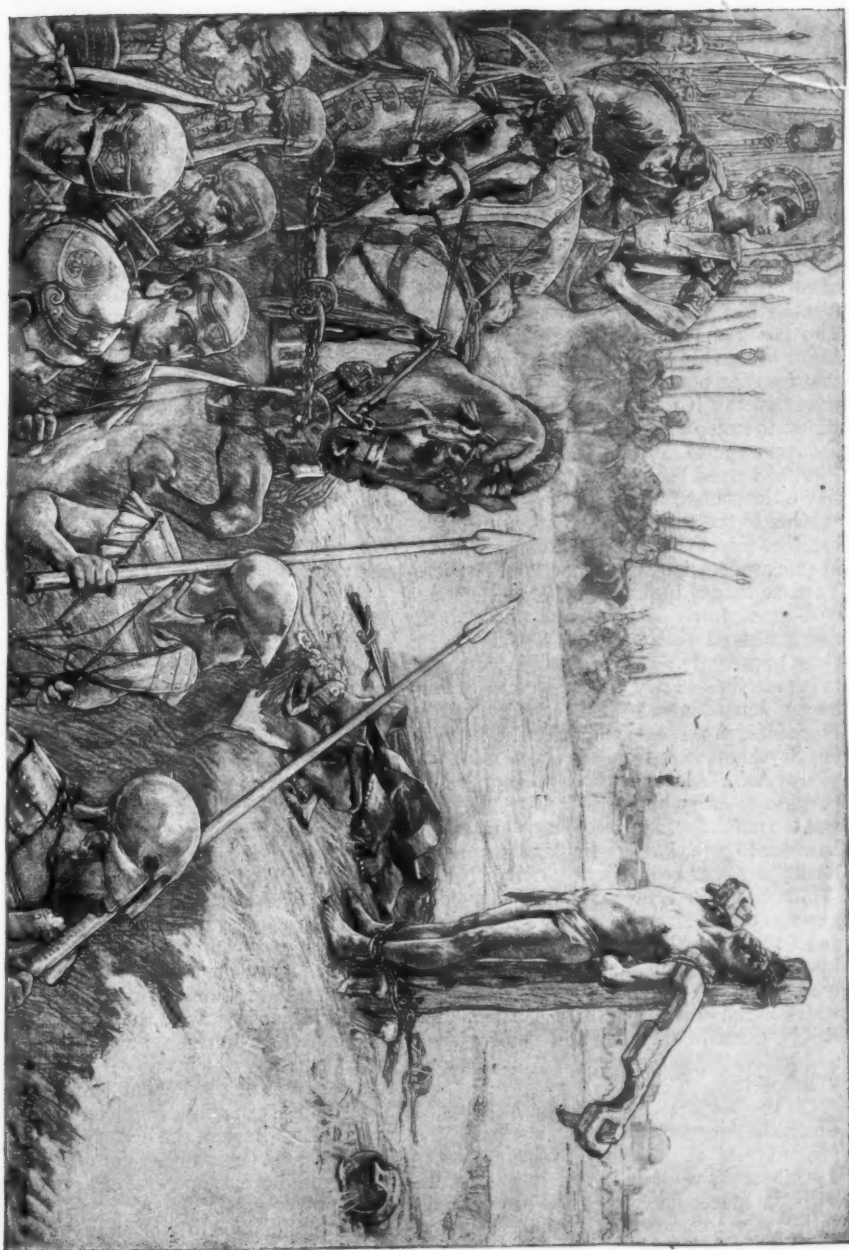
ishment of Bessus; nay, rather, I regard the mutilation of the body as a barbarian trick, and agree that Alexander was led into imitation of the ways of the rich Medo-Persians, and especially of the way, characteristic of their kings, of treating their subjects as inferior beings." But the larger significance of the event he does not note. Viewed as an act of political prudence, it left the East to bear the burden of the Shah's death, and cleansed the hands of Alexander. Viewed on still larger perspective, it presented a first glimmering of that idea of empire and law which was gaining hold upon the mind of Alexander, whereby peoples were to find the rule and order of life in the beaten track of their own usage and faith, and empire, wrought out from within rather than imposed from without, was to be more a thing of leveling the barriers of distrust and misunderstanding than of impressing a foreign will and sway.

The complete conquest of Bactria and its adjoining country, Sogdiana, Bokhara, and southern Turkestan, was to Alexander a necessary condition of assured peace. Here was the very center of the Persian religion, the scene of Zoroaster's teachings. The valleys of the Oxus and of the Jaxartes evidently formed then the seat of a strong, well-developed civilization that had been able to assert itself against the nomadic tribes of the western desert and against the Scythians of the north, and supported a population, we have reason to believe, considerably denser and more settled than that of to-day. Here Alexander found the sturdiest opposition he had met with since entering Asia. The people he was dealing with were of the Aryan stock pure and undefiled, and uncontaminated by the refinements which had their seat in the old settled life of Mesopotamia. Evidence enough of the difficulties encountered is found in the fact that over two years (April, 329, to May, 327) were occupied in reducing to complete submission a district three hundred and fifty miles square, while in a single year (July, 331, to July, 330) he had overrun Syria, Assyria, Persia, Media, and Parthia, a domain one thousand miles in width.

After the capture of Bessus he tarried in the rich plains of the Oxus long enough to rest his army and to replenish his supply of horses, which had suffered terribly in passing the mountains, and then pushed rapidly across Sogdiana to the northeast, and occupied its chief city, Maracanda (modern Samarkand). Since crossing the Oxus he

THE PUNISHMENT OF BESSUS.

DRAWN BY A. CASTIGLIONE.



had been upon soil which to-day is under Russian protection, or is Russian outright. Samarkand, the most important ancient city of the Transcaspian region, and the city where Tamerlane received his crown, is now an important station of the Transcaspian Railway, and represents in its schools of theology the strong fortress of Mohammedan orthodoxy. It is the "head of Islam, as Mecca is its heart." From here Alexander pushed on a hundred miles and more farther to the banks of the Jaxartes (modern Syr-Darja) at the modern Khojend. Suddenly the flame of revolt burst out in his rear. The whole frontier was ablaze with defiant opposition. The last remnants of the Persian power, under leadership of Spitamenes, joined with the frontier population, and the roaming tribes of the North arose as by concerted signal to sweep across the path by which he had come and to shut him off from the world. First he turned back against the seven frontier cities which, in close proximity to one another to the west of Khojend, formed the barrier against the northern steppes. These in quick succession he reduced to subjection. Then he turned back eastward to Khojend.

A great force of Scythians (Sakai) had now gathered on the opposite bank of the river, apparently awaiting their opportunity to invade the country. Their insulting challenges hurled across the river dared the Macedonians to cross and find out how different Scythians were from the effeminate peoples of Asia. Alexander had hitherto had no purpose to carry his arms farther, but this was too much for his sense of sportsmanship. In order to give them a sample of his mettle he did just what he had done six years before (335 B. C.) at the Danube: he made a sudden passage of the river, using the same means as at the Oxus, drove the Scythians before him, and penetrated a day's march into their land, until the bad water of the country, which in the excessive heat he had drunk too rashly, came to the rescue of the fugitives and demonstrated the great chieftain's bowels to be mortal.

On the borders of the stream he founded a city, the Alexandria-Eschata marked by the present site of Khojend. Within twenty days its walls were built, and it was settled with the Macedonians who had become unfit for service, some of the Greek mercenaries, and people from the neighborhood who volunteered for the new enterprise. During his two years' stay in the Northeast at least eight such colonies were founded,—according to Justin, twelve,—and these became

afterward important factors, as outposts of Hellenism, in assuring the unity of the empire and in leavening the lump. In no wise was Greece so effective as in the city form. Her civilization was at the heart social and human, and urban life was its *sine qua non*.

The site of Alexandria-Eschata (Khojend) was given its importance not only by the bend which the Syr-Darja makes at this point toward the north, but preëminently by its command of the eastern route into far central Asia. Hence the beaten track leads on through the rich province of Fergana by Osh, to the mountain-passes descending to Kashgar, the gate of China. All these regions are so deep in the heart of the continent, here at the "roof of the world," where to-day Russia, China, and India meet, that the rivers all weary of seeking the open sea, and die in the land.

The Jaxartes, which Alexander seems to have supposed was the Tanais (Don), had been the recognized boundary of the Persian empire, and Alexander regarded it as a proper limit of his own conquests. His geography, as we have already seen, regarded the Caspian as connected directly with the Sea of Azov or the Euxine. Strabo, three centuries later, held it, in accordance with the vulgate opinion since Patrocles and Eratosthenes (third century B. C.), to be a gulf of the great northern ocean. The region of the Rha (Volga) was entirely left out of calculation until the second century after Christ, when the river Volga duly appears in the map of Claudius Ptolemæus as a tributary of the Caspian, and the Caspian resumes its place as an inland sea, as it had been treated by Herodotus. The Jaxartes was regarded by Alexander as the boundary between Europe and Asia. A later expression of his suggests that it may have been his intention, after completing the subjugation of Asia, to return and effect the conquest of the Scythians by way of the Hellespont and the Black Sea; but this was no part of his initial purpose, which was certainly limited to a conquest of the Persian empire proper. The Hindu Kush range, which he had crossed on entering Bactria, he believed to be the Caucasus, and this an extension of the Taurus range, running east and west directly through the center of Asia. The southern half of this Asia he understood to be occupied by Assyria, Persia, Ariana, and India (Penjab), the latter bounded on the west by the Indus, and constituting on the east the southeastern limit of the continent. At the Jaxartes, therefore, his conquests found a natural halting-place.

Having seen the river, he retreated, but his name and memory he left to survive in the "tradition of the mouth" through the turnings and overturnings of more than twenty centuries. Nowhere in all the lands he conquered is the direct tradition of his greatness, strange to say, so vivid to-day as among the mountain tribes about the Ferghana. Their chiefs claim still direct descent from

fearful fury the whole pleasant valley of the Spgd. More than a hundred thousand lives were sacrificed in expiation of the revolt. Then there was quiet. This ended the year's work. It was already the depth of winter, and he returned to winter quarters in Zari-aspa, the site of the modern Charjui, where the Transcaspian Railway now crosses the Oxus (Amu-Darja).



HEAD OF ALEXANDER.

From a cast lent by Mr. Edward R. Smith, Avery Library, Columbia University. The original terra-cotta is in the Munich Antiquarium, and is about a third larger than the above reproduction.

Alexander, and, as a recent explorer¹ testifies, "everything great and grand they still couple with the name of Alexander."

From the Jaxartes he turned back now to quell the insurrection that still prospered in his rear. At Samarkand his garrison had been beleaguered in the citadel. A detachment of his army sent on in advance had been sadly defeated. He came on, an avenging storm, drove Spitamenes, rebels, and raiders fugitive into the far steppes of the North, and then turned back to waste with

¹ Franz von Schwarz, "Alexanders Feldzüge in Turkestan," p. 97.

The year 328 was spent again in Bokhara, where persistent hostility still asserted itself at many points. The mountains were full of retreats where opposition found a refuge, and the sturdy, warlike character of the people gave Alexander the sorest trial he was called upon to face in all his military career. Bactria, too, was again in danger, and Craterus, who represented Alexander in his absence, was only after a sharp engagement successful in again relegating Spitamenes and his half-nomad following to the wilderness of the west. Not until later, when an attack led by Alexander was threatened, did these followers

bow the knee and pay their tribute to the great king in the form of Spitamenes's head. At the end of the season Alexander returned again toward the boundaries of Bactria. He spent the most of the winter at Nautaka (Shachrisabs-Shaar in central Bokhara).

During the campaign of 328 in Sogdiana occurred at Samarkand one of the most grievous misdeeds chargeable against Alexander's personal record—the murder of his friend Clitus. The incidents connected with it, stated and discussed fully as they are in all our sources, afford so clear a revelation of our hero's mood and inner life, and so complete a picture of the man off his guard, that they are worthy of fullest recital.

Clitus had been the captain of the cavalry agéma, but after the death of Philotas was promoted, along with the new favorite Hephæstion, to the command of half the chosen immortals, the *hetairoi* cavalry. Unlike Hephæstion, he had remained a stalwart Macedonian in tastes and sympathies, and had long regarded with apprehension and concealed vexation the Medo-mania of his king; and yet he was a loyal friend, and all might have gone well, but for the madness of wine. One night, on the occasion of a festival of Dionysus, the symposium had been protracted to abnormal length, and the potations had been deeper than was the wont even with these fervent devotees of Bacchus. In the depths of a Greek drinking-bout, small talk and banter were apt to find their common pabulum, not in politics and the weather, but in the finesse of the Greek mythology, about which everybody knew something, and the tantalizing variations of which offered themes as unlikely of final settlement as either the tariff or determinism. This night the conversation turned on the problem of the paternity of Castor and Pollux, and the unhappy impulse of some one, who was at once a modernizing realist and a vapid flatterer, brought it down to earth and turned it into a comparison of Alexander and the aforesaid demigods. Surely the conqueror of Asia had wrought greater deeds than these provisional worthies. It is the perversely narrow-minded people who see no good and great thing except in old times and in the Old Testament, and utterly ignore the great movements and great men of their own day.

There were many seconders. Courtier zeal strove to outbid itself. Alexander's deeds were extolled as greater than the labors of the wide-traveled Hercules. The old-fashioned Macedonians were shocked at the impiety, but held their peace; only the im-

pulsive Clitus raised his voice in protest. As the conversation, however, developed into a comparison of the achievements of Philip and of Alexander, to the disparagement of the former, the issue between the new school and the old became still more sharply drawn, and when the revelers came to amuse themselves by singing the serio-comic verses of Pranichus, which chaffed the old Macedonian officers for their defeats in Sogdiana, the last straw was added to the burden. Clitus's indignant protest against exposing worthy veterans to ridicule as cowards was answered by Alexander, who had thus far quietly treated the whole discussion as bacchanalian nonsense,—and answered, it appears, with a jest: "Clitus seems to be pleading his own cause." But the jest carried a sting to the half-drunken advocate, and anger and wine drowned humor. "You ought to be the last one to name me a coward—you who at Granicus, fleeing from Spithridates's sword, owed your life to my hand. These Macedonians, whom your creatures ridicule, have bought with their blood your fame." Alexander had thus far preserved his composure, but now a sensitive point had been touched, and he rebuked Clitus. Such talk, he said, only served to stir up animosities and sedition. But Clitus was in no mood to heed the injunction of silence. "Why do you ask freemen to dine with you at all, if you are unwilling they should speak their minds? You'd better associate altogether with your lickspittle Persians, who bend the knee to your white tunic, and say only what you want them to." Alexander's temper could tolerate an indefinite amount of mythological controversy, but this approached dangerously near to twitting on facts. Anger came quick and strong. He seized the first object that lay at his hand, hurled it at the offender, and reached to find his sword. A prudent guard had hidden it out of his sight. Friends gathered about seeking to soothe and restrain him, but he broke from them, and shouting loud to his guards in his native Macedonian idiom,—indication of return to first, savage principles,—he bade the trumpeter blow the call, and smote him with clenched fist when he hesitated to obey. Clitus's friends, in hope of preventing a collision, hurried him out of the room, and Ptolemy led him away out of the citadel and beyond the moat; but his fate and the folly of wine drew him back. In a moment he had entered at another side of the banqueting-hall, and raising the portière that hung before the door, stood defiantly there, chanting in tone of reckless challenge



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE MURDER OF CLITUS.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

ROMAN TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THESSALONICA.

The arch is popularly attributed to Alexander the Great, and by different learned authorities, in the absence of any decisive criteria, to Gallienus or Theodosius.

Euripides's verses of discontent from the "Andromache":

Alas, in Greece how ill things ordered are!
When trophies rise for victories in war,
Men count the praise not theirs who did the deed,
But give alone to him who led the meed.

A few words brought the import of the well-known passage. The apparition at the doorway was sudden as the challenge was insulting. Quick as a flash the impetuous king snatched a spear from the hands of a guard and hurled it at the figure by the raised curtain. The deed was done. The friend of his childhood, his life-companion and rescuer, lay gasping out his life.

Quick came the rebound from the fury of anger in a passion of remorse. Alexander bent by the side of the prostrate body, drew out the fatal spear, and would have turned it against himself, but his companions seized him and led him away by force to his chamber. There he lay through the night and through the day, writhing in the torment of remorse and self-reproach. Now he would call Clitus by name as if to awake him from death, now implore his forgiveness, now chide himself as murderer of his friends, now call the name of his nurse Lanice, Clitus's sister, and, as if she were present, abuse himself in self-accusation before her: "How ill have I

repaid thee, kindly foster-mother, for all thy care in rearing me! Thy sons thou hast given to die fighting in my behalf; thy brother I have slain with mine own hand." When the first storm of grief had spent itself, he lay still upon his bed, neither eating nor drinking, nor uttering a word.

So for three days, until the fear spread through the camp that he might become demented. Men came to plead with him that he should face his work and put his grief behind him; but he listened to none of them, till finally "specious platitudes of kismet and predestination began to soothe, and a sophistic Greek infused a baleful balm, reminding the successor of Darius that emperors stand above obligation and above law."¹ Still the deed remained a burden upon his soul, and the memory of it seems to have embittered the remainder of his life. Perhaps it added something of the hardness we cannot fail to note creeping in upon his temper during the latter years. Continuous life in the hard experience of war, coupled with the unnatural excitements of risk and enormous success, might well have been expected to show their effects in his character; but this incident alone cannot be made, prominent as it has been in the accounts of his life, to carry the whole argument.

¹ Hogarth, "Philip and Alexander."

A man who aspired to rule the whole world had shown himself unable to rule his own temper. His weakness stood out in the powerful light of one terrible demonstration. He saw it himself and despised himself. He hardened himself against his shame and grew harsh. So our ideals slip away from us, as we discover our weakness, and paint their substitutes over "to resemble iron." Yet we shall do Alexander injustice if we attribute his unhappy act to a radical decadence of character, or see in it an indication that his relations to his men and his attitude as a sovereign had suffered radical change. He was a human being, and the incident helps to show how very human he was; but still the Alexander who hurled the spear at Clitus and then bowed in instant repentance over the prostrate body is, on the whole, the same Alexander whose impulsive violence and impulsive generosity and love have all through the story of his life given an individual color to a character shaped in strong lines of sagacity, idealism, and force. The significant thing is that he could still repent. Arrian says well:¹ "Alexander is the only one I know of among the kings of olden time who from nobility of character repented of the errors he had committed. The majority of men, even when themselves convinced they have done wrong, make the mistake of thinking they can conceal their sin by defending their action as just. But, as I look at it, the only cure for sin is for the sinner to confess it and to be visibly repentant regarding it."

If the Clitus incident is to serve any didactic purpose beyond that of a temperance lecture, it can only be used as a further illustration of the Macedonian envy, which had two years before shown itself in the conspiracy of Philotas, and which still maintained a smoldering life behind the ashes. The old-fashioned Macedonians could not reconcile themselves to the sight of their king hobnobbing with Persian grandees and toying with Oriental fashions and manners. His reconstruction policy of reconciliation and amalgamation found no real favor in the hearts of these Stalwarts; they believed in robust things. Warrior-like, they resented any curtailment of the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils.

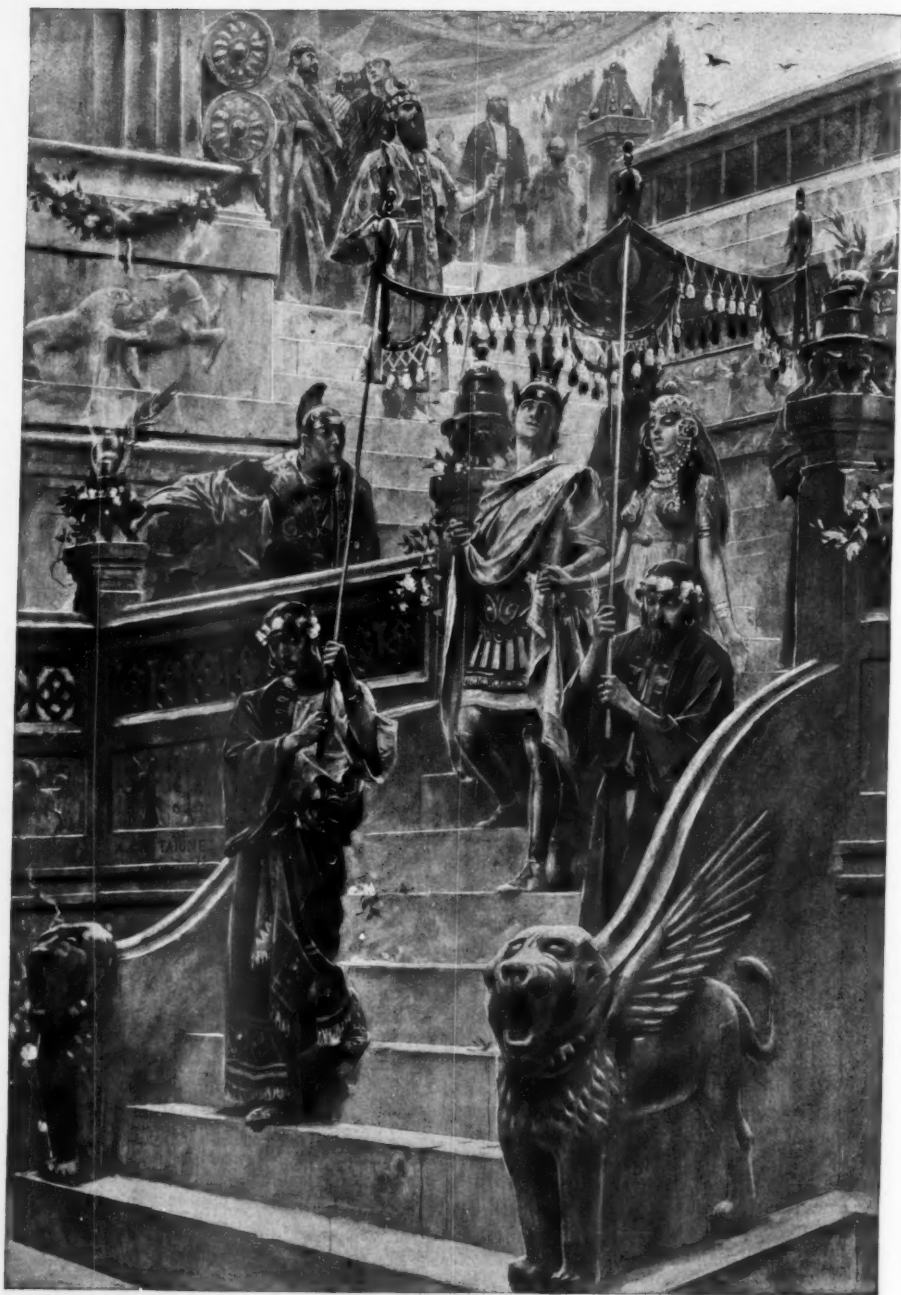
The murder of Clitus occurred at Samarkand in the year 328. In the following spring (327) another thing occurred which furnishes further indication of the same unreconcilable spirit of stalwartism. In the train of Alexander had been since the beginning of his

campaigns in Asia the Olynthian Callisthenes, nephew and pupil of Aristotle, a man of great personal dignity and scholarly refinement, and distinguished alike by his frankness of speech and by his skill as a writer and speaker. He was the literary man of the court, *par excellence*, and he had accompanied the army with the express purpose of recording and glorifying the great deeds of his sovereign. The rescued fragments of his "Persica," which covered the period down to Darius's death, betray him to have been more rhetorician than chronicler.

Intimate as his relations had been with Alexander, his brusqueness of speech, addressed not infrequently against the new cosmopolitanism, had of late brought him into some disfavor. His independence of manner, too, manifesting itself now in declining invitations to social entertainments that most men eagerly sought, now in a churlish and disgruntled air that seemed to speak disapproval of all he saw, and cast a gloom over the company of which he was a member, had served to brand him as a malcontent, so that Alexander is said once to have mildly expressed his disapproval of his conduct by quoting a verse of Euripides: "I hate the sophist who is not *sophos* [wise] for himself: physician, heal thyself." On one occasion, being called upon at the king's dinner-table to make an extempore speech in praise of the Macedonians, he did it with such fervor of eloquence that all rose from their seats to applaud, and cast their garlands upon him as a tribute. Thereupon Alexander, with the remark that so good a theme makes eloquence easy, bade him test his skill by turning the subject about and criticizing the Macedonians, to the end that they might know their faults as well as their virtues. Callisthenes accepted the challenge with all vigor, and proceeded to score them with a boldness and skill that well-nigh provoked an outburst of disorder. He spared not even Philip, who, he dared to say, had grown great out of the discord of the Greeks — "in civil strife e'en villains rise to fame." His effort may have been an artistic success, but as a contribution to the spread of peace and good will among men it was a failure. It certainly made the author thoroughly disliked, and Alexander expressed the opinion that he had "given a sample of his ill will rather than of his eloquence." Of his churlishness there seems to have been no moral ground for doubt.

It was Callisthenes, too, who at about this time provoked a "scene" at a state banquet

¹ Arrian, "Anabasis," vii, 28.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE WEDDING OF ALEXANDER AND ROXANE.

by ostentatiously declining to perform the act of *proskynesis* (prostration), which had been introduced as a form of etiquette from the Oriental usage. Stories were circulated, also, of the wild things he had said about resistance to tyrants, and defiance of arbitrary power, and rejection of foreign usages. Particularly among the young men of the court his bluntness and apparent fearlessness of speech had won him a certain admiration. He was suspected of having much influence with them. Hence when a conspiracy against the life of the king, originating in the personal grudge of one who had been severely punished, was one day discovered among the pages of the court, suspicion turned to him. Whether there was any real evidence against him we shall never know. The chief culprit, Hermolaus, was his intimate, and openly confessed sympathy with his views. Despite the express statements of Aristobulus and Ptolemy that the pages named him as their instigator, equally explicit statements of other authorities to the contrary are probably correct. He was put in chains, and died some months later, still a prisoner. This all happened at Balkh, in the spring of 327. The coldness which is supposed to have grown up between Aristotle and Alexander is commonly brought into some connection with this occurrence.

In the early spring of 327, Alexander had entered the mountain country at the extreme east of Sogdiana, to subdue the last relics of resistance which lingered still in the mountain fastnesses. The Bactrian chieftain Oxyartes, a former associate of Bessus, had withdrawn, with the families of several of the Bactrian nobility under his protection, into an extensive and well-nigh impregnable fortress located on the peak of a precipitous mountain-rock (Baisun-tau). There he sat in cool defiance and presumed immunity until three hundred Macedonian soldiers performed the impossible, climbed up the face of the almost perpendicular cliff commanding the citadel, and so forced a surrender.

Among the captives was Roxane, daughter of Oxyartes, who, Curtius Rufus says, possessed "surpassing beauty and a grace of bearing rarely seen among barbarians." Her beauty won a victory in the hour of her father's defeat—the first victory Asia had won over its conqueror. Thus far Alexander's breastplate had proved impervious to Cupid's arrows. Before the storied charms of Darius's wife and daughters he had stood unmoved. Except for his intimacy with Barsine, Memnon's widow, who was taken captive at Damascus, he had

never been known to pay the slightest heed to the attractions of women. But now it was a case of love at first sight, and declining to use the right of conqueror, he proposed an honorable marriage. Oxyartes thus became his ally and friend, and through his mediation the remaining opposition of the country was rapidly conciliated.

This was a further decided step in the king's policy of conciliation and amalgamation, which, to the disappointment of the old-school Macedonians, had been steadily unfolding itself of late. They looked decidedly askance at the marriage, but no one ventured a protest. The situation was becoming too strong for them. The Oriental element, arrayed with the Greeks who sympathized with the new idea, was already powerful enough to set the tone, and behind him Alexander had the unflinching loyalty of the army.

For the next four years we hear, strange to say, nothing further about Roxane. Shortly after the king's death (323) she bore him a son, who became a disturbing factor for a while in the problems of the succession, until Cassander put him and his mother out of the way (311). She plays, therefore, small part in the story of Alexander, but the lonely record of the marriage stands to mark the progress of the new idea of fusing races and nations in a world-empire—the one idea which we are justified as associating with Alexander's conception of what his conquests might be made to mean.

Some have claimed it was his main purpose at the end, as at the beginning, to carry Greek sovereignty and Greek ideas over the East; others have chosen to view his career as shaped alone by a restless, insatiable greed of conquest that should bring the whole world beneath his arms. He surely loved conquest, because he loved to achieve; he was restlessly active, because he loved to create and shape and do; but the one dominant purpose toward which all his achievement looked, and in which all the facts of his life and all his expression and action find consistent explanation, is this ideal of establishing, in the organized form of empire, coöperation and a common understanding between those two great elements of the civilized life of men around which, as spiritual nuclei, had been shaped the dualistic history of mankind through all the time and within all the horizon that he and men of his day could explore and know—the life of the East and the life of the West, orientalism and occidentalism.

FRANKLIN'S RELATIONS WITH THE FAIR SEX.

THE MANY-SIDED FRANKLIN.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The True George Washington," "The Honorable Peter Stirling," etc.

AT fourteen years of age, so Franklin relates, he engaged in a controversy with another boy on "the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study," his opponent maintaining "that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it," while Benjamin "took the contrary side, perhaps a little for disputes sake." Two years later, when composing the letters of Mrs. Dogood, he wrote one in defense of women, in reply to a request of "Ephraim Censorious" that the author of those essays should "Let the first Volley of your Resentment be directed against Female Vice; let Female Idleness, Ignorance and Folly . . . be the Subject of your satyrs, but more especially Female Pride, which I think is intollerable." "I find it a very difficult Matter," the embryo philosopher replied, "to reprove Women separate from the Men, for what vice is there in which the Men have not as great a share as Women?" Moreover, he argued, such faults as the sex have are chiefly due to men. Idleness: "if a man will be so fond and so foolish as to labour hard himself for a Livelihood, and suffer his Wife in the mean Time to sit in Ease and Idleness, let him not blame her if she does so, for it is in a great Measure his own Fault." Ignorance and folly: the fault is "wholly on the Men, for not allowing Women the Advantages of Education." Pride: "truly, if Women are proud, it is certainly owing to the Men still; for if they will be such *Simpletons* as to humble themselves at their Feet, and fill their credulous Ears with extravagant Praises of their Wit, Beauty, and other Accomplishments . . . what Wonder is it, if they carry themselves haughtily and live extravagantly?"

As befitted her pen-name, Mrs. Dogood devoted much space to the consideration of feminine affairs. One of her letters treats "of the lamentable Condition of Widows," and suggests for their benefit a mutual insurance that shall give to every married woman five hundred pounds on the death of

her husband. Another discusses the sad lot of the maid who, "being puffed up in her younger Years with a numerous Train of Humble Servants, had the Vanity to think, that her extraordinary Wit and Beauty could continually recommend her to the Esteem of the Gallants," but has seen her rejected swains, to "all Appearance in a dying Condition," recover their health and marry, and who, "disappointed in and neglected by her former Adorers," and with "no new Offers appearing," begs the writer "to form a Project for the Relief of all those penitent Mortals of the Fair Sex, that are like to be punished with their Virginity, until old Age, for the Pride and Insolence of their Youth." Showing no favor to her own condition, the widow suggests a "Friendly Society" that shall pay to each member, when the age of thirty is attained, five hundred pounds, which sum she deems sufficient to fit each with a husband; but she adds that this premium shall be subject to the condition that "No woman, who after claiming and receiving, has had the good Fortune to marry, shall entertain any Company with Encomiums on her Husband, above the Space of one Hour at a Time." A third article, picturing Boston at night, describes still another class of feminine unfortunates, of whom the sixteen-year-old lad might better have been ignorant.

One has but to read Fielding or Smollett to know that the eighteenth century was a poor school for the learning of moral purity; and the runaway prentice, separated from home and parents, had fewer influences than most to save him from adopting the view of the times that human appetites were given to man for his enjoyment, and that their gratification was a venial fault at most. In the years of wandering which followed his leaving Boston, he himself frankly confesses that his "hard-to-be-governed passion of youth hurried" him "frequently into intrigues with low women that fell in" his "way"; and he probably had his own transgressions in mind when, a few years later, in a newspaper essay, he bespoke a charitable

judgment of such weakness, arguing in behalf of the abstract offender that "your Youth, your Inexperience, the Weakness of your Reason, and the Violence of your Passions all plead strongly for you." As he grew in years and wisdom, Franklin set himself to conquer his own nature in this failing, as in others; but struggle as he would, his physique was stronger than his will; through all his life he never succeeded in bringing himself to his own standard, and Poor Richard could speak wittingly when he asserted that "The proof of gold is fire: the proof of woman, gold: the proof of man, a woman." Yet, though this incontinence was a matter of common knowledge, and was recurrently used as a subject of attack in political campaigns, his own generation, both men and women, deemed him a moral man, whose friendship was an honor; and it is unfair to judge him by standards that did not exist at the time he lived, or to hold his other virtues in disrespect because he lacked this one.

The roving period of his journeyman life over, no sooner was he settled in Philadelphia than he looked about in search of a helpmeet; for, according to Poor Richard, "A man without a wife is but half a man"; a view enlarged upon by Franklin when he wrote a young friend: "It is the man and woman united that make the compleat human being. Separate, she wants his force of body and strength of reason; he, her softness, sensibility, and acute discernment. Together they are more likely to succeed in the world. A single man has not nearly the value he would have in the state of union. He is an incomplete animal. He resembles the odd half of a pair of scissors. If you get a prudent, healthy wife, your industry in your profession, with her good economy, will be a fortune sufficient." In the same vein and almost in the same words, even to his somewhat questionable comparison of matrimony to a pair of scissors, he told another:

The married state is, after all our jokes, the happiest, because conformable to our natures. Man and woman have each of them qualities and tempers, in which the other is deficient, and which in union contribute to the common felicity. Single and separate, they are not the complete human being; they are like the odd halves of scissors: they cannot answer the end of their formation.

Favorably as the young printer thought of the institution of wedlock, he allowed little sentiment to enter into his own suits. He had leased the upper part of his printing-

office to a family of the name of Godfrey, in turn boarding with them, and, in womanly fashion,

Mrs. Godfrey projected a match for me with a relation's daughter, took opportunities of bringing us often together, till a serious courtship on my part ensu'd, the girl being in herself very deserving. The old folks encourag'd me by continual invitations to supper, and by leaving us together, till at length it was time to explain. Mrs. Godfrey manag'd our little treaty. I let her know that I expected as much money with their daughter as would pay off my remaining debt for the printing-house, which I believe was then above a hundred pounds. She brought me word they had no such sum to spare; I said they might mortgage their house in the loan-office. The answer to this, after some days, was, that they did not approve the match. . . . Whether this was a real change of sentiment or only artifice, on a supposition of our being too far engaged in affection to retract, and therefore that we should steal a marriage, which would leave them at liberty to give or withhold what they pleas'd, I know not; but I suspected the latter, resented it, and went no more. Mrs. Godfrey brought me afterward some more favorable accounts of their disposition, and would have drawn me on again; but I declared absolutely my resolution to have nothing more to do with that family. This was resented by the Godfreys; we differ'd, and they removed, leaving me the whole house, and I resolved to take no more inmates.

"This affair," Franklin calmly continues, "having turned my thoughts to marriage, I look'd round me and made overtures of acquaintance in other places; but soon found that, the business of a printer being generally thought a poor one, I was not to expect money with a wife, unless with such a one as I should not otherwise think agreeable." His empty rooms, too, no doubt were a persuasive; for though Poor Richard advised that one "Never take a wife till you have a house (and a fire) to put her in," he also maintained that "A house without a woman and firelight, is like a body without soul and spirit." Disappointed in his several courtships, he turned to one whom he had already wooed and won.

Over four years before these abortive attempts, on the day of his first arrival in Philadelphia, the runaway apprentice, unkempt and unwashed from the journey, and with "three great puffy rolls," one under each arm and eating a third, had walked "up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous ap-

pearance." Presently, after he had secured work with Keimer, he took lodgings at Mr. Read's, and propinquity thus favoring, he "made some courtship during this time to Miss Read."

I had [he states] a great respect and affection for her, and had some reason to believe she had the same for me; but, as I was about to take a long voyage, and we were both very young, only a little above eighteen, it was thought most prudent by her mother to prevent our going too far at present, as a marriage, if it was to take place, would be more convenient after my return, when I should be, as I expected, set up in my business. Perhaps, too, she thought my expectations not so well founded as I imagined them to be.

Once in London, Franklin says: "I forgot by degrees, my engagements with Miss Read, to whom I never wrote more than one letter, and that was to let her know I was not likely soon to return." This was, as he candidly owned when older, "another of the great errata of my life, which I would wish to correct if I were to live it over again." He acknowledged, too, that when, eighteen months later, he returned, and established himself in Philadelphia, "I should have been . . . ashamed at seeing Miss Read, had not her friends, despairing with reason of my return after the receipt of my letter, persuaded her to marry another, one Rogers, a potter, which was done in my absence. With him, however, she was never happy, and soon parted from him, refusing to cohabit with him or bear his name, it being now said that he had another wife. He was a worthless fellow, tho' an excellent workman, which was the temptation to her friends. He got into debt, ran away in 1727 or 1728, went to the West Indies, and died there."

Despite Franklin's ill treatment of them, there was no rupture, and "a friendly correspondence as neighbors and old acquaintances had continued between me and Mr. Read's family, who all had a regard for me from the time of my first lodging in their house. I was often invited there and consulted in their affairs, wherein I sometimes was of service." Thus drawn into the family circle,

I pitied poor Miss Read's unfortunate situation, who was generally dejected, seldom cheerful, and avoided company. I considered my giddiness and inconstancy when in London as in a great degree the cause of her unhappiness, tho' the mother was good enough to think the fault more her own than mine, as she had prevented our marrying before

I went thither, and persuaded the other match in my absence. Our mutual affection was revived, but there were now great objections to our union. The match was indeed looked upon as invalid, a preceding wife being said to be living in England; but this could not easily be prov'd, because of the distance; and, tho' there was a report of his death it was not certain. Then, tho' it should be true, he had left many debts, which his successor might be call'd upon to pay.

An escape from these difficulties was found in a common-law marriage, and Franklin "took her to wife" September 1, 1730. "None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended; she proved a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending shop; we throve together, and have ever mutually endeavor'd to make each other happy. Thus I corrected that great *erratum* as well as I could." Long years after Mrs. Franklin's death, her husband bore testimony to the aid she had been to him, telling a young girl: "Frugality is an enriching virtue; a virtue I never could acquire myself; but I was once lucky enough to find it in a wife, who thereby became a fortune to me. Do you possess it? If you do, and I were twenty years younger, I would give your father one thousand guineas for you. I know you would be worth more to me as a *ménagère*, but I am covetous, and love good bargains." Win a prudent wife, the printer said, and "if she does not *bring* a fortune, she will help to *make* one. Industry, frugality and prudent economy in a wife are to the tradesman in their effect a fortune." When his daughter married a shopkeeper, the father advised her that she could be as serviceable to her husband in keeping shop "as your Mother was to me: for you are not deficient in capacity, and I hope are not too proud." Elsewhere he wrote:

We have an English proverb that says, "*He that would thrive, must ask his wife.*" It was lucky for me that I had one as much dispos'd to industry and frugality as myself. She assisted me cheerfully in my business, folding and stitching pamphlets, tending shop, purchasing old linen rags for the paper-makers, etc., etc. We kept no idle servants, our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was a long time bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a twopenny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress, in spite of principle: being call'd one morning to breakfast, I found it in a China bowl, with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings, for which she had

no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought her husband deserv'd a silver spoon and China bowl as well as any of his neighbors. This was the first appearance of plate and China in our house, which afterward, in a course of years, as our wealth increas'd, augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value.

In Stamp Act times the husband took comfort in the recollection "that I had once

she and her daughter might do it again if it was necessary."

There can be no question that Deborah Franklin was far more to her husband than a good helpmeet, for a very great affection developed between the two. In an absence Franklin declared that "I began to think of and wish for home; and as I drew nearer, I found the attraction stronger and stronger.

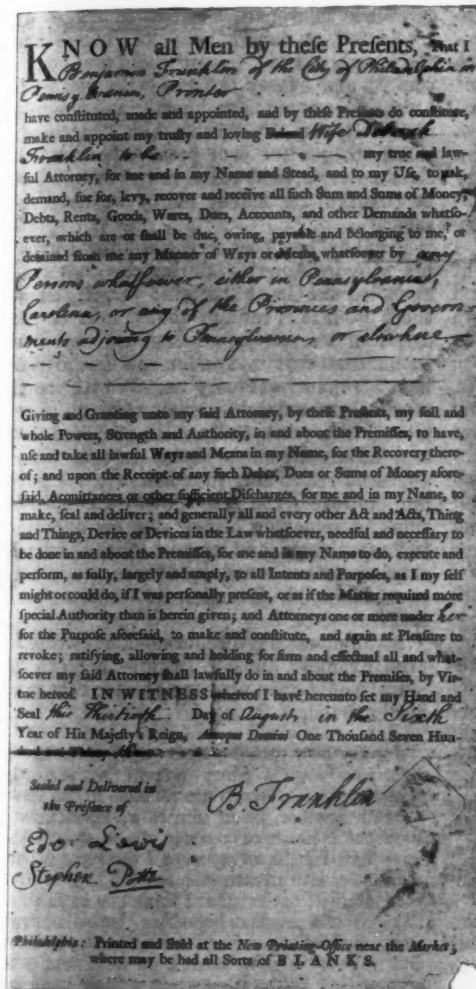
My diligence and speed increased with my inclination. I drove on violently, and made such long stretches, that a very few days brought me to my own house and to the arms of my good old wife." When in England he told her:

You may think, perhaps, that I can find many amusements here to pass the time agreeably. It is true, the regard and friendship I meet with from persons of worth, and the conversation of ingenious men, give me no small pleasure; but, at this time of life, domestic comforts afford the most solid satisfaction, and my uneasiness at being absent from my family, and longing desire to be with them, make me often sigh in the midst of cheerful company.

Again he wrote: "MY DEAR LOVE:—I hoped to have been on the sea in my return by this time; but find I must stay a few weeks longer, perhaps for the summer ships. Thanks to God, I continue well and hearty; and I hope to find you so, when I have the happiness once more of seeing you."

One form in which this love expressed itself was in the gifts they made each other during the years they were separated. How Mrs. Franklin sent her husband apples, buckwheat, and other American goodies has already been recorded, and he made ample return for them. Busy as the colony agent was in his sojourns in London, he found time to ship remembrances of many kinds to his wife. Thus he notified her that "I sent my dear a newest fashioned white hat and cloak, and sundry little things, which I hope will get safe to hand. I now send her a pair of buckles, made of French paste stones, which are next in lustre to diamonds." Again he informed her:

I have ordered two large print Common Prayer books to be bound, on purpose for you and Goody Smith; and, that the largeness of the print may



POWER OF ATTORNEY TO DEBORAH FRANKLIN. IN THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

been clothed from head to foot in woolen and linen of my wife's manufacture, that I never was prouder of my dress in my life, and that

not make them too bulky, the christenings, matrimonyes, and every thing else that you and she have not immediate and constant occasion for, are to be omitted. So you will both of you be reprieved from the use of spectacles in church a little longer.

Of another gift he wrote: "My poor cousin Walker, in Buckinghamshire, is a lacemaker. She was ambitious of presenting you and Sally with some netting of her work, but as I knew she could not afford it, I chose to pay for it at her usual price, 3/6 per yard. It goes also in the box." He even noted the fashions, and to help her to be in style, "sent a striped cotton and silk gown for you, of a manufacture now much the mode here. There is another for Sally. People line them with some old silk gown, and they look very handsome." Of one present he said: "I also forgot among the china, to mention a large fine jug for beer, to stand in the cooler. I fell in love with it at first sight; for I thought it looked like a fat jolly dame, clean and tidy, with a neat blue and white calico gown on, good natured and lovely, and put me in mind of somebody."

As they sent each other numerous gifts, so, too, they wrote each other frequently, and Franklin boasted that "I think nobody ever had more faithful correspondents than I have in Mr. Hughes and you. It is impossible to get or keep out of your debts." Nor was he himself neglectful, for he told her once: "I know you love to have a line from me by every packet, so I write, though I have little to say." Despite this care, the irregularities of the mails produced chidings that bespoke her eagerness for news of him. "Aprill 7 this day is Cumpleet 5 munthes senes you left your one House I did reseve a letter from the Capes senes that not one line I due suppose that you did write by the packit but that is not arived yit." And again she complained: "I have bin verely much distrest a bout you as I did not [get] aney letter nor one word from you nor did I hear one word from oney bodey that you wrote to so I muste submit and inde[ed] do submit to what I am to bair." Their correspondence, too, never failed to express strong affection. Franklin usually began his, "My Dear Child," or "My Dear Love," and concluded, "I am ever, my dear Debby, your affectionate husband," varied at times by "I am, dear girl, your loving husband," a formula which was so customary that he ended thus one letter which had taken her to task for not writing, and then, in a postscript, he added: "I have scratched out the *loving words*, being writ in

haste by mistake when I forgot I was angry." In return her letters opened, "My dear child," and even "My Dearest Dear Child," and were signed, "I am, my dear child, your feckshonot wife," which was occasionally modified in orthography to "I am your afeckshonet wife." "I set down to confab a little with my dear child," she began one missive; and she ended another, "Adue my dear child and take care of your selef for mameys sake as well as your one." Yet a third begged he "wold tell me hough your poor armes was and hough you was on your voiaq and hough you air and everey thing is with you wich I want everey much to know"; and she told him that she joined with him "in senser thanks to god for your presevevoashon and Safe a rivel o what reson have you and I to be thankful for maney mercy we have reseved."

Franklin has been criticized for leaving his wife in America during his two long agencies in Great Britain; but if blame there is, Mrs. Franklin should bear it, her dread of the passage being the real bar. In his first visit to London, his friend William Strahan "was very urgent with me to stay in England, and prevail with you to remove hither with Sally. He proposed several advantageous schemes to me, which appeared reasonably founded. . . . I gave him, however, two reasons why I could not think of removing hither: one my affection to Pennsylvania, and long established friendships and other connexions there; the other, your invincible aversion to crossing the seas."

Strahan was not discouraged, but wrote to Mrs. Franklin himself, urging that the removal would open up a far greater career to her husband.

For my own part [he went on], I never saw a man who was, in every respect, so perfectly agreeable to me. Some are amiable in one view, some in another, he in all. Now, Madam, as I know the ladies here consider him in exactly the same light I do, upon my word I think you should come over, with all convenient speed, to look after your interest; not but that I think him as faithful to his Joan as any man breathing; but who knows what repeated and strong temptation may in time, and while he is at so great a distance from you, accomplish? . . . I know you will object to the length of the voyage and the danger of the seas; but truly this is more terrible in apprehension than in reality. Of all the ways of travelling, it is the easiest and most expeditious; and, as for the danger, there has not a soul been lost between Philadelphia and this, in my memory; and I believe not one ship taken by the enemy.

But Mrs. Franklin was not to be induced, and her spouse understood this so well that he told her that Strahan "offered to lay me a considerable wager, that a letter he has wrote to you will bring you immediately over hither; but I tell him I will not pick his pocket; for I am sure there is no inducement strong enough to prevail with you to cross the seas." After his second visit to England he assured his friend that nothing would prevent his return "if I can as I hope I can, prevail with Mrs. F. to accompany me."

It is perhaps fortunate that this dread on his wife's part existed, not merely because it anchored Franklin to American soil, but also because Mrs. Franklin would have been more of a drag on her husband's public and social life in Great Britain than she was in Philadelphia, and would have but furnished one more example of the American diplomat united to a helpmeet wholly unfit for the duties of the station. Her pet name for her husband, "Pappy," was so universally known that it was a favorite political joke of his antagonists. As her spelling bespoke, she was a woman wholly lacking in cultivation, and, worse still, an eye-witness reports her as uttering "invectives in the foulest terms I ever heard from a gentlewoman," and speaks of "her turbulent temper." Even in Philadelphia she was not received socially, and this seems to have made her jealous of Franklin's public career, one instance of which is related by a Mr. Fisher, who had appealed to Franklin for aid.

As I was coming down from my chamber this afternoon a Gentlewoman was sitting on one of the lowest stairs, which were but narrow, and there not being room enough to pass, she arose up and threw herself upon the floor and sat there. Mr. Soumien and his Wife greatly entreated her to arise and take a chair, but in vain; she would keep her seat, and kept it, I think, the longer for their entreaty. This Gentlewoman, whom, though I had seen before, I did not know, appeared to be Mrs. Franklin. She assumed the airs of extraordinary Freedom and great Humility, Lamented heavily the misfortunes of those who are unhappily infected with a too tender or benevolent disposition, said she believed all the world claimed a privilege of troubling her Pappy (so she usually calls Mr. Franklin) with their calamities and distress, giving us a general history of many such wretches and their impertinent applications to him. Mr. Franklin's moral character is good, and he and Mrs. Franklin live irreproachably as man and wife.

Yet none of these defects seem really to have troubled Franklin. "You can bear with your own Faults, and why not a fault in your Wife?" he asked on one occasion, and

he seems himself to have taken his own advice to "Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterwards." Some years after his marriage he wrote a song which gives a pleasant glimpse of his feeling for his wife.

MY PLAIN COUNTRY JOAN; A SONG.

Of their Chloes and Phyllises poets may prate,
I sing my plain country Joan,
These twelve years my wife, still the joy of my life,
Blest day that I made her my own.

Not a word of her face, of her shape, of her air,
Or of flames, or of darts, you shall hear;
I beauty admire, but virtue I prize,
That fades not in seventy year.

Some faults have we all, and so has my Joan,
But then they're exceedingly small,
And, now I'm grown used to them, so like my
OWN
I scarcely can see them at all.

Were the finest young princess, with millions in
purse,
To be had in exchange for my Joan,
I could not get better wife, might get a worse,
So I'll stick to my dearest old Joan.

To a girl he wrote in the same vein: "Mrs. Franklin was very proud, that a young lady should have so much regard for her old husband, as to send him such a present. We talk of you every time it comes to table. She is sure you are a sensible girl, and a notable housewife, and talks of bequeathing me to you as a legacy; but I ought to wish you a better, and hope she will live these hundred years; for we are grown old together, and if she has any faults, I am so used to them that I don't perceive them."

After Franklin's departure from Philadelphia on his second agency to England, his wife had a paralytic stroke which "greatly affected her memory and understanding," so that William Franklin advised that "she have some clever body to take care of her," for she "becomes every day more and more unfit to be left alone"; and, as already noted, Franklin arranged that his daughter and her husband should live with her. In the letter announcing her death, his son gives a pathetic glimpse of her last months:

She told me when I took leave of her on my removal to Amboy, that she never expected to see you unless you returned this winter, for that she was sure she should not live till next summer. I heartily wish you had happened to have come over in the fall, as I think her disappointment in that respect preyed a good deal on her spirits.

"There are three faithful friends; an old wife, an old dog, and ready money," said Poor Richard, and he declared that "A good wife lost is God's gift lost."

The young girl to whom Deborah Franklin bequeathed her husband was Catherine Ray, whose acquaintance he made in one of his visits to New England, and with whom a regular correspondence was henceforth maintained. Nor was this merely a compliment paid by the philosopher, for it gave him genuine pleasure. "Begone, business, for an hour, at least, and let me chat a little with my Katy," he began one of his letters, and then continued:

Now it is near four months since I have been favored with a single line from you; but I will not be angry with you, because it is my fault. I ran in debt to you three or four letters, and, as I did not pay, you would not trust me any more, and you had some reason. But, believe me, I am honest, and, though I should never make equal returns, you shall see I will keep fair accounts. Equal returns I can never make, though I should write to you by every post; for the pleasure I receive from one of yours is more than you can have from two of mine. The small news, the domestic occurrences among our friends, the natural pictures you draw of persons, the sensible observations and reflections you make, and the easy, chatty manner in which you express every thing, all contribute to heighten the pleasure; and the more as they remind me of those hours and miles that we talked away so agreeably, even in a winter journey, a wrong road, and a soaking shower.

In time Miss Ray married William Greene of Rhode Island, who later was governor of the State, and in Franklin's journey to New England, in 1763, he visited the couple at their home in Warwick. "You have spun a long thread, five thousand and twenty-two yards," he once told her. "It will reach almost from Rhode Island hither. I wish I had hold of one end of it, to pull you to me. But you would break it rather than come." Even in the years in Paris, so full of work and diversion, he found time to think of her, writing on one occasion: "MY DEAR OLD FRIEND—Don't be offended at the word *old*. I don't mean to call you an *old woman*; it relates only to the age of our friendship, which on my part has always been a sincerely affectionate one, and, I flatter myself, the same on yours."

Friendships of the same type were those with the daughters of the Bishop of St. Asaph, Georgiana being the favorite. On the outbreak of the Revolution the intercourse was for a time suspended, but as soon as Franklin was settled in Paris he found

means to steal a letter to her, which met with the most eager of responses:

After near two years had passed without my hearing any thing from you [she replied] and while I looked upon the renewal of our correspondence as a very unlikely event, it is easier to conceive than express the joy I felt at receiving your last kind letter. . . . How good you were to send me your direction, but I fear I must not make use of it as often as I could wish, since my father says that it will be prudent not to write in the present situation of affairs. I am not of an age to be so very prudent, and the only thought that occurred to me was your suspecting that my silence proceeded from other motives. I could not support the idea of your believing that I love and esteem you less than I did some few years ago. I therefore write this once without my father's knowledge. You are the first man that ever received a private letter from me, and in this instance I feel that my intentions justify my conduct; but I must entreat that you will take no notice of my writing, when next I have the happiness of hearing from you. . . . I must once more repeat nobody knows of this scroll; "a word to the wise,"—as Poor Richard says.

Franklin grieved that the war should prevent their seeing each other, and begged that, since he was denied the enjoyment of that "felicity," to "let me have at least that of hearing from you a little oftener," and he complained that "it is long, very long, my dear friend, since I had the great pleasure of hearing from you, and receiving any of your pleasing letters." This was due, Georgiana informed him, to the great "difficulty" in "conveying my letters safe"; yet, despite parents and British frigates, she succeeded in sending him an occasional missive, in one of which the girl asserted: "Did my family know of my writing, my letter would scarce contain the very many things they would desire me to say for them. They continue to admire and love you as much as they did formerly, nor can any time or event in the least change their sentiments." "Strange," she exclaimed, "that I should be under the necessity of concealing from the world a correspondence which it is the pride and glory of my heart to maintain."

Still another young girl friendship was that with Mary Stevenson, with whose mother Franklin lodged during his many years in London. As already recorded, he endeavored to bring about a match between her and his son, and though the attempt failed, he styled her "my dearest child," asking, "Why should I not call you so since I love you with all the tenderness of a father?" Merely to afford her a few hours of pleasure



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY HENRY WOLF, AFTER THE PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF REV. F. B. HODGE, D.D., WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA.

MRS. DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

he wrote his charming "Craven Street Gazette," a jocose court circular intended to inform the girl, who is styled "Her Majesty," of the doings of the household while she was away on a visit. In graver vein he wrote her long letters, in which she was treated with absolute intellectual equality; yet, write as he would of scientific subjects, as was inevitable, the little sense of sex was present, for he ended one: "After writing six folio pages of philosophy to a young girl, is it necessary to finish such a letter with a compliment? Is not such a letter of itself a compliment?" Miss Stevenson in time married Dr. Hewson,

but this brought no change in the friendship; and in 1782 Franklin noted that:

In looking forward, twenty-five years seem a long period, but, in looking back, how short! Could you imagine that it is now full a quarter of a century since we were first acquainted? It was in 1757. During the greatest part of the time, I lived in the same house with my dear deceased friend, your mother; of course you and I conversed with each other much and often. It is to all our honors that in all that time we never had among us the smallest misunderstanding. Our friendship has been all clear sunshine, without the least cloud in its hemisphere. Let me conclude by saying to you, what I have had too frequent occa-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.
GREENE HOMESTEAD, AT WARWICK, RHODE ISLAND.

sions to say to my other remaining old friends: "The fewer we become, the more let us love one another."

After the peace was concluded with England, Mrs. Hewson and her children, at Franklin's urging, came to France and stayed several months with him at Passy as his guests, and after their departure he complained: "I have found it very *triste* breakfasting alone, and sitting alone, and without any tea in the evening." Again at his urging, they removed to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Hewson was much with him in the last years of his life, and even in his final sickness and death, which she described in a long letter to an English friend, speaking of him as that "Venerable, kind friend, whose knowledge enlightened our minds, and whose philanthropy warmed our hearts."

In France social custom prevented his knowing young girls, and so his feminine friendships in that country were of a very different type. "I now and then hear of your life and glorious achievements in the political way," his sister informed him, "as well as in the favour of the ladies ('since you have rubbed off the mechanic rust and commenced complete courtier') who, Jonathan

Williams writes me, claim from you the tribute of an embrace, and it seems you do not complain of the tax as a very great penance." "The account you have had of the vogue I am in here has some truth in it," Franklin answered. "Perhaps few strangers in France have had the good fortune to be so universally popular; but the story you allude to, mentioning 'mechanic rust,' is totally without foundation. But one is not to expect being always in fashion. I hope, however, to preserve, while I stay, the regard you mention of the French ladies; for their society and conversation, when I have time to enjoy them, are extremely agreeable." And he gives us another glimpse of this favor by jokingly writing to an Englishwoman:

You are too early, *hussy*, as well as too saucy, in calling me *rebel*; you should wait for the event, which will determine whether it is a *rebellion* or only a *revolution*. Here the ladies are more civil; they call us *les insurgens*, a character that usually pleases them; and methinks all other women who smart, or have smarted, under the tyranny of a bad husband, ought to be fixed in *revolution* principles, and act accordingly.

One of the most admiring of these French ladies was the Countess d'Houdetot, better

known to history through the "Confessions" of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Her salon was one of the most famous of Paris, and when his health permitted, Franklin was a fairly regular attendant. In addition, he visited her at least twice in her country home at Sanois, the first visit being made the occasion of a fête, of which a description has been preserved. Upon his arrival, he was handed from his carriage by the countess and welcomed with a verse of her own composition, beginning, "Âme du héros, et du sage." At dinner, with each glass of wine, other verses in his honor were recited or sung by each of the guests, and the meal being over, the company went to the garden, where Franklin, at the request of his hostess, planted a Virginia locust-tree, and the countess repeated another verse of her own writing, which was afterward cut in a marble pillar that was placed near the tree. When the hour of departure came, Franklin was reconducted by the whole company to his carriage, and before the door was shut, the countess pronounced the following complimentary verses composed by herself:

Législateur d'un monde, et bienfaiteur des deux,
L'homme dans tous les temps te devra ses hommages;

Et je m'acquitte dans ces lieux
De la dette de tous les âges.

After his return to America, she begged "My dear Doctor" to "think of me some-



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY FRANK FRENCH, FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF M. ALFRED DUTENS.

MME. HELVETIUS.

times, of Sanois, the revered tree planted by your hands and which grows on the spot of soil which belongs to me," "where it is so sweet to me to think of you, and to render homage to your virtues and enlightenment, and whatsoever makes you respected by and dear to humanity. This is, as you know, my kind of religion, and you are one of my saints." For herself, she declared that "I preserve the memory of those moments you have so kindly passed there, and with a tender interest I cultivate the memorial you have left there of your transit."

Another well-known salon of which Franklin was a frequenter was that of Mme. Helvétius, by her friends styled "Our Lady of Auteuil." She was the widow of the well-known French scientist, who had left her a large property, which enabled her to give a comfortable home to a French priest and to several cats. "Madame H. appears to have been a very beautiful woman, when young," Miss Adams records; but at the time Franklin knew her "a French lady compared her to the ruins of Palmyra." This may have been the eyesight of her own sex, for she does not seem to have found favor with them, if we may judge from a description written by Mrs. John Adams:

She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, "Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?" You must suppose her speaking all this in French. "How I look!" said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lute-string, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze than ever my maids wore was bowed on behind.



FROM A PRINT.

ELIZABETH FRANÇOISE, COUNTESS D'HOUDETOT.

She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Hélas! Franklin"; then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hands into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite. This she kissed . . . This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbor; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse.

Of this description we get an amusing echo from little Miss Adams, for she confided to her journal: "Dined at Mr. Franklin's by invitation; a number of gentlemen, and Madame Helvétius, a French lady sixty years of age. Odious indeed do our sex appear when divested of those ornaments, with which modesty and delicacy adorn us."

In however much disfavor Mme. Helvé-

tius may have been with women, Franklin was undoubtedly sincere in his admiration, for he speaks of her as his "fair friend at Auteuil," who still possesses "health and personal charms," and he complimented her by asserting that "statesmen, philosophers, historians, poets, and men of learning of all sorts are drawn round you, and seem as willing to attach themselves to you as straws about a fine piece of amber." As for himself, he declared:

Mr. Franklin never forgets any party at which Madame Helvétius is expected. He even believes that if he were engaged to go to Paradise this morning, he would pray for permission to remain on earth until half-past one, to receive the embrace promised him at the Turgots'.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL DAVIS, AFTER THE MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

GEORGIANA SHIPLEY HARE-NAYLOR.

"I have often remarked," he wrote her spiritual confessor, "in reading the works of M. Helvétius, that, although we were born and educated in two countries so remote from each other, we have often been inspired with the same thoughts; and it is a reflection very flattering to me, that we have not only loved the same studies, but, as far as we have mutually known them, the same friends, and the same woman." Al-

though the fact that the widow kept in her bedroom "upon a table, under a glass," "a monument erected to the memory of her husband, over which hung his picture, which was very handsome," should have warned the philosopher, he none the less sought her in marriage, and his letter pleading a reversal of her negative is one of the most amusing he ever penned:

Mortified at the barbarous resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening, that you would remain single the rest of your life as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon

my bed, I dreamt that I was dead, and was transported to the Elysian Fields.

I was asked whether I wished to see any persons in particular; to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers. "There are two who live here at hand in this garden, they are good neighbors, and very friendly towards one another."—"Who are they?"—"Socrates and Helvétius."—"I esteem them both highly; but let me see Helvétius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek." I was conducted to him; he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, some time past. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, the present state of religion, of liberty, of the government in France.

"You do not inquire, then," said I, "after your dear friend, Madame Helvétius; yet she loves you exceedingly. I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness, which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am consoled. I have taken another wife, the most like her that I could find; she is not indeed altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense, and her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me; stay here awhile and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you than you are to her; she has had several good offers, but has refused them all. I will confess to you that I loved her extremely; but she was cruel to me, and rejected me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, handsome and amiable." . . . As he finished these words the new Madame Helvétius entered with the nectar, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend, Mrs. Franklin! I reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly: "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here, which will last to eternity."

Indignant at this refusal of my Eurydice, I

immediately resolved to quit those ungrateful shades, and return to this good world again, to behold the sun and you! Here I am; let us *avenge ourselves!*

The lady was, however, unpersuadable; yet the friendship suffered no diminution, and after Franklin returned to America she welcomed increase of years, because "we shall meet the sooner and the sooner shall we find one another with all we have loved, I a husband and you a wife, but I believe that you, who have been a rogue [*coquin*], will find more than one!"

Another Frenchwoman to whom Franklin

offered more than his friendship was a Mme. Brillon; and it is easy to believe him as genuinely attracted, for she was not merely young, but Miss Adams reports her as "one of the handsomest women in France." Moreover, Mme. Brillon was married to a man far older than herself, who yet was not faithful to her; and she was perfectly open to Franklin about her marital unhappiness.

My father [she confided to him], marriage in this country is made by weight of gold, on one end of the scale is placed the fortune of a boy,

on the other that of a girl; when equality is found the affair is ended to the satisfaction of the relatives; one does not dream of consulting taste, age, congeniality of character; one marries a young girl whose heart is full of youth's fire and its cravings, to a man who has used them up; then one expects that this woman be virtuous—my friend, this story is mine, and of how many others! I shall do my best that it may not be that of my daughters, but alas, shall I be mistress of their fate?

Indeed, had not Franklin been a man of over seventy, the conditions were all in favor of one of the so-called romances so common in France; and there is no doubt that, despite his years, he would have been willing to have



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN, AFTER THE PICTURE IN POSSESSION OF C. S. BRADFORD, PHILADELPHIA.

MRS. MARY (STEVENSON) HEWSON.

had it so. But, though Mme. Brillon gave him "my word of honor that I will be your wife in Paradise, on condition that you do not ogle the maidens too much while waiting for me," she assured him that in this world "I shall always be a gentle and virtuous woman, try to make me a strong one: perhaps this miracle is reserved for you."

good he will love me, and I began to love you much so that you might do the same to me.

In good faith Franklin accepted the friendship she was willing to give, and the two saw much of each other, it becoming his regular custom to spend two evenings in the week with her, when she entertained him



WILLIAM TEMPLE FRANKLIN, FROM A MEDALLION BY FLAXMAN. IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR J. LUMSDEN PROPERTY.

I had a father [she told him], the kindest of men, he was my first, and my best friend; I lost him untimely! you have often said to me; *could I not take the place of those whom you regret*; and you told me the custom of certain savages who adopt the prisoners that they capture in war, and make them take the place of the relatives whom they lose; you took in my heart the place of the father whom I so loved, and respected; the cruel grief I felt in his loss, is changed to a gentle melancholy which is dear to me and which I owe to you; in me you have gained another child, another friend; I commenced by having for you the worship that all the world owes to a great man; and I had a curiosity to see you, my pride was flattered to receive you in my own house; next I only saw in you your soul responsive to affection, your goodness, your simplicity; and I said, this man is so

"with little concerts, a cup of tea, and a game of chess." Very frequently her ill health compelled a suspension of these, and then they corresponded, Franklin writing a number of his most charming bagatelles solely for the invalid's amusement. One amusing glimpse of the manners of the times is to be found in an apology he made her. Having received news that she was confined by her ailment, though he himself was suffering from the gout, he sent her word that: "I shall betake myself to your house, my dear girl, to-morrow morning with great pleasure; and if you cannot come down without difficulty, perhaps I shall be strong enough to climb your stairway; the wish to

see you will give me more strength." Interest in chess, however, made him forget that he was calling upon a weak woman, and so, "On reaching home I was surprised to find that it was almost eleven o'clock. I fear that

room. Can you forgive me this indiscretion?" In reply, Mme. Brillon assured him:

My good papa, your visits never caused me any inconvenience, all those around me respect you, love you, and think themselves honored in the



DRAWN BY S. WEST CLINEDINST. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

PLANTING THE LOCUST-TREE AT SANOIS. (SEE PAGE 419.)

by forgetting all else in our too great absorption in the game of chess, we have greatly incommoded you by detaining you so long in the bath. Tell me, my dear friend, how you are this morning. Never hereafter shall I consent to begin a game in your bath-

friendship you have granted us; I told you that the world criticized the sort of familiarity which existed among us, because I was warned of it; I despise slanderers and am at peace with myself, but that is not enough, one must submit to what is called *propriety*: (that word varies in each century, in each country!) to sit less often on your

knees. I shall certainly love you none the less, nor will our hearts be more or less pure, but we shall close the mouth of the malicious, and it is no slight thing even for the sage, to make them silent.

Then, as if feeling that she must hold out a pleasanter prospect, she further wrote:

he maintained an intimate friendship with Franklin, and on one occasion wrote him: "You have surely just kissed my wife, my dear Doctor; permit me to return it to you."

However platonic the relation might be in the eyes of Mme. Brillon, Franklin was now and then called upon to apologize for or



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. H. HAY CAMERON, OF PORTRAIT BY PETER VAN DYKE, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF BANFURLY.

THOMAS PENN.

"I think about our arrangements in paradise, perhaps you will be allowed a little more freedom towards me, if by good luck the angels are not corrupted by the spinners as I fear greatly; everywhere morals are so bad—do you know, my dear papa, that people have criticized my pleasant habit of sitting on your lap, and yours of asking me for what I always refuse: one sees harm in everything in this miserable country." It is pleasant to record that among these malicious people M. Brillon was not included, for

extenuate what she styled "that gaiety, that gallantry which makes all women love you."

What a difference, my dear friend, between you and me! [he said]. You find in me innumerable faults while in you I only see one; (but this perhaps is the fault of my spectacles) I mean that kind of avarice which makes you monopolize all my affection; and not to permit me any towards the charming ladies of your country. You imagine that my affection can not be divided without being diminished? You are mistaken; and you forget the playful way with which you check me; you

disclaim and totally exclude all that our love might have of fleshly in permitting me only some courteous and virtuous salutes, such as you might give to some little cousins; how much do I benefit from it then that I may not do as much to others without lessening what belongs to you?

"You have taught me to know and to practise a wicked sin which we call jealousy,"

Saturday, come as often as you wish, my heart calls you, expects you, is attached to you for life," she besought him; and again she took him to task because "You pass a Wednesday then without me actually? and you will say after that, *I love you furiously in excess*; and I, my good papa, who do not love you *furiously*—but very tenderly, not, in



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. N. HAY CAMERON, OF PORTRAIT BY PETER VAN DYKE, IN POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF RANFURLY.

LADY JULIANA PENN.

she replied; but that this was a playful assertion is shown by her telling him on one occasion to "Give this evening to my amiable rival, M^{de} Helvétius, kiss her for yourself and for me"; and, upon another, by granting him a "power of attorney to kiss for me until my return, whenever you see them, my two neighbors Le Veillard and my pretty neighbor Caiollot." Yet she eagerly craved his companionship. "Come to-morrow to take tea, come every Wednesday and

excess; I love you enough to be sorry not to see you every time it is possible to me or to you; which loves the more, and the better of us twain?" Yet a third time she wrote: "To-morrow I expect my good papa, the pleasure of seeing him increases my well-being; and makes me forget my ills when I am sick: if papa sometimes sees me melancholy, he knows that that is the habit, the tendency, of tender hearts; he may say, she amuses me less than another woman; but I

flatter myself that my papa will add, she loves me better, she alone, than all the other women put together; farewell to you whom my heart loved from the first instant of our acquaintance; until to-morrow; and any day that your friendship will spare to your daughter." When at last the time came for Franklin to return to America, she made him a really touching farewell:

ple, and a daughter of Mme. Brillon; but the parents, "though it would be dear to my heart and very agreeable to M. Brillon to have been able to form a union which would make us but one family," and though "we love your son and believe he has everything required to make a distinguished man, and to make a woman happy," refused their consent, because "we must have a son-in-law



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

DR. FRANKLIN.

From the miniature given by Dr. Franklin to his dear friend, Bishop Jonathan Shipley, on parting, on his return from England to America. In the collection of Augustus J. C. Hare.

I had so full a heart yesterday in leaving you that I feared for you and myself a grief stricken moment which could only add to the pain which our separation causes me, without proving to you further the tender and unalterable affection that I have vowed to you for always: every day of my life I shall recall that a great man, a sage, was willing to be my friend, my wishes will follow him everywhere, my heart will regret him incessantly, incessantly I shall say, I passed eight years with doctor Franklin, they have flown and I shall see him no more! nothing in the world could console me for this loss, except the thought of the peace and happiness that you are about to find in the bosom of your family.

As Franklin had tried to arrange matches for both his son and daughter, so he endeavored in these years in France to make a match between his grandson, William Tem-

ple, and a daughter of Mme. Brillon; but the parents, "though it would be dear to my heart and very agreeable to M. Brillon to have been able to form a union which would make us but one family," and though "we love your son and believe he has everything required to make a distinguished man, and to make a woman happy," refused their consent, because "we must have a son-in-law

Turning from these half-romances, it is pleasant to find him doing what he could for women for whom there could be neither

sentiment nor friendship. To Sarah Randolph, widow of the loyalist, who wrote to him from the Deptford poorhouse, he sent money to relieve her from the worst of her distress. A more striking service still was for the widow of an old personal enemy. In his political career in Pennsylvania he had no bitterer antagonists than Thomas and Richard Penn, the proprietors of Pennsylvania, who had fought him with every known weapon; but after the Revolution, when Lady Juliana Penn appealed to him, begging "his assistance and protection in the recovery of the rights and possessions of an unfortunate family who have so heavily felt the misfortunes of this war, and who are likely still to be dreadful sufferers . . . And in confidence of your well known wisdom & generosity I adopt you for the guardian of William Penn's grandchild," he did not fail her, but did what he could to obtain a restoration of the Penn lands to that family.

A glance in closing at Franklin's views on women in general is worth taking. How he advised that they be taught accounts has been already noted; and he had his own daughter instructed in French and music, though he grieved that she should not be "a little more careful of her spelling." To an Englishman he boasted that American women could converse upon most subjects, even while he told his wife that "You are very prudent not to engage in party disputes. Women never should meddle with them, except in endeavours to reconcile their husbands, brothers, and friends, who happen to be of contrary sides. If your sex keep cool, you may be a means of cooling ours the sooner, and restoring more speedily that social harmony among fellow-citizens that is so desirable after long and bitter dissensions." Furthermore, Poor Richard remarked:

Ist not enough plagues, wars and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

THE COTTAGE.

BY ARTHUR COLTON.

SUCH an house I'll build and own,
When into old contentment grown
With reaping what my youth has sown.

The drooping roof be low and wide,
Curved like a sea-shell's inner side;
Let vines the patient pillars hide

Of that deep porch and welcome shade.
There let no hurrying feet invade,
Nor anxious brow, nor eye afraid.

I pray that birches, very white,
May stand athwart the woods at night,
Sweet and slim by late moonlight;

And I desire a beech may be
Not far away from mine and me,
Strong, pure, serene, and matronly;

An oak outspread in ample space,
Freedom of storms met face to face
In its male girth and wide embrace.

Lest all their years go by in vain,
Let the wind only and the rain
Paint my four walls with weather-stain.

A brook before shall glide along,
And where its narrow waters throng
Make bubble music and low song;

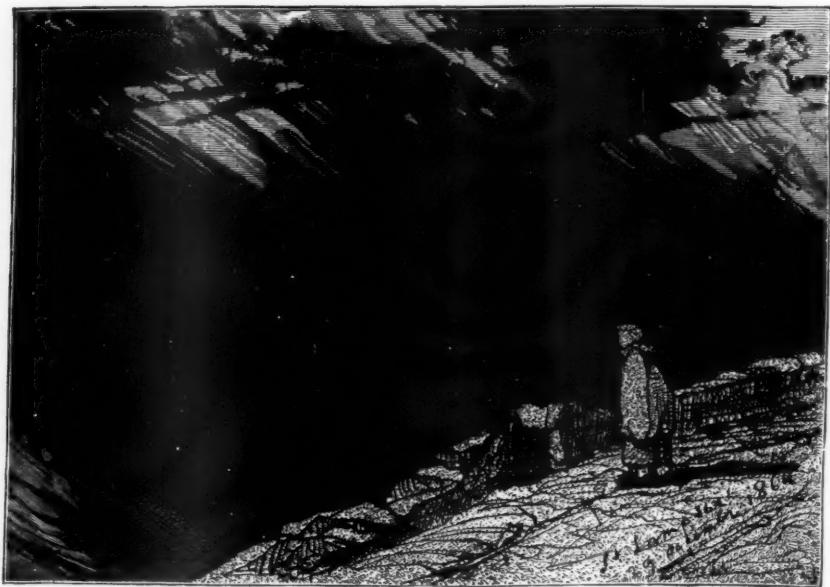
A garden on the rearward side,
With some tall flowers of civil pride,
And some in meekness dignified.

Within who enters, he shall see
How goodly foursquare beams may be,
How unashamed in honesty.

There shall my years move slow and deep:
Though downward, yet as rivers creep
By winding ways to the sea's sleep.

VICTOR HUGO,
DRAFTSMAN AND DECORATOR.
BY LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

WITH DESIGNS BY VICTOR HUGO.



SEA-PIECE. COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

UNLIKE some other great masters of the pen who ambitioned an artistic career before they turned to letters, Victor Hugo was already known as a writer when he made his first sketch. This was done during a journey. The stage-coach had stopped in a village, and while the horses were being changed the poet entered the church that was close at hand. The beauty of the transept so pleased him that he endeavored to draw it on a scrap of paper, using his hat as a pad; and although he had scarcely more than ten minutes to dispose of during the relay, he succeeded sufficiently well to carry away with him a pretty fair idea of what had impressed him. For the first time he realized what help sketching from nature could be to his literary work, since,—as he has written somewhere,—he loved to note with pencil the originalities of local architecture, when

not tampered with by clumsy architects under pretense of restoration.

This partiality for representing and interpreting the architecture of the past prevailed in his tendencies as a draftsman. Among the hundreds of sketches left by him are to be found sea-pieces, caricatures, ornamental devices, and a few animals; but these drawings scarcely go for one third against another two thirds that represent churches and castles of epochs long past. A certain castle occurs continually in that collection of drawings—a dramatic, forbidding structure, perched on an inaccessible spot; in short, a castle thoroughly entitled to the denomination of romantic, and in which a souvenir of the ruined burgs that dot both sides of the Rhine between Biebrich and Coblenz is plainly visible. The truth is, the impressions he brought back from his visit

to the Rhine, a journey accomplished in early life, haunted him to the end. As for Victor Hugo's romantic castle, it was not always constructed with that regard for archæology which its author wished to find in professional architects; it was often an architectural improbability, by the side of which Gustave Doré's fairy palaces would appear almost classic. But we must bear in mind that drawing a medieval castle was much less for Victor Hugo the occasion of making a drawing than of expressing in black and white the legend of that castle; or, to put it more properly, we must look upon sketches of that kind as outlets of the romanticism that bubbled in him. Undoubtedly these sketches were inspired by recollection, but the visionary mind of the draftsman soon ran away with memories of things once seen. The past presented itself to him with such force, with such wealth of details, no wonder that the hand embroidered indiscriminately. Yet, however large was the share of fancy in the making of these sketches, at first glance, before we think of analyzing, they impress us with a sentiment of reality.

The most important of the drawings left by Victor Hugo measures over four feet in width. This also represents a castle, half fortress, half monastery, such as Gothic artists would never have quite dreamed of,



FRAMED AND DECORATED VENETIAN MIRROR WITH THE FOLLOWING LINES (HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED), GIVEN BY VICTOR HUGO TO M^{LE}. GIULETTE DROUET, WHO GAVE IT AS A LEGACY TO PROFESSOR LOUIS KOCH.

*Passereaux et Rouge-Gorges,
Venez des airs et des eaux,
Venez tous faire vos orges,
Messieurs les petits oiseaux,
Chez monsieur le petit Georges.*

but which, as stage scenery, would have been most effective, were it only for the large ornamental calvary that figures on the right-hand side of the drawing. Viewing this composition, we feel again the power impressions

had upon him; and it is evident that he must have passed over the bridge of Charles IV, at Prague, before he was haunted with the vision of his "Burg à la Croix." Such is the name by which the drawing in question is known. "Haunted" is not an exaggerated term to apply to the moods that prompted the graphic presentation of such an idea. When we look at some of the more important specimens of his draftsmanship, we feel that he must, for the while, have put all his soul in them, and that they were a preoccupation as absorbing as his work is to a real artist. Over this same



A SKETCH IN THE COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR KOCH.

drawing Victor Hugo passed three months. It shows a rare skill of technic. So successfully has the draftsman given to walls and turrets the appearance of stone that we are put in mind of the crafty process used by Célestin Nanteuil, who, when he had a stone wall to treat in some of his drawings, applied a piece of muslin to his paper, and rubbed

fitted for himself, and where he passed as much of his time as he could, to allow his servants truthfully to pronounce him "not at home" to importunate callers who rang at his door-bell from morning till night.

In the first years of exile, during his stay at Jersey, Victor Hugo had no time or thought for drawing. "I must set to work



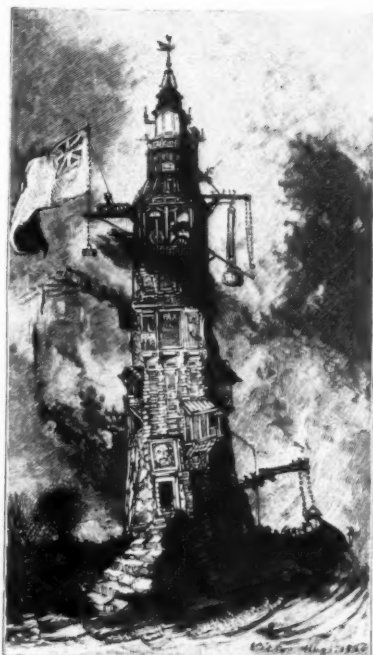
CHIMNEYPIECE IN POSSESSION OF PROFESSOR LOUIS KOCH, PRESERVED BY HIM IN A GALLERY WHICH CONTAINS ONLY PANELS DESIGNED BY VICTOR HUGO, AND FURNITURE WHICH BELONGED TO HIM.

with a stump pulverized bister through the meshes of the muslin, thus obtaining a roughness of grain that could rival the most crusty stone walls ever painted by Decamps. Victor Hugo, however, did not resort to such finicky methods. "Le Burg à la Croix" dates of the years before exile, when the poet lived in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, Paris; and it was executed in a small room on the sixth floor of the house, which he had

and make some money," had been his first words on landing. The royalties accruing from his dramatic works, which previously went up to some sixty thousand francs a year, had stopped,—his dramas not being played under the new régime,—and his modest income of seventy-five hundred francs was not much for the needs of a family, even in a land where life is as proverbially cheap as it is at Jersey. Accordingly, he resumed

his literary work, which, on account of politics during the years 1848-51, had been greatly neglected. The poem "Les Châtiments" was written—the work that inaugurated a new manifestation of the writer's mind, and a freer form of expression that allowed him to produce as he had not done before, and perhaps never would have done but for the circumstances. It may be added that the publication of that work did not fill his coffers, although more than one hundred thousand copies of that ubiquitous 32mo volume found their way everywhere, even penetrating into France, smuggled in plaster busts of Napoleon III.

Yet during this period of incessant labor, once a year, toward the close of December, he took up his pen to draw for absent friends what he called his New Year's visiting-cards. The principal recipients of these keepsakes were Jules Janin and MM. Saint-Victor, Burty, Vaquerie, and Paul Meurice. These cards show some fancy landscape, a ruin, or a medallion with a woman's head, the date, and the signature of the sender. On all of these cards the signature is invariably large, ornamental, devouring, so to speak, the best part of the sketch. Sometimes the letters are tinted in red, which gives to the card the appearance of those title-pages for books so in fashion during the romantic era. For that matter, Victor Hugo has not disdained to compose title-pages, with his name thus inscribed, for such popular works of his as "Le Rhin." Seldom, if ever, any poetry was written on these cards, which seems curious, for he must have known how much more valuable these souvenirs would have been to his friends by a brace of verses composed specially for them. The date was generally written in diminished figures, as if with the intention of putting aside the character of the anniversary. Yet on one of them we read a frank proclamation of the flight of time: "The thirteenth year of absence," says the



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE. COLLECTION OF
M. PAUL MEURICE.

carte-de-visite sent in 1864 to his old friend Paul Meurice. The illusion that every one proscribed entertains at first, believing that exile is not to last, had waned; nothing seemed to call him back to France, and, as he often said to his friends, he had made up his mind to die at Guernsey.

At the time this carte-de-visite was sent, he had resumed his every-day practice of sketching. This particular design shows well with what ease it has been blocked in. Indeed, what was said above relative to Victor Hugo's bolder and freer form of expression in literature, dating from the first years of his exile, can also be said about his artistic endeavors. The state of his mind exerted its influence over every manifestation of his thought. All there was of timidity in his early drawings had entirely disappeared. We cannot quite say that there was in these drawings the sureness of a professional artist; that would be saying too much, for Victor Hugo drew very much after the fashion of children, who smear a tree; when dissatisfied with it, into a cloud. He made a copious use of tinted water—in fact, of anything that was at hand, were it a remnant of coffee left in his cup; so his drawings



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S HOUSE AT PASSY.



CHINESE ACROBAT. CARVED AND COLORED PANEL SHOWING THE INITIALS V. H. COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR KOCH.

often culminated in something quite different from what he intended at first. But for all that, he proceeded with the splendid carelessness of a man more practised than he was in reality, and his amateurship was characterized by such dash that it frequently gives us the illusion of mastery.

The contrast between earlier productions and those that date from the years of exile would strike the most careless judge. The Englishman who cries, "Vive l'Empereur!" might have been done by Cham; and who knows if the influence of that genial satirist has not had something to do with Victor Hugo's technic?

At that time he was writing his great novels: "Les Misérables," "The Toilers of the Sea," and "The Man who Laughs." The second named of these works is the one that inspired him most in the way of drawing. The reason of this is obvious: while he was writing "The Toilers of the Sea," he had the great element to look at daily. The original manuscript, now to be seen at the French National Library, is full of marginal sketches. Several of these have been reproduced in popular editions of that novel, but they are seldom of a character, when doing duty as illustrations, to be fully understood by the public. In some of these jottings, though, there is material that, had their au-

thor only taken the time or had the disposition to push them further, might have been made into brilliant illustrations. All that is weird in the subject of that novel was graphically paraphrased by him.

"Les Misérables," strange to say, incited very little of Victor Hugo's mood for drawing. We find in the collection of M. Paul Meurice only several interpretations of Gavroche and of a companion of that famed street Arab by the name of Navet.

While he was writing "The Man who Laughs," Victor Hugo drew the three lighthouses, his three drawings that rank next to the "Burg à la Croix." These three drawings are in fact very little smaller than the larger one. The four decorate a whole panel of the study of M. Paul Meurice. The lighthouses are also worked with tinted water, and show a particular boldness in the technic, which marks the drawings with originality. Certainly in years to come, when these four pieces will have passed to some national institution by bequest of their present owner, who considers their possession only in the light of a deposit, people looking at them will be puzzled to find an artist's name with whom to associate the kind of talent Victor Hugo showed in his representation of things purely imaginative.

One of the lighthouses goes under the



BIRTHDAY-CARD. COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.



"ENGLISHMAN CRYING 'VIVE L'EM-PEREUR,' BUT LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN KEEPING HIS HAT ON HIS HEAD." COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

scription of the Phare des Casquets, "the plain barbaric beacon which was but a flame in a cradle of iron on the summit of a cliff"; likewise that of the Eddystone lighthouse—"the lighthouse of the seventeenth century, the architecture of which was magnificent and extravagant." So Victor Hugo has made it, if not positively magnificent, at least extravagant; and not through pure invention, either, for it seems that in reconstituting the Eddystone lighthouse he was helped by an old print, which, from its rarity, will soon be as much a curiosity as the drawing that it inspired. Victor Hugo inscribed on this lighthouse what he thought to be an English motto: "To God," equivalent in his mind to the French *À la grâce de Dieu*.

How much Victor Hugo contributed to the decoration of Hauteville House, his residence at Guernsey, is not commonly known. After he had decided on the purchase of that house, and his furniture had come from Paris, he gave almost a whole year to carpentering, sculpturing, and painting, to render more homelike his house in the land of exile. He had to a great degree the love of home, and never grew tired of fashioning according to his tastes the rooms in which he lived. He could not have been the romanticist he was, without reveling in old oak, one of the forms of decoration that give the atmosphere of olden times. He realized this in the oak gallery at Hauteville House, which is not so much a gallery as the throwing into one of the several rooms on the first floor. All these

name of "Le Phare à la Cloche," owing to the bell placed in the tower. It is purely fanciful, drawn without any intention whatever. Different are the two others: they refer to "The Man who Laughs." All readers familiar with that novel will remember the de-

are paneled and wainscoted with old oak carvings found at Guernsey. The island was full of old sideboards and old presses that two centuries of conservative house-keeping had saved from ruin. Let us add that we speak of a time when curios were not hunted down as they are now. At Guernsey Victor Hugo had but to help himself at reasonable rates, and he did so after the manner of Aladdin. New sideboards, new wardrobes, that he bought for that purpose, were exchanged for old ones, while the country folks smiled at the whim of the Parisian. No matter; with such exchange he soon had a stock of genuine old oak. To fit it in the gallery and execute such pieces of sculpture as might be needed to fill spaces where continuity required it, he enlisted the services of a simple carpenter, to whom, through sheer encouragement, he taught the noble art of wood-carving. In a few months, owing to his teachings, Victor

Hugo had made of this plain mechanic, if not an artist with individuality, at least a very capable assistant.

These severe fittings, however, did not prevail throughout the house. Victor Hugo had originated simultaneously a very effective and bright kind of decoration, which consisted in painting flowers in endless variety over every available surface, such as friezes, folding shutters, etc. Frames made out of pine wood for looking-glasses and for his sketches were thus decorated with flowers, birds, or butterflies lightly painted in oils, and

the grain of the wood left as background. This kind of work, improvised for the decoration of a country house, long interested Victor Hugo. Later, when back in Paris, he followed it up. Thus, during the siege of Paris he made a frame in that style for "Le Burg à la Croix," drawn twenty years before. Flowers and butterflies entwine around three sides of the frame; and in a corner, below a huge sunflower, is written the word "Spes," in allusion to the trials



COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.



"SHIPWRECKED BOURGEOIS MADE KING OF THE SAVAGES." COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.



"MON CHER, WHY ALWAYS CRITICIZE THE GOVERNMENT?"

COLLECTION OF M. PAUL MEURICE.

his country was then undergoing.

For a while Victor Hugo drew his themes of decoration from Chinese inspiration. So thoroughly was his work in the Chinese character that it almost seemed as if the esthetic conceptions of that people had passed into his brain and eyes. Dragons, pagodas, figures, flowers,—more than that, the compositions based on the emblematic devices proper to European decorative arts of the eighteenth century,—were so Chinese in character that they might have been dictated by Chinese patterns. But he had no models. The friends of those days recall with what ease he originated his designs, never studying them beforehand, but improvising them with ink on the board he wished to paint. To treat with more effect and enhance the relief of these *Chinoiseries*, he had the outline scooped out with a chisel (the carpenter above mentioned was his collaborator in this work); he himself filled in the subjects and background in flat tones, with occasional additions of gold.

The chimney reproduced here was composed in that offhand manner—not designed on paper, but on pieces of wood which were passed one after the other from his hands to the carpenter until the ensemble was reached. It had as pretext and starting-point the three handsome plates which can be seen incased in the mantel. Although the letters "V. H." figure on each side of the old Venetian looking-glass, Victor Hugo did not design that mantel for his own home. It

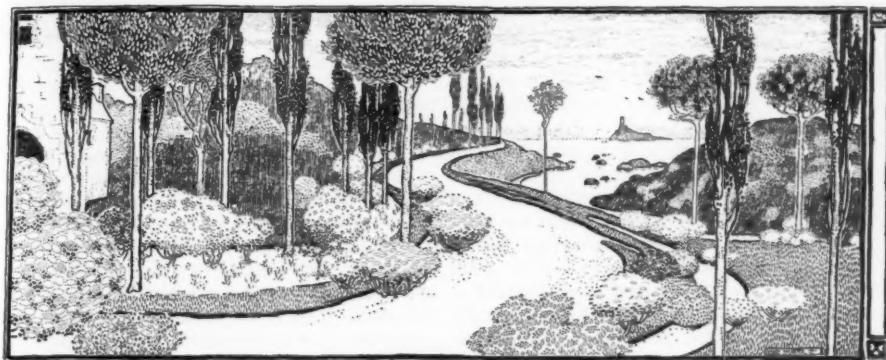
was made for Mme. Drouas's, his neighbor at Guernsey. But he liked to stamp his work with his *griffe*, and that *griffe* well in sight. We may say more: his name, fully written in large or ornamental letters, must have presented a particularly pleasing effect to his eye, judging from the numerous scraps of paper preserved on which he drew it, rather than wrote it. The letters "V. H." had an attraction for him. We find them often indicated in the curves of some of his decorative designs; as an instance, they are easily discernible in the shadows of the Chinese acrobat performing over a chair.

Victor Hugo made a quantity of this kind of work. Not only did he apply it in every nook and corner where it would go well in a country house, but even resorted to it, as he would have done to pen and paper, to convey a joke. The panel representing a caricatured Chinese making ready to carve a fish was made specially for the cook, as a mark of appreciation of a certain dish of fish prepared by her; "Shu-Zan," inscribed in the corner, standing for "Suzan," the name of that *cordons bleus*. Most of these panels are now the property of Professor D. Louis Koch, who has very tastefully disposed in his gallery these fittings torn from other walls.

Before closing these notes on the pastimes of Victor Hugo we must not omit to say a word about another chimney, that of Hauteville House, where it has remained. It is much more a monument than the rococo mantel of which we have spoken above. Built to utilize a set of old Delft tiles, this chimney, in other hands, might easily have assumed the aspect of an old Nuremberg stove. Victor Hugo gave it a character of its own. His sketch does not quite show it to us as it is, yet, with the exception of a few details, it conveys fairly the idea of that fireplace, intentionally stately, and not unlike—with its antique statue of the Virgin as crowning motive—some rude altar of old. Undoubtedly the drawing Victor Hugo made of it surpasses, in mysteriousness, the character of the original. He could never copy nature exactly as it was, for the mere lines he traced on paper caused in his brain what the sound of some words brings to that of some writers—a stirring of the imagination, and a wild flight toward the unknown, the unattainable.



SHU-ZAN. CARVED AND COLORED PANEL BY VICTOR HUGO. COLLECTION OF PROFESSOR KOCH.



MELANIE À MELANÇON.

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
You used to love the free hillside
Where purple-skirted shadows glide,

The billowing of the green marsh-grass
When winds a-vagabonding pass.

You used to love the tinging, cool
Plash of the heron in the pool

Of the wide roslands by Bel' Île,
Taking his lonely evening meal.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
How well, how well you used to know
Fleet things that fly, sweet things that blow!

The roving warbler joyed to fare
With you along the river-stair,

The rippling, rushing amber stream
In cedar gloom, afoam, a gleam.

The tented trees in nightly camp,
The firefly's wandering faery lamp,

The long moan of the houseless tide,
The golden eagle's cliff-born pride,

The saintly hours of the night,
With star-girt brow, that walk in white,—

All these you cherished when I knew
Springtide, the northland, love, and you.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
Where the blue juniper stands tall,
Your house is very dark and small.

The loyal children of the field
Linger about your quiet bield,

Brave yarrow and remembering rue
And meadow-sweet, for love of you.

When April's tremulous twilights fill
The piping swamps, your mouth is still.

The troops of sunrise, bannered red,
Unminded march above your head.

Your folded glance will never swerve
To watch the sea-gull's splendid curve,

Nor heed you any more at all
The hill-bird's cry, the yorlin's call.

Oh, Melanie à Melançon,
Have you found life so passing sweet
Within that chamber's dumb retreat?

If God should point you to the key
Would you return to spring and me,
Melanie à Melançon?

A ROMANCE INVADED.

BY GELETT BURGESS.

IT had begun as a literary correspondence—a contest of epigrams and gossip of the trade; but it had gradually taken on the color of personality, so that now, after two years of breakneck letter-racing, and mad tropical storms of billets following calms of introspective analysis, Griflet and Ola Prince considered themselves very well acquainted, indeed. The distance that had separated them had emboldened their confidences, and it had pleased them to regard the relation as unique. Many things had happened, no doubt, that would probably never have occurred had they met conventionally, especially those of Ola's initiative; for she was the more sensitive to the feeling of freedom that the opportunity gave her, and she had surrendered herself to the frank intercourse with Griflet with an abandon that would have surprised her chafing-dish and whist-playing friends.

She, first, had taken up the personal side of the friendship, and insisted upon that aspect with all her femininity. Griflet had given way more and more, telling her much of his life, his friends, and his work; but he had made it his last condition that they should not exchange photographs. He had kept the mastery of the situation so far, and, in fact, he owed his success with her to his power to enforce his arrogated authority; for Ola Prince was one used to say to one, "Go," and he goeth, and to another "Come," and he cometh. He had descended, step by step, in the strictness of his privilege, as the time seemed ready for a modification of his policy. Not that he did not ride at a hand-gallop when he chose. He would never have won her admiration else, and Ola certainly did admire his spirit and his talents. He often took her breath away with the pace he set for her; but she was as often surprised at his courtesies and his compliments. It was his plan to keep her on the defense; and though he did not generalize about women,—at least, not verbally,—he had made tactful use of several original theories drawn from his observation of exceptional examples, and these he used experimentally and tentatively, awaiting cumulative proof.

One of these half-baked theories was that, in a correspondence with an unknown, the most interesting results could be obtained only while there was some mystery preserved as to the personal appearance and habits of the partners. He therefore refused all Ola's proposals to exchange portraits, and obtained her consent to the agreement that while the romance lasted they should never meet face to face.

This was simple enough while he remained several thousands of miles away from New York; but now that he had come East, they were confronted with different conditions. It is easy enough to hide one's self in a great city, but one can never tell when the unexpected will happen. The very circumstances that had brought them together on paper would be likely to involve them in person. Ola Prince's book had been published by the same firm that was now preparing Griflet's, and they each had business to transact with the Barr-Churchill Company. The necessity for a definite plan of campaign filled their letters for several weeks, and they at last decided that neither should visit the places where they had common interests without warning the other.

There were, of course, paths in the city where their ways might meet fortuitously; but they were forced to trust to luck, and the ignorance of each other's appearance, to defeat any chance encounter. Ola felt confident that her intuition would prompt her in case this happened, but held her peace, not being at all unwilling to carry this concealed weapon with her, in case of need.

So, as soon as he arrived in town, Griflet had despatched a mad telegram to Ola, who lived a little way out of the city, forbidding her presence at the Barr-Churchills' and at several editorial rooms that week. It was, therefore, with no little surprise and excitement that he heard Mr. Churchill say, after the first chapters of their business had been transacted:

"There was a friend of yours just in, Mr. Griflet; you must have passed her on the stairs. Did n't you meet Miss Prince as you came in?"

It was no part of their policy to exploit

the fact of their compact among their common friends, and Griflet denied the fact of the encounter, not a little distraught in his endeavor to remember whether he had met any one or not. His telegram had evidently miscarried, or had arrived too late. It was a narrow escape. Yet it worried him a good deal to think that Ola might have recognized him, in some way, while he was unaware of her presence.

"Miss Prince is a very bright girl, is n't she?" Mr. Churchill went on. "My wife is very anxious to meet you both, and we're going to set some evening for you both to come out. I'd like to get another book as clever as 'Rondeaux of Joyous Gard.' I wish you had been able to illustrate it. Say, you two ought to collaborate! Why don't you try it?"

"We have thought of it some," said Griflet. "You know she says 'collaboration is the thief of time,' though."

"I suppose it might be with you two," said Mr. Churchill, with a chuckle. "Have you known her long?"

"Oh, about two years," said Griflet. "How is 'Joyous Gard' going?"

"Very well; I did n't know you had been on so lately." Mr. Churchill smiled a little wickedly. "Now you must set an evening, and I'll write to Miss Prince."

"Oh, any day will suit me," Griflet replied with as much cordiality as he could affect. There was nothing else to do, in fact, and he trusted his being able to arrange it with Ola by letter.

"Suppose we make it next Wednesday, then," said Mr. Churchill; and as Griflet left him he reminded him of the appointment. "This is a definite engagement," he said; "don't disappoint me!"

Griflet wrote that night to Ola to arrange for this threatened invasion of their conspiracy, offering to stay away if she wished to go, and asking her about her visit to the office. She insisted upon his keeping the appointment he had made, however, as it would be very easy for her to plead a previous engagement. She had, as he had suspected, left home before his message had been received; but she had left Mr. Churchill's office long before Griflet could have arrived there. There was no doubt, then, that Mr. Churchill had smelled a mouse, and was very anxious to bring the two together, willy-nilly.

When Griflet had first insisted that they should not meet, she had insisted elaborately that it would not do *at all* for them to see each other! She was not willing to exchange

the poetry of their romance for the prose of a commonplace relationship. Never! Her endeavors to capture the credit of this bold resolve amused Griflet tremendously; for it showed him plainly not only that she was resolved to like what she had, if she could not have what she liked, but that he still held the whip-hand of her, and that whenever the time came that there should be more amusement in a changed relation, he could probably enforce it. Yet he doubted if he would ever be able to command a personal situation; that was a quite different case, and he knew what advantage a clever girl had in a tête-à-tête, especially if she were beautiful. Somehow, he could hardly believe that Ola was beautiful. Perhaps she was too talented for that, for he held by the old tradition that a woman may not possess both charms; yet he feared it a little, knowing that he was ill armed against that dangerous weapon.—It was all he could do now to hold his control of the situation against her cleverness, and he suspected very acutely that one reason he did so was because of the inferior powers of his rivals, and because it had pleased Ola to use his individuality from which to manufacture a hero that might satisfy her longings. Griflet was a modest young man at heart, and his impetuosity was but a mask for a very real humility in the estimation of his own capacity. What he had found in his short experience was this, however: that, by all indirect and direct testimony, he had a certain originality that, where it was liked at all, was a very welcome change from his more conventional associates, and he had learned the lesson that whatever would make him worth while to his friends was the development of the best side of this uniqueness of character, and that he must never risk an endeavor to rival the attributes of others foreign to his own moods, no matter how successfully those charms seemed to work with the woman in the case.

The next day after his meeting with Mr. Churchill, Griflet received a note modifying the invitation. "I must apologize for this change in our plan," Mr. Churchill wrote, "but I find that my wife has already sent out cards for an informal little affair on Wednesday. There will be several persons here whom I want you to meet, and whom I am quite sure it will be worth your while to know. I have asked Mrs. C. to invite Miss Prince, as there are several of her friends coming, in case you cannot come with her, so we all hope, and in fact demand, to see you."

It happened that this letter came with

another, which required Griflet to be out of town on Wednesday evening, on business imperative to his interests. This was on the Monday previous to Mrs. Churchill's reception, and that night Griflet wrote again to Ola, telling her of his unavoidable absence, and asking her to accept the invitation, which she might now do with no fear of meeting him. But Ola, though quite in the mood to accept, had already refused, and sent word that it was now too late for her to post another note. As matters stood, neither would attend the affair, and replies from Mrs. Churchill to each bewailed the fact.

So far all had been high comedy; but when, in spite of heroic efforts, Griflet missed the six-o'clock Boston train, he smiled at the farce that had set in. He did wish very particularly to see the persons, known to him very well by name, that he knew were to be present; and finding himself with six hours to wait in town, the temptation to dress and drop in for a few minutes grew too strong to be resisted. Ola had said definitely that she should not be there, so the risk seemed slight. He did not realize that the opportunity tempted her even more than it did him, and he did not suspect the persuasive power of her escorts, added to her conviction that Griflet was out of town.

Griflet was very glad, once at the Churchills', that he had come, and when he was turned over to the lions of the evening, the time passed more rapidly than he was aware of. He was, in fact, full of the excitement of his new-found friends, when his hostess came up to him with a smile full of meaning.

"What a delightful practical joke you two children have played!" she laughed. "I knew you meant to come, all the time! Where is Miss Prince? She was right here in this room a few minutes ago. Come along, Mr. Griflet; I want to have you and her alone to myself for a little while, at least."

Griflet came down from his mood of gaiety with a sickening sensation of having been betrayed. But surely Ola would not have done this on purpose. She would never have come if she had thought he was to be there. Indeed, she had promised "never to jump out from behind a door at him."

He looked at his watch, with an apology. "Oh, yes," he said faintly; "she *was* here a moment ago—she must have gone in to supper. You know, I only just dropped in till train time. But really, I had no idea it was so late. I'm afraid I can only barely catch it. Will you excuse me if I leave so

abruptly? And, Mrs. Churchill," he added, smiling now, in spite of the imminence of his danger, "please tell Miss Prince how sorry I am not to be able to say good night to her. I hope she'll understand."

He could not forbear a pretty sharp glance about as he hurried away. His eyes had been unobservant all the evening, and now in his flight he tried to commit every face to memory, and to select especially the most possible of the ladies there. He found himself at last in his car, with a misty group of faces surrounding him. The ladies he had noticed seemed all possible Olas, but not one of them bore the outward and visible sign that should convince him. His thoughts were busy during most of the night with surmises and speculations. Had he seen Ola, or had he not? Surely there should some psychical sense respond to her presence and warn him of her propinquity. He could admit that there were provinces of nature yet unexplored, and he was especially disposed to admit that women ventured here oftener than men. The thought that in some such subtle way Ola had recognized him was a suggestive one, and it led him on many an interesting tour of the imagination.

This suspicion was, in fact, confirmed by Ola in the letter he received a day or so afterward, although the recognition had come about more simply than he had thought. She referred with some glee to Griflet's portrait, that had just appeared in the November "Depicter," and took the opportunity to twit him with his modesty. She had, however, caught sight of his face quite by accident, and asserted her innocence of any desire to take advantage of him by "peeking." Her impressions of his looks gave her the chance for precisely the personalities it had been his policy to avoid, and he felt that she had taken a trick from him by mere chance. He sent immediately for a copy of the "Depicter," and there, indeed, was his unconscious face, whose presence seemed like a rival caught poaching on Griflet's preserves. There was only one of these photographs in New York, and Griflet saw immediately that it must have been furnished by Churchill to advertise the forthcoming book.

There was no use now in crying over spilled milk. Ola would, consciously or unconsciously, be on the watch for him whenever she came to town, and they must make new rules for the game, and lay sharp plans to outwit Mr. Churchill, who was undoubtedly set on breaking up the situation, and

would try other embarrassing experiments. Their correspondence was brisk, and voluminous with conditions and proposals. Griflet held out as if he were treating for the capitulation of a fortress, but at heart he had begun to believe that their romance was doomed, and he felt that he would rather surrender voluntarily than be forced into any such situation as Churchill's practical joking might involve him in. He had to confess to himself, also, a growing desire to see Ola, or her portrait at least, since there she had the better of him; and yet he could not bring himself to ask her for her picture, as she did not offer one, mischievously exulting at her advantage.

Griflet appeared at Mr. Churchill's office soon after his return, and took his publisher to task in mock anger for the unauthorized appearance of the portrait, adding: "Why did n't you use a portrait of Miss Prince when her book came out if it was such good advertising?"

"The fact is," said Mr. Churchill, "I was very anxious to do it; but I could n't get her to sit for a new photograph, and the only one I had would n't have reproduced at all well. Here it is, now; you can see for yourself!" and he handed Griflet a photograph.

It was, after all, not so different from what he had expected, but the first sight meant so many things to him that he could hardly manage his mouth's expression in a way that should throw Churchill off his guard. He felt that he was watched, but he was unable to lay the portrait down.

It was the hair that he looked at first, and he wondered what the color might be. There was the curve of humor in the eyebrows that he had anticipated. The nose, shown in profile, he suspected of having been retouched, for Ola had often complained of it; but the chin pleased him into an undisguised smile. He regretted that the picture was a profile, for he was a little anxious as to the shape of the head and the oval of the face. He put it down at last, with a sense of immense relief. Ola's photograph did not show her a pretty girl, but it proved she was an interesting woman.

Mr. Churchill had given him all the time he needed, but now he said: "I was going to ask you if you did n't happen to have a better photograph, for I'd like to run a good one in my catalogue."

"Did you think I would send it to you, if I had?" said Griflet, with no attempt to conceal his annoyance at the teasing.

The luck was all to be with Mr. Churchill

that day, for in the midst of their conversation the telephone-bell rang. While he answered the call, Griflet took up the picture again and studied it at his leisure. He was interrupted, however, almost immediately by the return of Mr. Churchill, who was attempting to hide the grin that had assumed possession of his face.

"Somebody for you, Griflet," he said. "Dunno who it is; would n't give his name."

Griflet was too much disconcerted at his being discovered with the photograph to wonder much at the summons, and walked mechanically to the telephone, and answered interrogatively: "Hello?"

"Why, who is this? Is this Mr. Churchill?" said the voice—a woman's.

"No; this is Mr. Griflet."

"Mr. Griflet!" cried the voice, in a very surprised tone.

"Why, yes; did n't you want Mr. Griflet? Who are you, please?"

"Heavens! Don't you know? Who in the world *would* that rascal of a Churchill try hardest to hear you talk to?" answered the voice, almost unintelligible with laughter.

"Yes; Mr. Churchill is here, right in this room," answered Griflet, a little inconsequently; but Ola, at the other end of the wire, understood, and did the remainder of the talking herself, and spared him from making any but monosyllabic replies. When he had at last hung up the receiver, Griflet turned to Mr. Churchill, who was at his desk, convulsed with laughter, and made several remarks through his teeth to that conspirator. But the words were not monosyllabic this time. But it was really so absurd that he added:

"Oh, Mr. Churchill, Miss Prince and I have decided to collaborate, after all, and I'm much obliged for the suggestion. I suppose you'll promise to bring out the book?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "That is, if you're not too long about it. Takes a good while to settle things by letter—or even by telephone! Don't try to do that. You really must come in and see me personally. What are you going to call it, though? 'Man Proposes'?"

"Oh, no; 'Three is a Crowd,'" said Griflet.

They did, indeed, begin their work of collaboration the very next day, and worked a good deal harder and more economically than Mr. Churchill suspected. He was unceasing in his attempts to bring Ola and Griflet together, and his next plot missed only by a chance. He offered Griflet two theater

tickets, one afternoon, on the pretense of not being able to use them himself; and Griflet accepted them without hesitation. He had entered the theater, and had handed the usher the checks, before a suspicion of Churchill's disinterestedness came to him; then he stopped just in time, and had the location of the seats pointed out to him. There was Mrs. Churchill, his next neighbor, and beside her, who but Miss Prince! He stepped around and bribed the usher to give him a place where he could get a safe and commanding view of the two, and studied Ola's profile at his leisure, quite unscrupulously.

The result of this espionage was to impress him vividly with the folly of their so-called romance. It needed only the sight of Ola's face, quickened by the stimulus of the life around her, fired with enthusiasm and flashing with wit, to make him curse the idiocy of his voluntary renunciation of all the pleasures with which her company might have inspired him. He had made a fetish of their impersonality; but now the sight of her brought almost for the first time the thought that she was a living woman, young, fitted for his companionship, talented, witty, and withal his proven friend; and he had calmly said to himself and to her that it would be far more interesting not to meet! He knew that she had other friends with whom she was intimate, and the suggestion that they knew so many things about her daily life of which he had no idea aroused a new jealousy in him. Yet surely, if he had kept the supremacy by his letters alone, what had he to fear from being face to face with her? To be sure, he had no doubt that such a girl might easily allow herself to say things on paper that she would hesitate to say aloud; but he had gained all there was to gain in that way now, and with the added excitement of working together, the loss of a pleasant mystery was more than compensated for. He remembered, too, the charm of the first days of their correspondence, and he foresaw the possibility of repeating that delight in another way. It would be like getting acquainted all over again. It would be still more, he thought humorously, like his old fancy of being again a child, and growing up with all the knowledge of maturity with which to enjoy the old sensations. He began to wonder now,

with a new distrust at his mastery of the situation, whether Ola, after all, would agree to a change in their relations. It would not be unlike her to refuse, if he showed a too sudden willingness to meet her. Perhaps there was something to prevent that he did not know about. This might be only one of her affairs, and he should find himself too late, and too languid a friend. He had half a mind to go down and sit with her now, and talk to her as if he had always known her. But Mrs. Churchill's anticipation of the encounter was too offensive for him to humor, and just before the end of the last act he left the theater.

It was when the first proofs of the new book were ready that Mr. Churchill telegraphed Griflet to come to the office as soon as possible. He arrived without delay, and found his publisher busy with the papers. Griflet drew off his gloves, and took up the sheets lovingly. "Where's No. 2?" he asked, in a few minutes.

"Why, is n't it there?" said Mr. Churchill, looking up. "Must be in the next room, I guess. Come on in here, where we won't be disturbed."

They rose and passed into the hall. Mr. Churchill opened a door, and pushed Griflet in. "Here you are," he said.

Miss Ola Prince was sitting at a table, with a bunch of proofs. She looked up at Griflet with a smile and a cough.

"Say, Ola, have you No. 2 page?" said Griflet.

"Yes; I believe it's here somewhere; and oh, don't you think that third chapter ought to be divided? Come, sit down a minute, please; there's an awfully funny mistake here!"

Mr. Churchill looked from one to the other with a blank expression, and then at both at once; for by this time Griflet's arm was perilously near Miss Prince's shoulder.

"Well, you children *are* cool!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Mr. Churchill, you did n't really think we could finish a book like this without meeting, did you? We really *had* to talk it over, you know," Griflet remarked, without looking up.

"And you did n't think I'd be foolish enough to become engaged to a man I had never seen, did you?" said Miss Prince.



DRAWN BY LOUIS LOEB.

"SHE LOOKED UP AT GRIFLET WITH A SMILE."

GEORGE ELIOT.

BY ANNIE FIELDS.



IGHTY years ago, on the twenty-second day of November, 1819, the same day of the month on which these lines happen to be traced, was born the very extraordinary and interesting woman known to the world as George Eliot. Her portrait, shown with this article, is not the picture of a beautiful woman, and yet when we remember how the sunshine of affection—deep affection—can glorify any face, the world must believe, as they felt who knew her truly, that the light of her great nature irradiated the heavy lines of her strong countenance and made it beautiful to those who loved her. "Effective magic is transcendent nature," these are her words; and such nature was her own.

A very large measure of love and devotion came into her life. In spite of the solitude of the position she had chosen to accept during a great portion of her existence, she breathed an atmosphere of devotion, and she lived upon it. "She was affectionate, proud, and sensitive in the highest degree," is the résumé of her character written by Mr. Cross, who knew her perfectly and loved her as he knew her.

The volumes of her letters, in which her husband, with great reticence and consideration, allows her to write her own life, with slight additions and explanations on his own part, contain an almost unrivaled record of mental activity and energy in the pursuit of knowledge.

Her early days were passed, except for absences at school, at a retired grange called "Griff," in Warwickshire—"the warm little nest where her affections were fledged," as she says somewhere, and where in the early days before railroads, with the mail-coach passing twice a day,—the only external event,—she grew up in her own world of thought and of books. She prospered in her silent life as quietly and continuously as a plant put into fit soil grows to the perfected flower. She was surrounded by the proud and loving care of her father and mother and the companionship of her brother and sister; nor until this home circle was gradually dissolved by death did she understand what it was to a nature like her own to be left alone. She

went to London, where, at the house of Mr. Chapman, the publisher, in the Strand, she became one of the editors of the "Westminster Review," and found herself the center of many eminent men and women,—Herbert Spencer and others,—standing among the most prominent thinkers and writers of England.

Here, also, while she was suffering from overwork and solitude of the heart, she met Mr. George H. Lewes. They were both poor, but they succeeded by the incessant drudgery of the pen in maintaining the five members of Mr. Lewes's family who were dependent upon him. No duty was shirked by her, no responsibility avoided. At one time the expenses were so heavy that they limited themselves to one parlor, in which they both did their writing. The constant scratching of another pen seriously affected her nerves, but she kept bravely on until such time as they could afford something better.

She was blessed in the devotion of friends who through life kept up their affectionate relations with her. Among the most interesting of her friendships with women were those with Miss Sara Hennell, Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mrs. (now Lady) Burne-Jones, and Miss Barbara Leigh Smith (afterward Mme. Bodichon). Some of her finest letters are addressed to Mrs. William Smith, whose husband (the author of "Thorndale" and other books of the same character) died comparatively early in life, after a lingering illness. The correspondence between George Eliot and Harriet Beecher Stowe is also of peculiar interest.

Among the very few letters addressed to Americans are the little group now printed for the first time in this sketch. They are not important letters, but they emphasize the qualities of affectionateness, of reverence, and of the spirit of kindness which were a moving spring in all her greatness. In the first she writes to Mr. Fields as follows:

THE PRIORY, 21 NORTH BANK,

REGENT'S PARK, April 16, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS: The well-grounded good will and gratitude which I feel toward my American friends make it difficult to me to refuse the request which you proffer to me as editor of "The Fairing." But it is not the first time that I have

received a request of the kind, and the grave obstacles to compliance are permanent.

There can hardly be an author whose mental habits are less favorable than mine to the production of "occasional" literature. I should not choose to publish anything which was slight to my own mind, and any contribution from me would represent a serious diversion of my time and energy from the work actually engaging them, since I have nothing completed which I should consider suitable to the purposes and character of "The Fairing." If your wish had been one which I could meet, my answer would have been written with happier feelings, not only because of my interest in Boston, but also because you personally are one of my pleasantest associations with the classic place. Always, my dear Mr. Fields, sincerely yours,

M. E. LEWES.

There are distinguishing qualities even in her smallest letters which are worthy of observation. The accuracy and refinement of expression are fitly matched by the delicate and distinct handwriting and a careful method of spacing and folding which might rather be expected from a hand finding no more serious work in life than to excel in note-writing. One of the happy surprises of existence seems to be that of discovering, in the power of doing a difficult thing well, a developed grace for doing lesser things better.

The following letter was written in the summer of 1874, when Mr. and Mrs. Lewes had taken a cottage in Surrey for the summer. They had chosen a beautiful spot, but high and windy, where, in spite of the great heat of London, they found themselves only too cold. She speaks in one of her letters of "envying the golfians [golf-players]"; in truth, the sedentary and secluded life which was theirs, and their intense and prolonged labor at the desk, had already enfeebled their constitutions.

Nevertheless, the quiet of the place, which not only gave her time to get "deep shafts sunk in" her next prose book, but also to write letters to some of her dear friends,—Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Peter Taylor, Mrs. William Smith, and others,—must have made the six months spent in that retired abode one of the happiest periods of her life. She writes:

THE COTTAGE, EARLSWOOD COMMON,
SURREY, June 5, 1874.

... Such proofs of the far-off spiritual contact between us are a great help to me, and are often needed to counterbalance depressing influences which arise within, from perturbed health, and without, from the mixed conditions of our social life, in which it often seems that the noise

and hurry,—the "too much" of everything,—which seems continually on the increase, must almost nullify one's small individual efforts. It is not for want of hope and belief in America as the scene of a great future, nor for want of real delight in the graceful kindness which I have felt in all the distinguished natures from the United States with whom I have had any intercourse, that I give up the sight of the great New World.

And will you, please, tell dear Mrs. Stowe, when you see her, that I am not failing in memory of her and her husband, although as a correspondent I am dumb? My nervous energy has been much drawn upon by neuralgic pain, from unavoidable colds which beset me in this climate, and I have little margin for any letter-writing save such as business or rigorous courtesy demand.

I received the splendid photograph of her "Rabbi" and am proud to possess it. . . .

You see, we are *en retraite*, and have escaped the turmoil of London. We came here three days ago. . . .

The sympathetic side of her nature appears at that period to have fully ripened. Her affections always swayed and governed her, but they found a free and beautiful expression at this season. Her health, which had been "a wretched drag" upon her spirits for the previous half-year, was already improved by "the secure peace of the country, and the good we always experience in soul and body from the sweet breezes over hill and common, the delicious silence, and the unbroken spaces of the day." Here she found leisure to think of and appreciate the labors of her friends. To Mrs. Taylor she wrote: "I am so glad to know from your kind letter that you are interesting yourself with Madame Belloc [formerly Miss Parkes] in the poor workhouse girls. You see, my only social work is to rejoice in the labors of others, while I live in luxurious remoteness from all turmoil. Of course you have seen Mrs. Senior's report. . . ."

It was my good fortune to pass a month or more during the early summer of 1869 in London, at a hotel opposite St. George's Church, Hanover Square. It was a small, old-fashioned hotel kept by two ladies, and our parlor wore the air, as Dickens used to say when he came into it, "of a stage drawing-room." The vases and artificial flowers and small mirrors and unnecessary tables were all there, and were often in strange contrast to the simple tastes of its temporary occupants and their guests; although it could not be denied that the lightness and cheer and fancifulness had a real charm for us in the somewhat dark world of London. It was here that Mr. Lewes found us one afternoon (by great good fortune we had just returned

from rambling about, sight-seeing), and while he explained that Mrs. Lewes was never able to make visits, stayed himself, and talked freely about George Eliot and literary affairs. He was not a very prepossessing person in his appearance, but his mercurial temperament and his large intelligence made him gay and interesting in conversation. He lingered, full of agreeable subjects of talk, until we knew something of each other, and he had obtained a promise that we would go on the following Sunday, in the afternoon, to see his wife.

We found them at the time appointed in a pleasant house somewhat retired from the road, with trees and shrubbery outside, and plenty of books inside. A small company of ladies and gentlemen were already assembled, and there was much conversation. Presently, however, George Eliot disengaged herself from the general talk, and, allowing the company to break up into groups, came and seated herself by my side for a more intimate acquaintance. I recall the glow which overspread her face when she discovered that we had a common friend in Harriet Beecher Stowe. The affectionate generosity with which she poured out her unbounded admiration for Mrs. Stowe, and her love for her work, is never to be forgotten. She seemed to understand the rapt intensity of Mrs. Stowe's nature as few of her contemporaries have done, and to rejoice in the inspiration which prompted her great book. Nor did she stop there. She had read and appreciated her later books as well, and she loved and revered the woman.

After this first visit to "The Priory," the doors were kindly open to us on Sundays during our stay in London. Unhappily, I have no notes of those visits, nor of George Eliot's conversation, but I must always remember how the beauty of her voice impressed me. I also remarked the same quality I have mentioned in speaking of her letters—a sense of perfectness in her presentation of any scene or subject. I recall this impression especially in connection with a description she gave one afternoon of a late visit to Germany, portraying the charm of living in one of the places (was it Ilmenau?) made classic to us by association with Goethe. The whole was so clearly yet simply and vigorously said, that any listener, ignorant of her fame, must have felt her unusual qualities both of mind and heart. On another occasion, in speaking of music, the name of Pauline Viardot was mentioned, and her last appearance in Paris;

also Charles Dickens's appreciation of Viardot, who was accustomed to say that she did him the honor to journey from Geneva to Paris when it was known he was to read there. "And she was audience enough!" he would add gaily.

George Eliot was a great admirer of the genius of Viardot. "Think of it!" she said, with a sense of irreparable loss. "We lived for six weeks under the same roof once in Germany, and never found each other out. We were both in search of rest and retirement; but what a lifelong pleasure if we could have passed some of our quiet hours in each other's society!"

Before we left the house Mr. Lewes invited us into his private room on the lower floor, where his wife's portrait by Sir Frederic Burton, which he preferred at that time to any other, hung over the fireplace.¹ In one corner of this room were shelves, carefully covered by a curtain, where the bound manuscripts of her books stood—the volumes containing the touching dedications to himself which have since their death been published. She was his chief topic of conversation, the pride and joy of his life, and it was quite evident that she returned his ardent devotion with a true love.

I never saw Mr. and Mrs. Lewes again. In the year 1879, when she was struggling under the heavy sadness of Mr. Lewes's death, she wrote as follows. The letter opens, after some personal remarks, with a message to Lydia Maria Child.

THE PRIORY, 21 NORTH BANK,
REGENCY PARK, Feb. 19, '79.

MY DEAR MRS. FIELDS: . . . The book by Mrs. Child is not yet come. When it arrives I will write to her. But since I dare not count on my health just now, will you in the meantime express to the venerable lady my deep and reverent sense of her goodness in writing words so full of spiritual encouragement to me? If I could have joy in anything now, such letters as hers would be one source of it.

Thank you, dear Mrs. Fields, for your tender sympathy. I trust you and your husband are well and happy. That is the best that is left to me—to know that others are leading a life of loving union.

You would help me very much if you happen to be writing to our friend Mrs. Stowe, and would tell her, with my love, that her goodness has not been thrown away upon me, and that I hope to write to her sometime. But I am very far from well in body, and therefore doubly anxious lest I should not be able to do what I have before me as an immediate duty. I feel affectionately grate-

¹ An etching by Rón of this portrait was published in THE CENTURY for November, 1881.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON, FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN ROME BY M. D'ALBERT DURADE, AND NOW IN GENEVA.

GEORGE ELIOT.

For the opportunity of using this portrait we are indebted to Mrs. Minerva B. Norton, author of "In and Around Berlin," who wrote to the late Frances E. Willard as follows concerning it:

"It was in the Hall of the Reformers, so called, in a museum in Geneva (attached, I think, to the university), that I found among the portraits of Huss and Savonarola, Wyclif and Latimer, Zwingli, Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, and their historian Merle d'Aubigné, one of a lady, serious, sweet, thoughtful, fine. To my astonishment at such a subject in such a place, otherwise given up to memorials of the Reformation, I discovered that it was George Eliot! She was carefully dressed, and the portrait revealed a fresh young complexion, blue eyes, and auburn hair. I had no one to give me information, but I recalled to my memory the intimate friendship she had formed in Geneva with an artist, M. d'Albert Durade, and his excellent wife, who took her as a boarder when, after the wearing care incident to her father's last illness, and the desolation of that bereavement, she had accompanied her English friends on a brief tour in the south of Europe, settling down for a winter in Geneva.

"You will find in her memoir edited by her husband, Mr. Cross, her full account of her happy appreciation of this remarkable man and his family and her happy winter, and of his painting her portrait, not at her request, but his."

An engraving on steel, evidently based on the same portrait, appears as the frontispiece of the second volume of "George Eliot's Life" (Harper & Brothers, 1885).

EDITOR.

ful to her—to Mrs. Stowe and her husband, for their generous, warm-hearted sympathy, a gift now of many years from them. Yours affectionately,
M. E. LEWES.

This was the last letter that George Eliot wrote to me, but there is a curious little story in regard to the last letter which I received, and which seemed almost to come back from another world.

The next book which appeared after the pleasant hours we passed together was "Middlemarch," the story upon which she entered, as she said, "a young woman and came out an old one." Hearing something of the fatigue consequent upon the ending of this great labor, I wrote to George Eliot, urging her to change the scene, and come to us in America. In reply she despatched the letter now published below. Nevertheless, no answer came to my hands. Some months later I heard that she was already absorbed in a new book, which was to be called "Daniel Deronda," and it appeared to me quite natural that her preoccupation in this labor should prevent her from sending me a reply. Years passed, and she, having finished her work, died, as it seemed to us, suddenly; but in the year 1886 this letter, six years after her death, was brought to my door. It had gone astray in the post-office, and had been thrown aside in a box of uncalled-for letters until somebody, turning them over one day in a careless fashion, knew the name, and advised the ex-clerk into whose hands it had fallen to bring it to me. It was difficult to believe that these friendly words had been holding their kindness in store, as it were, all the long years, but it was even so. Fourteen years was a great while for this little missive to remain in hiding and then suddenly reappear to bring its message; but the circumstance invests it with an added interest. It reads substantially as follows, and in its beautiful friendliness reminds us of the choir invisible "whose music is the gladness of the world."

THE PRIORY, 21 NORTH BANK,
REGENT'S PARK, May 16, '72.

DEAR MRS. FIELDS: . . . Your note makes me wish that it were a very easy thing to get to America and see the best of it, instead of the difficult, too exciting effort which it would really be to me. Unhappily, I have been in a state of unusual feebleness for the last year, and the feebleness has often turned into positive illness. I do need a holiday, but my pleasure must be all of a kind as far as possible from laborious. Boston I always imagine a delightful place to go straight to and come straight back from; but the Atlantic is too wide for that.

I confess that such invitations are very pleasant to have, though one may be obliged to do without accepting them; but both Mr. Lewes and I value the assurance that you would be glad to see us.

I trust that the papers gave a too painful account of dear Mrs. Stowe's accident, which, since you do not mention it, I shall take the comfort of thinking is quite an affair of the past with her.

Miss Lowell's marriage is an interesting bit of news to me—I remember her bright face so well.

We read with much enjoyment the store of letters and recollections which Mr. Fields gave us apropos of Dickens. They helped to confirm the sense I have of great kindness in your nation. You seem to me much more readily affectionate and expansive than we are.

I value my public among you more and more. Of course there is the select public and the echoing, hurrying public in all countries, and the one fills the side of discouragement as the other fills the side of encouragement in the scale when one asks, What is the good of writing?

But when you say that — likes my book I am feeling the scale dip a little on the side of encouragement.

We are going into the country immediately to escape from the socialities which our London season brings, and which I am not just now equal to. . . .

Yours with unfailing remembrance,
M. E. LEWES.

There would be small excuse for allowing these letters, expressive of hardly more than simple kindness, to see the light, if they were not written by one whose books commanded the attention of the reading world during her life, and since her death have placed her among the English classics.

There is a kind of righteousness, after all, in the common desire to learn something of the every-day life and emotions of men and women who have attained greatness. However small the contribution, the public receives with equanimity the little runnels of information about every-day things which appear to link the lives of those who have attained supremacy with those of ordinary mortals.

Perhaps a reason for the desire lies in the hope of discovering how great spirits deal with difficulties which even they cannot avoid, and a hope also that a certain guidance may be thus obtained. However it may be, the universal wish to know all there is to know about prominent persons has at times degenerated into low curiosity; but, surely, since the desire is general, though on different planes, we must believe it has sprung from some common need of our common humanity.

BRET HARTE IN CALIFORNIA.

BY NOAH BROOKS.



Y impression is that although he was known as Bret Harte when I first made his acquaintance thirty-odd years ago, in San Francisco, his second name was originally spelled "Brett." At the time I mention, however, he usually signed his name "F. Bret Harte"; but in the table of contents of his own magazine, the "Overland Monthly," the name is printed in full, Francis Bret Harte. In his own family he was called by his first name, Frank. After he became famous, a lady confidentially said to Mrs. Harte, "Tell me, now, what is your husband's real name?" She had a notion that the whole name was merely a pseudonym for a popular author.

Harte's first literary work was done in San Francisco, after he had tried his hand at school-teaching in the interior of the State, and had ventured tentatively in other casual pursuits, as was the manner of all the Argonauts of those days. In 1863, while he was setting type in the office of the "Golden Era," a literary weekly paper of some local renown, he offered to the editors, with much diffidence, occasional contributions, which he had already set up in his composing-stick. They were short and unambitious, but they were so highly approved by the managers of the paper that the young author was encouraged to offer more of the same sort. A year later, Harte accepted a writing engagement on the staff of the "Californian," another literary weekly, then edited by Charles Henry Webb, better known to old Californians by his pen-name of "John Paul." Harte became editor of this newspaper in 1865, when Mr. Webb relinquished its management. Another contributor to the columns of the "Californian" was Samuel L. Clemens, who was then making his first essays in composition under the since famous sobriquet of "Mark Twain." Like Goldsmith's parson, who was counted "passing rich with forty pounds a year," these two young writers were well content with a compensation that would now be regarded by either of them with amused contempt. In the "Californian" Harte printed nothing more ambitious than bits of verse and slight local sketches in prose. The titles of some of these were "Side-Walkings," "On a

Balcony," and "A Boy's Dog." Nearly all of them, I think, were hunted up and reprinted in more enduring form when Harte had become a celebrated author. His celebrity gave these trifles an importance which he never dreamed they would acquire.

Harte always manifested in his work that fastidiousness in choice of words which has characterized him ever since. It was humorously complained of him that he filled the newspaper-office waste-baskets with his rejected manuscripts and produced next to nothing for the printer. Once, assigned to the task of writing an obituary article that was not to exceed "two stickfuls" in length, he actually filled a waste-basket with fragments of "copy" which he tore up before he produced the requisite amount of matter. Going into my own editorial room, early one forenoon, I found Harte at my desk, writing a little note to make an appointment with me to dine together later in the day. Seeing me, he started up with the remark that my early arrival at the office would obviate the necessity of his finishing the note which he was writing, and which he tore up as he spoke. When, this little matter settled, Harte had gone out, crumbling in his hand the fragments of his unfinished note, I chanced to look into my waste-basket, and saw a litter of paper carrying Harte's familiar handwriting; and turning over the basket with quiet amusement, I discovered that he had left there the rejected manuscript of no less than three summons, which any other man would have disposed of in something like this order: "DEAR BROOKS: We will dine together at Louis Dingenon's at 6:30 P. M. to-night."

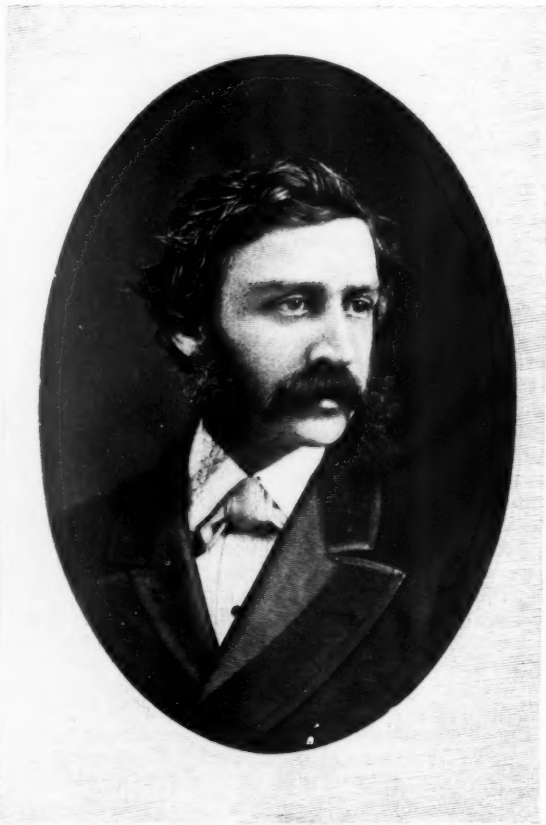
When I changed my editorial engagement from the San Francisco "Times" to the "Alta California," in 1867, Harte was writing occasional editorial articles for the journal of which I then took charge. His contributions were chiefly on literary topics of his own choosing, and some of them were pure fun, trifles written for the amusement of the reader. One of these, I remember, was entitled "The Flying Cow," and excited a great deal of mirth, although one of the unappreciative, matter-of-fact proprietors of our paper stigmatized it as "blanked rot." The flying cow of Harte's fancy was taken

as a type of journalistic exaggeration in Kansas, Iowa, and other cyclonic States where one of the phenomena incidental to the season was the cow that rode the cyclone or tornado for many miles and alighted unhurt. Harte's "Flying Cow" had a great run through our local exchanges.

Let me say, in passing, that when Mark Twain went abroad on his trip through the Mediterranean, a little later than this, he

modest way of life. Harte had then addressed himself to more elaborate work in prose and verse than any he had formerly attempted. One of his best-known productions, written about that time and printed in a daily newspaper, was descriptive of the scrimmage that broke up the geological society upon the Stanislaus.

When Mr. Anton Roman, a public-spirited and enterprising San Francisco publisher,



PHOTOGRAPH BY B. S. RULOFSON.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

BRET HARTE.

wrote for the "Alta California" a series of letters from abroad. I printed one of these each week, and when he returned they were collected and printed by him with the title of "The Innocents Abroad."

In 1864 Harte had received the comfortable appointment of secretary to the United States Branch Mint, San Francisco. The duties of the post were light, and the salary was enough to support the incumbent in his

projected the publication of a literary magazine, in 1868, no name but Bret Harte's was considered in the matter of choice of an editor. All the literary men in San Francisco—and their number was by no means small,—hailed Mr. Roman's project with enthusiasm, and they agreed to assist at the launching of the enterprise. Harte accepted the responsibility of editor-in-chief of the "Overland" with due modesty, and only on

the promise of those of us who were writers to "turn in and help" him. There were not many writers of fiction in our ranks, and Harte and I confidently agreed that we would each write a short story for the first number of the new magazine. We had four months to prepare for the great event, but the first issue of the "Overland" (July, 1868) had only one story in its contents, and that was mine. Harte, with many sighs and groans, confessed that he had been unable to finish the first short story that he had ever undertaken in his life. But he had composed a charming little poem for the first number. It was entitled "San Francisco, from the Sea." His own short story, when it did appear, in the second number of the magazine (August, 1868), was well worth waiting for. It was "The Luck of Roaring Camp." His second story did not appear until January, 1869; and that too was worth waiting for. It was the immortal "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

Perhaps I may be pardoned for a brief reference to an odd complication that arose while "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was being put into type in the printing-office where the "Overland Monthly" was prepared for publication. A young lady who served as proof-reader in the establishment had been somewhat shocked by the scant morals of the mother of Luck, and when she came to the scene where Kentuck, after reverently fondling the infant, said, "He wrestled with my finger, the d—d little cuss," the indignant proof-reader was ready to throw up her engagement rather than go any further with a story so wicked and immoral. There was consternation throughout the establishment, and the head of the concern went to the office of the publisher with the virginal proof-reader's protest. Unluckily, Mr. Roman was absent from the city. Harte, when notified of the obstacle raised in the way of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," manfully insisted that the story must be printed as he wrote it, or not at all. Mr. Roman's locum-tenens, in despair, brought the objectionable manuscript around to my office and asked my advice. When I had read the sentence that had caused all this turmoil, having first listened to the tale of the much-bothered temporary publisher, I surprised him by a burst of laughter. It seemed to me incredible that such a tempest in a tea-cup could have been raised by Harte's bit of character-sketching. But, recovering my gravity, I advised that the whole question should be left until Mr. Roman's return. I was sure

that he would never consent to any "editing" of Harte's story. This was agreed to, and when the publisher came back, a few days later, the embargo was removed. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" was printed as it was written, and printing-office and vestal proof-reader survived the shock.

In his management of the "Overland Monthly" Harte manifested the same fastidiousness that characterized his own work. The magazine speedily made itself known all over the United States by its high literary quality, strong local color, and absolutely unique flavor. Of course, when the famous short stories of the editor had heightened this effect, the fact that Bret Harte was an accomplished master of the art of fiction-writing gave the periodical a fame that could not have been achieved without him. The grizzly bear, in the early days of California, had been adopted as the pictorial emblem of the nascent commonwealth, and the projectors of the new magazine decided to use Bruin as the totem on the first page of the cover. A spirited design was submitted to Mr. Roman, and while we were examining it with critical care, somebody asked, "What is the grizzly growling at with his head turned to one side in that aggressive manner?" For reply, Harte drew with his pencil two parallel lines under the animal's feet, indicating the rails of an iron road on which he was ready to dispute the oncoming of the locomotive, destined soon to revolutionize the commerce of the Pacific States; and there the grizzly monster stands to this day on the cover of the "Overland," given his excuse for being by the touch of Harte's genius.

The editorial departments of the magazine were the book reviews and the paragraphs under the head of "Etc." at the back of each number. Harte and I wrote the notices of new books, he writing by far the greater part; and we used to strive good-naturedly for the privilege of reviewing books that were destined to be "scalped." With the confidence of youth, it was easier for us to scalp a poor book than to do full justice to a worthy one. As a book-scalper, Harte greatly excelled. His satire was fine and keen. In the department of "Etc." he required no assistance. His comments on passing events were trenchant, witty, and clever. But his cleverness on one occasion cost him rather dearly. A disastrous and appalling earthquake visited San Francisco and its immediate vicinity in October, 1868. Five persons were killed by falling cornices and chimneys, and much destruction was wrought

in many parts of the city. As soon as the first panic at this disturbance had subsided, and while lesser shocks were still quaking the earth, some of the leading business men of San Francisco organized themselves into a sort of vigilance committee, and visiting all the newspaper offices, strictly enjoined that the story of the earthquake be treated with conservatism and understatement,—it would injure California if Eastern people were frightened away by exaggerated reports of *el temblor*,—and a similar censorship was exercised over the press despatches sent out from San Francisco at that time. In short, the earthquake and its consequences were, like Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Portrait of a Gentleman," to be "hushed up among one's friends." The newspaper result was well described by Bret Harte, who had been overlooked in this supervision of local intelligence. In his "Etc." in the November number of the "Overland" he treated the topic jocularly, saying that, according to the daily papers, the earthquake would have suffered serious damage if the people had only known when it was coming. Harte's lightsome pleasantry excited the wrath of some of the solid men of San Francisco, and when, not long after that, it was proposed to establish a chair of recent literature in the University of California, and invite Bret Harte to occupy it, one of the board of regents, whose word was a power in the land, temporarily defeated the scheme by swearing roundly that a man who had derided the dispute between the earthquake and the newspapers should never have his support for a professorship. Subsequently, however, this difficulty was overcome, and Harte received his appointment.

When we began to hear in California the first faint echoes of the world-wide fame that was drawing nearer and nearer to Bret Harte, the mass of his San Francisco readers were incredulous. They would not believe that they had so long harbored among them a genius whose work was now eagerly sought for all over the English-speaking world. He had created new types in literature, a set of characters that were absolutely unique, and while Californians acknowledged the accuracy of his limning, they failed to see in these wonderful pictures anything that should move the admiration of the world. As for Harte, he took his sudden rise to fame with complete equanimity. I used to save from my Eastern newspaper exchanges all the notices of his tales that appeared. Many of these, especially those

written by English critics, surprised us all by their elaborate analysis of Harte's literary work. Reading one of these reviews, which was unusually analytic and discriminating, Harte said, with a quiet chuckle: "These fellows see in my stories a heap of things that I never put there—to the best of my knowledge and belief."

It is indisputable that Bret Harte's best work was done during those days when he was only slowly becoming aware that he had introduced into English literature a new force, that a new, bright star of genius had with him arisen in the Western Hemisphere. Nothing can ever mar or take away the charm of Harte's delicious style; it will be always his: but the stories written in California impress one with the sense of their having come from a full reservoir. They were the work of a man unaware of any pose of his own. As long as he was in California he maintained his painstaking elaboration of his work. He neglected no detail, overlooked no trifling incident, that gave color and semblance of life to his tales. Writing and rewriting, filing and polishing, he was never satisfied with his work; yet when it left his hands it appeared to the rest of us to be absolutely flawless in its graceful, pellucid, and yet compact literary style.

What has been said here of Harte's early experience and practice is necessary to a just understanding of the process of his later literary development. When he began to write, it became at once evident that the sureness and delicacy of his touch was a natural gift, not an acquirement; and nobody was more surprised than he by the ready acclaim with which the originality of his work was received. In later years, I dare say, he has found the exercise of these peculiar gifts more facile, if not quite as spontaneous as in the old days in California. Notwithstanding his long absence from the original source of his inspiration, he not only retains his primacy of American short-story writers, but his skill in limning the far-Western types of character which first engaged his pencil still remains to charm. His story of "The Passing of Enriquez," printed in THE CENTURY for June, 1898, and the first number of this series of two, "The Devotion of Enriquez," printed in this magazine for November, 1895, have the dramatic crispness and the fluent humor that delighted us when "The Luck of Roaring Camp" made the name of Bret Harte famous in English literature.

He came to me, one day, with a request for help in a small mathematical problem. How many pounds of flour were there in a sack, and how long could a certain number of persons subsist on a specified quantity of food? While we were figuring out this novel proposition, he explained that he had beguiled a party of refugees into the wilds of the Sierra Nevada, where, overtaken by a snow-storm, they were slowly starving to death. How much longer could any one of them hold out? The puzzle was solved to his satisfaction, but months passed before we were permitted to read the tragic tale of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Except in some such reserved way as this, Harte never talked of a story that was forming in his mind.

In those days there was in San Francisco a knot of coarse pretenders, the least worthy of the Argonauts, who assumed superior airs because they had arrived in California "in the fall of forty-nine or the spring of fifty," that being the date of the earliest emigration to the Land of Gold. They were fond of spinning yarns that illustrated their familiarity with the region when it was first made known to the gold-seeker. Montgomery street, one of the principal thoroughfares of San Francisco, was on the shore of the bay when the Argonauts first arrived there. The street is now in the heart of the city, the water-front having been pushed out by the successive processes of filling in the shore lots. One of these conceited yarn-spinners, whose chief occupation was lamenting the flight of the "good old days" when gold and ducats fell in showers, and whose pride and glory was that he landed from a ship's boat on Montgomery street, provoked Harte's ire by referring to an eminent citizen who arrived there in 1855 as "one of those new fellers." Whereupon Harte puntingly but good-humoredly rebuked the self-importance of the Argonaut by asking: "Are you one of those blanked fools who landed here when the water came up to Montgomery street?" The gibe passed into current use, and up to a very recent period was used to designate a class of men who somehow imbibed the notion that they had

prescriptive rights in California as its discoverers.

In conversation among his fellows, Bret Harte was always one of the most delightful of talkers. I use here the past tense, for I do not know what a long residence in foreign parts may have done for our old friend. But with us in California he was a charming companion, with a perpetual flow of gentle humor and good spirits that fascinated his associates. Conversation in which he had part was never dull, and many a sparkling "feast of reason and flow of soul" can they recall who were comrades of the poet and story-teller in those far-off days. One of the most notable of these was the farewell dinner given to Harte by his old friends and companions in literary work, just before he left San Francisco for New York, early in 1871. We were all literary workers, and the only guest at the table who was not a Californian was Samuel Bowles of the Springfield (Mass.) "Republican," whose enthusiastic affection for California made him one with us in all festive gatherings. For once, we all "talked shop" unreservedly, and with numberless personal allusions and illustrations that were interesting—to us at least. There were twelve at the table, and the talk was general or in detached dialogues as the night wore on and the tide of conversation rose and fell. I had noticed with some surprise that the servants in the room had been changed from time to time, as though relays were coming to take the place of others. We were dining in one of the private rooms of a famed restaurant, and I reflected, "This is not usually Louis Digneon's way." Presently, while the night seemed yet young, I saw Bowles furtively slip out his watch and look at the hour. The involuntary wave of surprise that swept over his face as he pocketed his timepiece without a word induced me to look at my watch also. It was twenty minutes to four o'clock in the morning. There was a general burst of astonishment when, an hour later, another inquisitive diner thoughtlessly exclaimed, "Boys, it is almost five o'clock to-morrow!" The party dissolved when all knew the lateness of the hour. The spell was broken.

THE VIZIER OF THE TWO-HORNED ALEXANDER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH.

PART V.

Including Mr. Crowder's acquaintance with Napoleon Bonaparte, Miss Edgeworth, and Nebuchadnezzar, and some account of his experience as the ruler of all the Russias.



“NOW, my dear,” said Mrs. Crowder, the moment we had finished dinner on the next evening, “I want thee to tell us immediately what thee did with the jewels. I have been thinking about that all day; and I believe, if I had been with thee, I could have given thee some good advice, so that the money thee received for these treasures would have lasted thee a long time.”

“I have thought on that subject many times,” said Mr. Crowder, “not only in regard to this case, but others, and have formed hundreds of plans for carrying my possessions into another set of social conditions; but the fact of being obliged to change my identity always made it impossible for me to avail myself of the advantages of commercial paper, legal deeds, and all titles to property.”

“Thee might have put thy wealth into solid gold—great bars and lumps. Those would be available in any country and in any age, and they would n’t have had anything to do with thy identity,” said his wife.

“It would have been difficult for me to carry about or even conceal such golden treasures; but I have sometimes done that. However, you are in such a hurry to hear about the jewels, I will let all other subjects drop. When I reached my lodgings in Rome, I opened the box, and found everything perfect; the writing on the sheets of parchment was still black and perfectly legible, and the jewels looked just as they did when I put them into the box.”

“I cannot imagine,” interrupted Mrs. Crowder, “how thee remembered what they looked like after the lapse of three hundred years.”

Mr. Crowder smiled. “You forget,” he said, “that since I first reached the age of fifty-three there has been no radical change in me, physical or mental. My memory is

just as good now as it was when I reached my fifty-third birthday, in the days of Abraham. It is impossible for me to forget anything of importance, and I remembered perfectly the appearance of those gems. But my knowledge of such things had been greatly improved by time and experience, and after I had spent an hour or two looking over my treasures, I felt sure that they were far more valuable than they were when they came into my possession. In fact, it was a remarkable collection of precious stones, considering it in regard to its historic as well as its intrinsic value.

“I shall not attempt to describe my various plans for disposing of my treasures; but I soon found that it would not be wise for me to try to sell them in Rome. I had picked out one of the least valuable engraved stones, and had taken it to a lapidary, who readily bought it at his own valuation, and paid me with great promptness; but after he had secured it he asked me so many questions about it, particularly how I had come into possession of it, that I was very sure that he had made a wonderful bargain, and was also convinced that it would not do for me to take any more of my gems to him. These Roman experts knew too much about antique jewels.

“I went to Naples, where I had a similar experience. Then I found it would be well for me, if I did not wish to be arrested as a thief who had robbed a museum, to endeavor to sell my collection as a whole in some other country. As a professional dealer in gems from a foreign land I would be less liable to suspicion than if I endeavored to peddle my jewels one at a time. So I determined to go to Madrid and try to sell my collection there.

“When I reached Spain I found the country in a great turmoil. This was in 1808, when Napoleon was on the point of invading Spain; but as politicians, statesmen, and military men were not in the habit of buy-

ing ancient gems, I still hoped that I might be able to transact the business which had brought me to the country. My collection would be as valuable to a museum then as at any time; for it was not supposed that the French were coming into the country to ravage and destroy the great institutions of learning and art. I made acquaintances in Madrid, and before long I had an opportunity of exhibiting my collection to a well-known dealer and connoisseur, who was well acquainted with the officers of the Royal Museum. I thought it would be well to sell them through his agency, even though I paid him a high commission.

If I should say that this man was astounded as well as delighted when he saw my collection, I should be using very feeble expressions; for, carried away by his enthusiasm, he did not hesitate to say to me that it was the most valuable collection he had ever seen. Even if the stones had been worthless in themselves, their historic value was very great. Of course he wanted to know where I had obtained these treasures, and I informed him truthfully that I had traveled far and wide in order to gather them together. I told him the history of many of them, but entirely omitted mentioning anything which would give a clue to the times and periods when I had come into possession of them.

"This dealer undertook the sale of my jewels. We arranged them in a handsome box lined with velvet and divided into compartments, and I made a catalogue of them, copied from my ancient parchments—which would have ruined me had I inadvertently allowed them to be seen. He put himself into communication with the officers of the museum, and I left the matter entirely in his hands.

"In less than a week I became aware that I was an object of suspicion. I called on the dealer, but he was not to be seen. I found that I was shadowed by officers of the law. I wrote to the dealer, but received no answer. One evening, when I returned to my lodgings, I found that they had been thoroughly searched. I became alarmed, and the conviction forced itself upon me that the sooner I should escape from Madrid, the better for me."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, "and leave thy jewels behind? Thee certainly did not do that!"

"Ah, my dear," replied her husband, "you do not comprehend the situation. It was very plain that the authorities of the museum

did not believe that a private individual, a stranger, was likely to be the legitimate owner of these treasures. Had my case been an ordinary one I should have courted investigation; but how could I prove that I had been an honest man three hundred years before?

"A legal examination, not so much on account of the jewels, but because of the necessary assertion of my age, would have been a terrible ordeal.

"I hurried to the dealer's shop, but found it closed. Inquiring of a woman on a neighboring door-step, I was informed that the dealer had been arrested. I asked no more. I did not return to my lodgings, and that night I left Madrid."

I could not repress an exclamation of distress, and Mrs. Crowder cried: "What! did thee go away and leave thy jewels? Such a thing is too dreadful to think of. But perhaps thee got them again?"

"No," said Mr. Crowder; "I never saw them again, nor ever heard of them. But now that it is impossible for any one to be living who might recognize me, I hope to go to Madrid and see those gems. I have no doubt that they are in the museum."

"And I," exclaimed Mrs. Crowder—"I shall go with thee; I shall see them."

"Indeed you shall," said her husband, taking her affectionately by the hand. And then he turned to me. "You may think," said he, "that I was too timid, that I was too ready to run away from danger; but it is hard for any one but myself readily to appreciate my horror of a sentence to imprisonment or convict labor for life."

"Oh, horrible!" said his wife, with tears in her eyes. "Then thee would have despaired indeed."

"No," said he; "I should not even have had that consolation. Despair is a welcome to death. A man who cannot die cannot truly despair. But do not let us talk upon such a melancholy subject."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Crowder; "I am glad thee left those wretched jewels behind thee. And thee got away safely?"

"Oh, yes; I had some money left. I traveled by night and concealed myself by day, and so got out of Spain. Soon after I crossed the Pyrenees I found myself penniless, and was obliged to work my way."

"Poverty again!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder. "It is dreadful to hear so much of it. If thee could only have carried away with thee one of thy diamonds, thee might have cracked it up into little pieces, and thee

might have sold these, one at a time, without suspicion."

"I never thought of being a vender of broken diamonds, and there is nothing suspicious about honest labor. The object of my present endeavors was to reach England, and I journeyed northward. It was nearly a month after I had entered France that I was at a little village on the Garonne, repairing a stone wall which divided a field from the road, and I assure you I was very glad to get this job.

"It was here that I heard of the near approach of Napoleon's army on its march into Spain; and that the news was true was quickly proved, for very soon after I had begun my work on the wall the country to the north seemed to be filled with cavalry, infantry, artillery, baggage-wagons, and everything that pertained to an army. About noon there was a general halt, and in the field the wall of which I was repairing a body of officers made a temporary encampment.

"I paid as little apparent attention as possible to what was going on around me, but proceeded steadily with my work, although I assure you I had my eyes wide open all the time. I was thinking of stopping work in order to eat my dinner, which I had with me, when a party of officers approached me on their way to a little hill in the field. One of them stopped and spoke to me, and as he did so the others halted and stood together a little way off. The moment I looked at the person who addressed me I knew him. It was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Then thee has seen the great Napoleon," almost whispered Mrs. Crowder.

"And very much disappointed I was when I beheld him," remarked her husband. "I had seen portraits of him, I had read and heard of his great achievements, and I had pictured to myself a hero. Perhaps my experience should have taught me that heroes seldom look like heroes, but for all that I had had my ideal, and in appearance this man fell below it. His face was of an olive color which was unequally distributed over his features; he was inclined to be pudgy, and his clothes did not appear to fit him; but for all that he had the air of a man who with piercing eyes saw his way before him and did not flinch from taking it, rough as it might be. 'You seem an old man for such work,' said he, 'but if you are strong enough to lift those stones why are you not in the army?' As he spoke I noticed that he had not the intonation of a true Frenchman. He had the accent of the foreigner that he was.

"Sire," said I, "I am too old for the army, but in spite of my age I must earn my bread."

"I may state here that my hair and beard had been growing since I left Madrid.

"For a moment the emperor regarded me in silence. 'Are you a Frenchman?' said he. 'You speak too well for a stone-mason, and, moreover, your speech is that of a foreigner who has studied French.'

"It was odd that each of us should have remarked the accent of the other, but I was not amused at this; I was becoming very nervous.

"Sire," said I, "I come from Italy."

"Were you born there?" asked he.

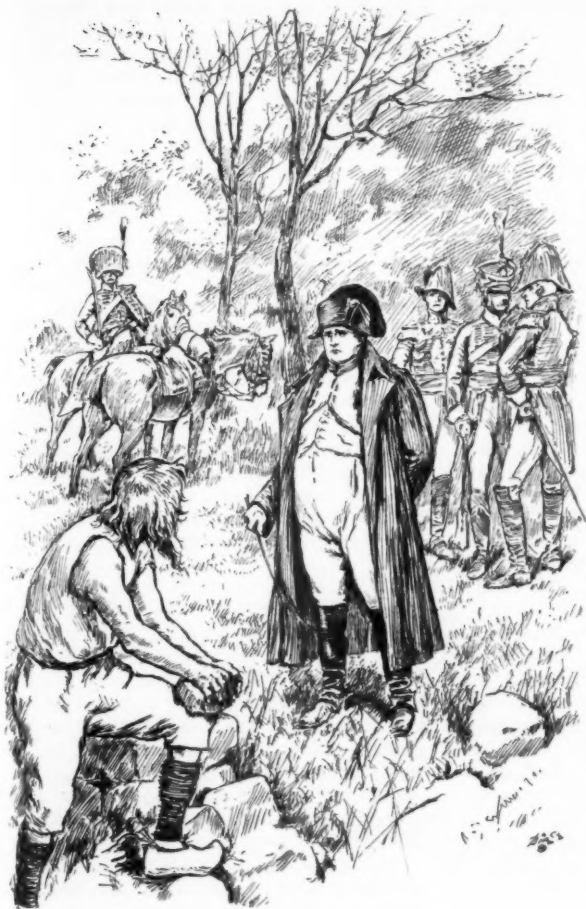
"My nervousness increased. This man was too keen a questioner.

"Sire," I replied, "I was born in the country southeast of Rome." This was true enough, but it was a long way southeast.

"Do you speak Spanish?" he abruptly asked.

"At this question my blood ran cold. I had had enough of speaking Spanish. I was trying to get away from Spain and everything that belonged to that country; but I thought it safest to speak the truth, and I answered that I understood the language. The emperor now beckoned to one of his officers, and ordered him to talk with me in Spanish. I had been in Spain in the early part of the preceding century, and I had there learned to speak the pure Castilian tongue, so that when the officer talked with me I could see that he was surprised, and presently he told the emperor that he had never heard any one who spoke such excellent Spanish. The emperor fixed his eyes upon me. 'You must have traveled a great deal,' he said. 'You should not be wasting your time with stones and mortar.' Then, turning to the officer who had spoken to me, he said, 'He understands Spanish so well that we may make him useful.' He was about to address me again, but was interrupted by the arrival of an orderly with a despatch. This he read hastily, and walked toward the officers who were waiting for him; but before he left me he ordered me to report myself at his tent, which was not far off in the field. He then walked away, evidently discussing the despatch, which he still held open in his hand.

"Now I was again plunged into the deepest apprehension and fear. I did not want to go back to Spain, not knowing what might happen to me there. Every evil thing was possible. I might be recognized, and the emperor might not care to shield any one claimed by the law as an escaped thief. In



"WHY ARE YOU NOT IN THE ARMY?"

an instant I saw all sorts of dreadful possibilities. I determined to take no chances. The moment the emperor's back was turned upon me I got over the broken part of the wall and, interfered with by no one, passed quietly along the road to the house of the man who had employed me to do his mason-work, and seeing no one there,—for every window and door was tightly closed,—I walked into the yard and went to the well, which was concealed from the road by some shrubbery. I looked quickly about, and perceiving that I was not in sight of any one, I got into the well and went down to the bottom, assisting my descent by the well-rope. The water was about five feet deep, and when I first entered it, it chilled me; but nothing

could chill me so much as the thought that I might be taken back into Spain, no matter by whom or for what. I must admit that I was doing then, and often had done, that which seemed very much like cowardice; but people who can die cannot understand the fear which may come upon a person who has not that refuge from misfortune.

"For the rest of the day I remained in the well, and when people came to draw water—and this happened many times in the course of the afternoon—I crouched down as much as I could; but at such times I would have been concealed by the descending bucket, even if any one had chosen to look down the well. This bucket was a heavy one with iron hoops, and I had a great deal of troublesometimes to shield my head from it."

"I should think these would have taken thy death of cold," said Mrs. Crowder, "staying in that cold well the whole afternoon."

"No," said her husband, with a smile; "I was not afraid of that. If I should have taken cold I knew it would not be fatal, and although the water chilled me at first, I became used to it."

An hour or two after night-fall I clambered up the well-rope,—and it was not an easy thing, for although not stout, I am a heavy man,—and I got away over the fields with all the rapidity possible. I did not look back to see if the army were still on the road, nor did I ever know whether I had been searched for or had been forgotten.

"I shall not describe the rest of my journey. There is nothing remarkable about it except that it was beset with many hardships. I made my way into Switzerland and so on down the Rhine, and it was nearly seven months after I left Madrid before I reached England.

"I remained many years in Great Britain, living here and there, and was greatly in-

terested in the changes and improvements I saw around me. You can easily understand that when I tell you that it was in 1512, twenty years after the discovery of America, that I had last been in England. I do not believe that in any other part of the world the changes in three hundred years could have been more marked and impressive.

"I had never visited Ireland, and as I had a great desire to see that country, I made my way there as soon as possible, and after visiting the most noted spots of the island I settled down to work as a gardener."

"Always poor," ejaculated Mrs. Crowder, with a sigh.

"No, not always," answered her husband. "But wandering sight-seers cannot be expected to make much money. At this time I was very glad indeed to cease from roving and enjoy the comforts of a home, even though it were a humble one. The family with whom I took service was that of Maria Edgeworth, who lived with her father in Edgeworthstown."

"What!" cried Mrs. Crowder, "'Lazy Lawrence,' 'Simple Susan,' and all the rest of them? Was it that Miss Edgeworth?"

"Certainly," said he; "there never was but one Maria Edgeworth; I don't think there ever will be another. I soon became very well acquainted with Miss Edgeworth. Her father was a studious man and a magistrate. He paid very little attention to the house and garden, the latter of which was almost entirely under the charge of his daughter Maria. She used to come out among the flower-beds and talk to me, and as my varied experience enabled me to tell her a great deal about fruits, flowers, and vegetables, she became more and more interested in what I had to tell her. She was a plain, sensible woman, anxious for information, and she lived in a very quiet neighborhood where she did not often have opportunities of meeting persons of intelligence and information. But when she found out that I could tell her so many things, not only about plants but about the countries where I had known them, she would sometimes spend an hour or two with me, taking notes of what I said.

"During the time that I was her gardener she wrote the story of 'The Little Merchants,' and as she did not know very much about Italy and Naples, I gave her most of the points for that highly moral story. She told me, in fact, that she did not believe she could have written it had it not been for my assistance. She thought well to begin the

story by giving some explanatory 'Extracts from a Traveler's Journal' relative to Italian customs, but afterward she depended entirely on me for all points concerning distinctive national characteristics and the general Italian atmosphere. As she became aware that I was an educated man and had traveled in many countries, she was curious about my antecedents, but of course my remarks in that direction were very guarded.

"One day, as she was standing looking at me as I was pruning a rose-bush, she made a remark which startled me. I perfectly remember her words. 'It seems to me,' she said, 'that one who is so constantly engaged in observing and encouraging the growth and development of plants should himself grow and develop. Roses of one year are generally better than those of the year before. Then why is not the gardener better?' To these words she immediately added, being a woman of kind impulses, 'But in the case of a good gardener, such as you are, I've no doubt he does grow better, year by year.'"

"What was there startling in that little speech?" asked Mrs. Crowder. "I don't think she could have said anything less."

"I will tell you why I was startled," said her husband. "Almost those very words—mark me, almost those very words—had been said to me when I was working in the wonderful gardens of Nebuchadnezzar, and he was standing by me watching me prune a rose-bush. That Maria Edgeworth and the great Nebuchadnezzar should have said the same thing to me was enough to startle me."

To this astounding statement Mrs. Crowder and I listened with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said Mr. Crowder; "you may think it amazing that a very ordinary remark should connect 'The Parents' Assistant' with the city of Babylon, but so it was. In the course of my life I have noticed coincidences quite as strange.

"I spent many years in the city of Babylon, but the wonderful Hanging Gardens interested me more than anything else the great city contained. At the time of which I have just spoken I was one of Nebuchadnezzar's gardeners, but not in the humble position which I afterward filled in Ireland. I had under my orders fifteen slaves, and my principal duty was to direct the labors of these poor men. These charming gardens, resting upon arches high above the surface of the ground, watered by means of pipes from the river Euphrates, and filled with the choicest flowers, shrubs, and plants

known to the civilization of the time, were a ceaseless source of delight to me. Often, when I had finished the daily work assigned to me and my men, I would wander over other parts of the garden and enjoy its rare beauties. I frequently met Nebuchadnezzar, who for the time enjoyed his gardens almost as much as I did. When relieved from the cares of state and his ambitious plans, and while walking in the winding paths among sparkling fountains and the fragrant flower-beds, he seemed like a very ordinary man, quiet and reflective, with very good ideas concerning nature and architecture. The latter I learned from his frequent remarks to me. I suppose it was because I appeared to be so much older and more experienced than most of those who composed his little army of gardeners that he often addressed me, asking questions and making suggestions; and it was one afternoon, standing by me as I was at work in a rose-bed, that he said the words which were spoken to me about twenty-four centuries afterward by Maria Edgeworth. Now, was n't that enough to startle a man?"

"Startle!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, "I should have screamed. I should have thought that some one had come from the dead to speak to me. But I suppose there was nothing about Maria Edgeworth which reminded thee of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon."

"Yes, there was," replied her husband: "there was the same meditative expression of the eyes; the same reflective mood as each one began to speak, as if he and she were merely thinking aloud; the same quick, kind reference to me, as if the speaker feared that my feelings might have been hurt by a presumption that I myself had not developed and improved."

"I had good reason to remember those words of Nebuchadnezzar, for they were the last I ever heard him speak. A few days

afterward I was informed by the chief gardener that the king was about to make a journey across the mountains into Media, and that he intended to establish there what would now be called an experimental garden of horticulture, which was to be devoted to growing and improving certain ornamental trees which did not flourish in the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. His expedition was not



NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND THE GARDENER.

to be undertaken entirely for this purpose, but he was a man that did a great many things at once, and the establishment of these experimental grounds was only one of the objects of his journey.

"The chief gardener then went on to say that the king had spoken to him about me and had said that he would take me with him and perhaps put me in charge of the new gardens."

"This mark of royal favor did not please me at all. I had hoped that I might ultimately become the chief of the Babylonian gardens, and this would have suited me admirably. It was a position of profit and

some honor, and when I thought that I had lived long enough in that part of the world it would have been easy for me to make a journey into the surrounding country on some errand connected with the business of the gardens, and then quietly to disappear. But if I were to be taken into Media it might not be easy for me to get away. Therefore I did not wait to see Nebuchadnezzar again and receive embarrassing royal commands, but I went to my home that night, and returned no more to the wonderful Hanging Gardens of Babylon."

"I think thee was a great deal better off in the gardens of Maria Edgeworth," said Mrs. Crowder, "for there thee could come and go as thee pleased, and it almost makes my flesh creep when I think of thee living in company with the bloody tyrants of the past. And always in poverty and suffering, as if thee had been one of the common people, and not the superior of every man around thee! I don't want to hear anything more about the wicked Nebuchadnezzar. How long did thee stay with Maria Edgeworth?"

"About four years," he replied; "and I might have remained much longer, for in that quiet life the advance of one's years was not likely to be noticed. I am sure Miss Edgeworth looked no older to me when I left her than when I first saw her. But she was obliged to go into England to nurse her sick stepmother, and after her departure the place had no attractions for me, and I left Ireland."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Crowder, a little maliciously, "that thee did not marry her." Her husband laughed.

"Englishwomen of her rank in society do not marry their gardeners, and, besides, in any case, she would not have suited me for a wife. For one reason, she was too homely."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder, and she might have said more, but her husband did not give her a chance.

"I know I have talked a great deal about my days of poverty and misery, and now I will tell you something different. For a time I was the ruler of all the Russias."

"Ruler!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder and I, almost in the same breath.

"Yes," said he, "absolute ruler. And this was the way of it:

"I was in Russia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, at a time when there was great excitement in royal and political circles. The young czar Feodor had recently died, and he had named as his successor his half-brother Peter, a boy ten years of age,

who afterward became Peter the Great. The late czar's young brother Ivan should have succeeded him, but he was almost an idiot. In this complicated state of things, the half-sister of Peter, the Princess Sophia, a young woman of wonderful ambition and really great abilities, rose to the occasion. She fomented a revolution; there was fighting with all sorts of cruelties and horrors, and when affairs had quieted down she was princess regent, while the two boys, Ivan and Peter, were waiting to see what would happen next.

"She was really a woman admirably adapted to her position. She was well educated, wrote poetry, and knew how to play her part in public affairs. She presided in the councils, and her authority was without control; but she was just as bloody-minded and cruel as anybody else in Russia.

"Now, it so happened when the Princess Sophia was at the height of her power, that I was her secretary. For five or six years I had been a teacher of languages in Moscow, and at one time I had given lessons to the princess. In this way she had become well acquainted with me, and having frequently called upon me for information of one sort or another, she concluded to make me her secretary. Thus I was established at the court of Russia. I had charge of all Sophia's public papers, and I often had a good deal to do with her private correspondence, but she signed and sealed all papers of importance.

"The Prince Galitzin, who had been her father's minister and was now Sophia's main supporter in all her autocratic designs and actions, found himself obliged to leave Moscow to attend to his private affairs on his great estates, and was absent for more than a month, and after his departure the princess depended on me more than ever. Like many women in high positions, it was absolutely necessary for her to have a man on whom she could lean with one hand while she directed her affairs with the other."

"I do not think that is always necessary," said Mrs. Crowder, "at least, in these days."

"Perhaps not," said her husband, with a smile, "but it was then. But I must get on with my story. One morning soon after Galitzin's departure, the horses attached to the royal sledge ran away just outside of Moscow. The princess was thrown out upon the hard ground, and badly dislocated her right wrist. By the time she had been taken back to the palace her arm and hand were dreadfully swollen, and it was difficult for her surgeons to do anything for her.

"I was called into the princess's room just after the three surgeons had been sent to prison. I found her in great trouble, mental as well as physical, and her principal anxiety was that she was afraid it would be a long time before she would be able to use her hand and sign and seal the royal acts and decrees. She had a certain superstition about this which greatly agitated her. If she could not sign and seal, she did not believe she would be able to rule. Any one who understood the nature of the political factions in Russia well knew that an uprising among the nobles might occur upon any pretext, and no pretext could be so powerful as the suspicion of incompetency in the sovereign. The seat of a ruler who did not rule was extremely uncertain.

"At that moment a paper of no great importance, which had been sent in to her before she went out in her sledge that morning, was lying on the table near her couch, and she was greatly worried because she could not sign it. I assured her she need not trouble herself about it, for I could attend to it. I had often affixed her initials and seal to unimportant papers.

"The princess did not object to my proposition, but this was not enough for her. She had a deep mind, and she quickly concocted a scheme by which her public business should be attended to, while at the same time it should not be known that she did not attend to it. She caused it to be given out that it was her ankle which had been injured, and not her wrist. She sent for another surgeon, and had him locked up in the palace when he was not attending to her, so that he should tell no tales. Her ladies were informed that it would be very well for them to keep silent, and they understood her. Then she arranged with me that all public business should be brought to her; that I should sign and seal in her place, and should be her agent of communication with the court.

"When this plan had been settled upon, the princess regained something of her usual good spirits. 'As I never sign my name with my toes,' she said to me, 'there is no reason why a sprained ankle should interfere with my royal functions, and for the present you can be my right hand.'

"This was a very fine plan, but it did not work as she expected it would. Her wrist became more and more painful, and fever set in, and on the second day, when I called upon her, I found she was in no condition to attend to business. She was irritable and

drowsy. 'Don't annoy me with that paper,' she said. 'If the wool-dealers ought to have their taxes increased, increase them. You should not bring these trifles to me; but'—and now she regained for a moment her old acuteness—'remember this: don't let my administration stop.'

"I understood her very well, and when I left her I saw my course plain before me. It was absolutely necessary that the exercise of royal functions by the Princess Sophia should appear to go on in its usual way; any stoppage would be a signal for a revolution. In order that this plan should be carried out, I must act for the princess regent; I must do what I thought right, and it must be done in her name, exactly as if she had ordered it. I assumed the responsibilities without hesitation. While it was supposed I was merely the private secretary of the princess, acting as her agent and mouthpiece, I was in fact the ruler of all the Russias."

Mrs. Crowder opened her mouth as if she would gasp for breath, but she did not say anything.

"You can scarcely imagine, my dear," said he, "the delight with which I assumed the powers so suddenly thrust upon me. I set myself to work without delay, and, as I knew all about the wool-dealers' business, I issued a royal decree decreasing their taxes. Poor creatures! they were suffering enough already."

"Good for thee!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowder.

"I cannot tell you of all the reforms I devised, or even those which I carried out. I knew that the fever of the princess, aggravated by the pain of the dislocation not yet properly reduced, would continue for some time, and I bent all my energies to the work of doing as much good as I could in the vast empire under my control while I had the opportunity. And it was a great opportunity, indeed! I did not want to do anything so radical as to arouse the opposition of the court, and therefore I directed my principal efforts to the amelioration of the condition of the people in the provinces. It would be a long time before word could get back to the capital of what I had done in those distant regions. By night and by day my couriers were galloping in every direction, carrying good news to the peasants of Russia. It was remarked by some of the councilors, when they spoke of the municipal reforms I instituted, that the princess seemed to be in a very humane state of mind; but none of them cared to interfere with what they supposed to be the

sick-bed workings of her conscience. So I ruled with a high hand, astonishing the provincial officials, and causing thousands of downtrodden subjects to begin to believe that perhaps they were really human beings, with some claim on royal justice and kindness.

"I fairly reveled in my imperial power, but I never forgot to be prudent. I lessened the duties and slightly increased the pay of the military regiments stationed in and about Moscow, and thus the Princess Sophia became very popular with the army, and I felt safe. I went in to see the princess every day, and several times when she was in her right mind she asked me if everything was going on well, and once when I assured her that all was progressing quietly and satisfactorily, she actually thanked me. This was a good deal for a Russian princess. If she had known how the people were thanking her, I do not know what would have happened.

"For twenty-one days I reigned over Russia. If I had been able to do it, I should have made each day a year; I felt that I was in my proper place."

"And thee was right," said Mrs. Crowder, her eyes sparkling. "I believe that at that time thee was the only monarch in the world who was worthy to reign." And with a loyal pride, as if he had just stepped from a throne, she put her hand upon his arm.

"Yes," said Mr. Crowder, "I honestly believe that I was a good monarch, and I will admit that in those days such personages were extremely scarce. So my imperial sway proceeded with no obstruction until I was informed that Prince Galitzin was hastening to Moscow, on his return from his estates, and was then within three days' journey of

the capital. Now I prepared to lay down the tremendous power which I had wielded with such immense satisfaction to myself, and with such benefit, I do not hesitate to say, to the people of Russia. The effects of my rule are still to be perceived in some of the provinces of Russia, and decrees I made more than two hundred years ago are in force in many villages along the eastern side of the Volga.

"The day before Prince Galitzin was expected, I visited Sophia for the last time. She was a great deal better, and much pleased by the expected arrival of her minister. She actually gave me some orders, but when I left her I did not execute them. I would not have my reign sullied by any of her mandates. That afternoon, in a royal sledge, with a royal passport and permission to travel where and how I pleased, I left Moscow. Frequent relays of horses carried me rapidly beyond danger of pursuit, and so, in course of time, I passed the boundaries of the empire of Russia, over which for three weeks I had ruled, an absolute autocrat."

"Does thee know," said Mrs. Crowder, "that two or three times I expected thee to say that thee married Sophia?"

Mr. Crowder laughed. "That is truly a wild notion," said he.

"I don't think it is wild at all," she replied. "In the course of thy life thee has married a great many plain persons. In some ways that princess would have suited thee as a wife, and if thee had really married her and had become her royal consort, like Prince Albert, thee might have made a great change in her. But, after all, it would have been a pity to interfere with the reign of Peter the Great."

(To be continued.)

CAMPS.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

ACROSS the world the ceaseless march of man
Has been through smoldering fires, left by the bold,
Who first beyond the guarded outposts ran
And saw with wondering eyes new lands unrolled—
Who built the hut in which a home began,
And round a camp-fire's ashes broke the mold.

THE MONKEY THAT NEVER WAS.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub," "The Yellow Burgee," etc.



HE learned Doctor reclined and cooked a little mass of poppy-paste upon a slender wire. When the paste had resolved to the size of a pea, and he had held it on a broad-bowled pipe and burned it in the flame of a tiny lamp, a single volume of acrid smoke at length poured out of his nostrils. The long process of preparation and the short process of inhalation went on until the Doctor lay as one dead, and the lamp died out against the dawn.

The smoke drifted from the dormer-window and into the next room to the prisoner girl, who sat with her head on her arms, and who, had she not been so young and so beautiful, might still have been happy in the old Cathay she wept for. From day to day, when he of the over-lengthy arms and swollen paunch, whom she called the Spider, brought her food, and threatened her because she did not eat and recover her bloom, the doom awaiting her grew clearer; and she was a mandarin's daughter, and not of the horde who know before they leave Hong-Kong. With the smell of the opium fumes that once she would have loathed, she ran to her window. A little vial of black, nauseating paste must lie at his side in the other room—a little vial of forgetfulness, an end to everything forever. Stealthily she thrust her trousered leg over the sill, to brave the passage along the slanting roof. But the rotten wood and tin of the narrow gutter split beneath her little weight, and she gasped, and seized her casement. No; she could not die that way—to crash an ugly, broken heap in the dirty street. The poppy-paste would leave her asleep and beautiful, safe from the earthly fiends who shadowed her. Would not Kwanyin have mercy, and send her the means? Kwanyin! Kwanyin! She traced a little outline of the goddess on the wall with the soot from the fallen stove-pipe; and she set untasted food before it. She had no light to burn; but she stood for a long time with her palms together, knocking, and uttering the substance of her woes. And One-Two watched from his sill, whither he had come and jumped on soft

paws when her cry had startled him from what a cat calls sleep. Seeing him, she made such love with ardent eyes and joyous smiling graces that he came and murmured to her, and she hugged him and stroked him with little hands. They purred to each other, and talked until they fell asleep with the rising of the sun.

In the morning, the Doctor gave Hoo Chee his writing task—to copy, as he had for weeks of mornings past, the character which means old age; and the Doctor went off to see a certain Chin Poo, to whom he had inadvertently administered an overdose of sleeping-draft. The Infant did not set to work at once; he wanted, first, to play Bad Old Man awhile; and he climbed to a chair and looked out on the roof in search of his needful partner One-Two, who had not arrived for his breakfast. The sight of One-Two on another window-sill, rubbing back and forth against the shiny silk of a strange young woman's sleeve, caused Hoo Chee to say:

"That is n't your cat; he's my cat!"

"Oh!" said the girl, meekly. "But you don't want him right away, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Hoo Chee.

The girl gave a feeble smile, and gently pushed One-Two away. She leaned her head against the casement, and burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" said Hoo Chee.

"Did you bump your head?"

He was about to draw into his room; the sight unmanned him; but she bravely stopped the tears.

"I was only thinking about a girl who—did n't have any one in the world to talk to," she said; "and she was a mandarin's daughter!"

"Is it a story?" cried Hoo Chee, wriggling far out of his window. "And she lived in the bamboo forest, and the big blue ostrich came and picked all the little brothers off the loquat-tree?"

"I wish it was," she said; "but this story no one knows but me."

"Well, perhaps I'll let you like my cat," said Hoo Chee, invitingly.

"Will you hear the story?" said the girl,

eagerly. "I might die, and no one ever know about it. It would be as if I had been swallowed in sand. You see, her name was Loi Luey."

"Was she the prettiest there ever was?" suggested Hoo Chee.

"They used to say so; but now she has n't had any one to talk to—any one she cared for—for weeks."

"I wish you would n't cry!" said Hoo Chee, with a frown, and some fear.

"I won't—I won't," said the girl, desperately. "You see, Loi Luey lived on the Canton River; and—"

"That's where I live when I'm at home," said Hoo Chee. "But I've never been there yet. Was there a magpie, and two little baby magpies, and they were twins?"

"There were thousands of magpies. She lived far up the river; and she did n't know how to talk to the people that lived in the city. Her father said she must learn the Cantonese, because there was a rich magistrate that had seen her portrait and wanted to marry her. So there came a young man with goggles to teach her; and she sat with her mother, and he looked at Loi Luey and talked with them; and Loi Luey learned so fast that one day the young man laughed a little with his eyes, and said very gravely, 'Your mother does not know what I am saying, beautiful friend!' And Loi Luey was so confused—it was just as if she had been alone with him—that she stammered, and her mother boxed her ears. Then the teacher spoke in their own dialect, and said he had said that Loi Luey's mother was a very young woman. And her mother said, 'Of course! I understood every word; and I am sorry my daughter is so stupid!' Loi Luey wanted to laugh at this, and she went out into the garden as soon as she could, and she did laugh. Oh, how she could laugh—then!"

Hoo Chee had listened patiently; but he wished the story would begin. Stories were about animals and little boys.

"For, you see, the teacher—his name—his name," said the girl, in an uncertain voice, "was Han Kim. The teacher was very kind and dignified, and he knew a wonderful lot of things. They had often caught each other looking at each other; and she might have known there would never be anybody she—cared so much about. So she picked some persimmons. She did n't want the persimmons, but she knew he was somewhere near the garden. Then she sang a little song; and when she had finished she heard a voice in Cantonese, from the other side of

the wall, and it sang: 'How lovely is Loi Luey! Han Kim made her portrait, and showed it to his friend. His friend is rich, and his friend will make them happy! How lovely is Loi Luey!' And Loi Luey giggled, because she was only fourteen years old, and she did n't want to be married yet—not for two years; but it was nice to have somebody care, and she giggled and laughed. How she could laugh!"

She leaned against the casement, and sighed heavily.

"A monkey would eat persimmons if you did n't look out, would n't he?" insinuated Hoo Chee.

"There are n't any persimmons now!" said the girl, looking hard across the dingy roofs. "You see, Loi Luey's father came and asked her why she laughed so; and she said she had swallowed a feather. Then he said she was most fortunate, because in a month she would be married to the rich magistrate that tried the murderers at Canton; and she would have nothing to do but play games, and eat ginger, and mind her mother-in-law. Loi Luey did not like that; for she had once seen the magistrate, and he was very old. He tottered when he walked, and his hand shook with palsy, and he had but one tooth!"

Hoo Chee began to dig with a grimy stick in the silt in the gutter; there was a bit of blue porcelain, which he would make into a pagoda, on the banks of a stream where a sea-horse lived.

"I wish the teacher had gone away then, and never come back, because Luey did n't really care so much then. She was only a child. But the old women had told her stories of love before marriage, and about young men who stole young girls away and made them happy ever afterward. They are lies. If you disobey your father the gods will send misery and death. They are lies, and women are fools!"

"Yes," said Hoo Chee, bobbing in his chair. "Do you know any stories about the gods and the animals up in the sky?"

"Yes. But this one I have not told to any one but you. It's a secret. You see, Loi Luey walked away, and frowned, and pouted, and then cried a little. In the midst of it she heard his voice—the teacher's voice; and he sang: 'She shall not marry the magistrate! For Han Kim has a powerful friend, and the little sampan steals her!' Then Loi Luey laughed, and sang back: 'I must marry the magistrate, because he loves me!' And the teacher sang: 'Luey lovely, Luey lovely! A third the years and thrice the love! A third

the years and thrice the love!" And Loi Luey did not know what to say, and so she only laughed; and she thought about it for days and days; and often she would hear Han Kim singing in Cantonese: "A third the years and thrice the love!" until she hated the magistrate more and more. If Han Kim had only gone away! The magistrate would have died some day, and then—"

Very gradually, while he stared with apparent abstraction across the roofs, Hoo Chee's head was retiring within the window. In a moment he would disappear, with One-Two in his arms. There would be no one to tell the rest of her story to!

"And what do you think the magistrate sent her father the very next day?" she exclaimed quickly. "It was a real, live monkey!"

"A monkey?" said Hoo Chee, popping out. "A Real Monkey, and woolly, and had a tail like hands?"

"Oh, yes! And he said lots of things. You'd like to know! You see, Loi Luey and all her family started for Canton, one day; for her father had been made assistant to the magistrate because he had such a—a pretty daughter; and Loi Luey was told that she must marry the magistrate as soon as they got to Canton. So the teacher was dismissed, and Loi Luey cried a long time, and made up her mind to marry the magistrate. And so they all got on a great river-junk, with all their bundles—"

"Did the Real Monkey have his comb and chop-sticks in a little bag, on a bamboo?"

"Yes, over his shoulder. And he said he would bring lots of nice monkeys to have tea with us in Canton. The big junk was pushed by a wheel by as many as thirty men, who just jumped up and down and made the wheel go around. So Loi Luey and her father and mother and three sisters all went down the river; and she saw so many things that she forgot she must marry the old magistrate; and she was glad that she never expected to see Han Kim any more, because she knew she liked him so. The next day, just at dusk, they saw Canton, with all its lights and the million little sampans, and the pawn-shops towering in the sky, and the strange white junks sent by the foreign devils to show their fear of the Son of Heaven. And just as they had all their bundles ready to go ashore, there came Han Kim, who had been on the boat all the time! He did not look at Luey, whose heart beat so fast. He told her father that a rich friend had sent his sampan for him to go ashore in;

and though it was too stately for a poor teacher, it was quite befitting a mandarin, and would Luey's father honor him by riding in it? And so they all got into the teacher's sampan."

"Did the Real Monkey get in, too?" said Hoo Chee, who had expected that the story would soon begin.

"Oh, yes. He explained to the teacher that he had been appointed head monkey at the yamun. Don't you wish you had a Real Monkey, little boy?" she asked, with a flash of purpose.

Hoo Chee nodded; but the notion would have been too appallingly delightful. Such a thing could never happen to a little boy so far from where he lived when he was at home.

"When they got to the shore, and Loi Luey sat in the back of the sampan and gazed at Han Kim, who would not look at her, she wondered if he did n't care for her any more; and she was angry, because she knew she was prettier than any one else. But he did n't look. He and his coolie got out among the chairmen and a thousand others that crowded around, and he told them to stand aside, because it was a mandarin; and so Loi Luey's father, and then the monkey, and then her mother and her three sisters all walked out in single file, and held their heads in the air, and would not have looked behind them for anything. Then Loi Luey stood ready to step out. And then—then—"

The girl choked.

"Then did the Real Monkey run up a big tree, awful quiet, so that no one suspected, and set off a big fire-cracker, and scare himself almost to death?"

"No one would have heard a fire-cracker, there was such a clamor and shouting of coolies. Loi Luey stood up, and then—then Han Kim and his coolie jumped in and pushed the sampan off, and Loi Luey fell down in it. She saw the black water between her and the shore, and she screamed—she screamed with all her might; but no one heard her. The backs of her people disappeared in the crowd, and Loi Luey was left alone with Han Kim and his man."

"Then the Real Monkey did n't stay on the sampan," sighed Hoo Chee, sinking back a little.

"Yes, yes; the monkey came, too—I forgot. And Loi Luey was away out in the broad river, shuddering and sobbing because she thought she was going to be killed. But Han Kim touched her forehead, and told her not to be afraid. He loved her, he said, and he would have strangled the magistrate

rather than let him marry her. He had a dear friend who was very rich and powerful, and was waiting to give him money, so that Han Kim could go away and be happy with his little golden lily—that is what he called Loi Luey. And she wanted to be his golden lily, and—and—you cannot understand. It was against the gods; it was against everything right and honest to disobey her parents. But Loi Luey knew she loved Han Kim. She loved him, and she did n't care for all the gods in heaven. See what she has come to now for that! See! But you can't understand—you can't understand!"

"But I can understand about the Real Monkey," said Hoo Chee, comfortingly. "Did n't the Real Monkey do something?"

"Yes, yes! And away in the distance they heard the beating of gongs, and the hubbub of men running to get into the city, before the gates were closed. And then the noise ceased, and she knew the gates had shut, with her father and mother and sisters inside of them; and they would not have been opened again that night for the viceroy himself. But she did not care so very much then. She crouched at Han Kim's knee, and held his hand in the dark. He told her how his friend had loaned him the sampan, and told him just what to do, and how the next day Han Kim could run away to Singapore, and take Loi Luey, and be happy ever afterward. And then—then—"

For a moment she could not go on.

"And then did the Real Monkey cut a hole in the bottom of the boat, and a little fish come in and ask if she had ever told a lie? Because I know! The fish said that if she said yes he would bite off her toe; and if she said no, that would be another lie, and he would bite it off anyway. And the little girl stared and stared, and the little fish swam round and round," said Hoo Chee, in a lowered voice, "and looked up out of the corners of his eyes till it made him sleepy; and the little girl stared with her toes in her hands."

The girl had not heard him.

"And then—then—" she tried to resume. "Then she just waited, and did n't say anything, because she wanted her toe; and by and by the little fish was so ashamed, he ran home and got into bed with his mother. And sometimes it's better if you don't talk so much. That's a good story!"

"I tell you, the good stories are all lies!" cried the girl. "If we break their laws the gods destroy us! We saw a light. There on the shore was the man who called himself Han Kim's friend. He was a Spider, a Hor-

rible Spider—the ugliest, foulest monster in the world! He held up his lantern. 'My friend!' cried Han Kim. 'Ah,' said the Spider, 'she's a handsome little one—a valuable little one! And you have kidnapped her, and the law would punish you by death!' 'But we shall be in Singapore, good friend!' said Han Kim. 'They will never find us. We shall be happy!' 'You have kidnapped her! See,' said the Spider, turning to the coolie; 'Han Kim must die!' Then the coolie set upon my loved one and threw him to the ground. See how the gods will punish those who disobey! The coolie felled him, and they rolled on the sand and dug at each other's eyes. And my—my Han Kim called to the Spider to help him; and the Spider beat them both in the head with stones, till they could not speak. He held their heads under the water till they drowned. I did not see any more; I did not see anything. When I opened my eyes it was morning, and I cried for my mother; and he who stood over me was the Spider—the Horrible Spider!"

Hoo Chee stared at her in a kind of fear; but then he said anxiously:

"The Horrible Spider did n't drown the Real Monkey, did he?"

"No, no!" she cried. "You shall have your monkey! Would n't you like a Real Monkey—all your own? Don't be frightened; I did n't mean to look so. He is a nice monkey. Listen, little boy; she—she saw him fanning himself with his tail and warming his hands under his knees!"

"What for?" asked the Infant.

"He said he was fanning himself for the summer that was behind him, and warming himself for the winter that was before him; do you think that was funny?"

"I know," said the Infant. "It was a joke!"

"But he did n't joke any more that day. Loi Luey looked out and saw the strange city of Hong-Kong; and when the sun set again she was in a mighty iron junk without sails, tossing on the ocean, beyond the sight of the highest mountains. She grew limp, and thought she was going to die; and she did not care if she did."

"But the Real Monkey did n't grow limp, did he?" said Hoo Chee, confidently.

"He did grow limp, and he cried! You see," she added, with a quick change to a smile which he had to like, "he said he—he remembered that he—had forgotten something—which he—he was sure must have been very sad. You would have cried if you were seventeen days without seeing a moun-

tain. Then they were here. Loi Luey was so frightened to see the 'Melican devils, with their black clothes, that she clung even to the Horrible Spider. They were going to kill her at first, as they would now if she cried out and asked them to help her. They would! I have heard about these blue-eyed devils all my life, and the Spider told me so. I had to say I was the Spider's wife before they let me go; and the Spider locked me in here. And he never sees me but once a day, when he fetches me food. But he says he will whip me if I do not grow as pretty as I was. I can't. I can't sleep, and there is n't any one in the world to talk to. And some day he'll take me to some man, and—oh, Kwanyin, Kwanyin! Don't go, little boy! Listen; you can have a Real Monkey, all for your own! He's here; you can have him all for your own!"

The little brown eyes popped out, and Hoo Chee gasped. To her pain, she saw him hurriedly withdraw from the window.

"I want to see the monkey!" he cried, his fists tattooing on her door. "I want to see the monkey!"

"Sh! 'Sh!" cried the girl. "The door is locked. If you knock, the Horrible Spider will come and eat you!"

Hoo Chee returned more slowly to his chair.

"I never saw a Real Monkey!" he said sadly; "and I never saw a Horrible Spider, too!"

"If you saw this Spider, you would never want to again. What I have told you is a secret, and you must n't dare tell any one, not for days and days; because, if the Spider knew, he would come and hurt you to death. But if you don't tell any one, I know how to befool him and get the monkey."

"You tell the monkey to look out the window," said Hoo Chee, discontentedly—"because I don't believe there is any monkey," he added falsely.

"He can't look out, because—because he is chained to the wall. See!" she said, robbing a bureau drawer and returning to the window. "Here is the key; and when you get in you can unchain him. He says he had a dream; and there was a little boy in the next room, and the little boy found a little black bottle that had never been opened. You know? Here's the key to the monkey," she said gaily, throwing it so that it slid down the roof-side and fell where he could get it with his stick. "And when the little boy gives me the black bottle, I know how to frighten the Horrible Spider so that he will

run away! And he will leave the door open; and then you can come in and unlock the monkey! Will you, dearest little boy?"

THE Doctor was returning. Hoo Chee hastily put the key of the Real Monkey in the pocket of his bib; but he did not let go of it. He stood in a daze. It was the key to a Real Monkey!

"Have you written your copy?" said the Doctor.

The Infant had not, and he did not know how to explain; so he kept still, as the little girl did with the fish. But he gave the Doctor the top one of a pile of old copies, looking up trustingly in the old man's face. The Doctor nodded, then frowned.

"This is yesterday's," he said suspiciously.

"Oh!" said Hoo Chee. He hurried and got another from the pile; it was the copy of three days before.

"Ah—much better!" said the Doctor.

"You are improving; and I wish that every morning you would put back the ink-slab and brushes, and the ink-stick and paper, as carefully as you have to-day. Now, as your reward," continued the Doctor, looking hard at him, "I will give you not a single character to write to-morrow; I will give you three; and they mean: 'Don't try to deceive old men.'"

Then Hoo Chee looked hard at the Doctor, and neither of them spoke. But Hoo Chee was nevertheless handling the key to the monkey, and thinking more about the little black vial. The Doctor ground some ink, and chuckled quietly; and Hoo Chee crawled in under the bunk, and built a shield of the classics around the lacquered box. He sang meanwhile, and as he raised the lid of the box he sang louder,—a hymn about being washed,—and put a little black bottle, that had never been opened, in his pocket with the key.

"What are you doing there?" said the Doctor, suddenly.

"Sh! It was a red tiger; but he's turned gray and gone to sleep," said the Infant, pointing to One-Two. "Shall I begin my new copy now?" he asked soulfully.

"Yes," said the Doctor, looking at him closely through doubtful spectacles. "I am glad—I am glad you want to begin now."

The rag the Doctor gave him to wipe his inky fingers on the Infant stuffed into the pocket of his bib, where it hid better the vial and the key. He set to work with great energy, having observed that the Doctor showed signs of going out again. He sat

cross-legged, high in a chair; and One-Two played awhile with his master's overhanging pigtail, then went off to find the girl in the next room. The Doctor, remarking that he would not be back until late, departed to see if a pinch of pepper in the eye would cause Chin Poo to sit up and address his apprehensive family.

"Good, good!" said Loi Luey, when she saw Hoo Chee with the vial in his fist. "Oh, don't hold it so!"

Hoo Chee eyed her solemnly.

"I want to see the monkey first," he pronounced.

"But did n't I give you the key? He's chained behind the door; and besides, he—he's knitting himself a purse—to carry his butcher's bill in; and if he stopped he says he could n't find where he left off."

Hoo Chee did not know what to say. He wished he could see the monkey, because once, in the street, a boy had told him that there was a mouse in a box, and had taken Hoo Chee's bean-meal cookie in exchange; and when Hoo Chee untied the box there was n't any mouse; and when he looked for his cookie there was n't any boy. But he wanted a Real Monkey; there was n't anything he wanted so much as a Real Monkey, with a tail like hands.

"I want to see some of his hair," he said artfully; "because maybe I won't want him if I don't like his hair."

The girl seemed to acquiesce; she disappeared, and the Infant heard a yowl not unlike a cat's. One-Two shot madly from her window and in under the bunk behind Hoo Chee. Loi Luey appeared, and held out her fist with a few hairs projecting from each side of it. If they were like a cat's, they still looked five times as long.

"Of course," said Loi Luey, boldly, "if you don't want the monkey, you can give me back the key."

But he did want the monkey! He and the Real Monkey and One-Two would go for a walk; and they would act very unconcerned; and all the world would be most astonished, and everybody would ask who the little boy was who had a Real Monkey.

"Well," he said at length, "if you don't give me the monkey I'll tell the Wise Old Man, and he'll know what to do!"

This seemed to impress her deeply, and they arrived at the question of ways and means. The only way to transfer the vial with hope of safety was to tie it to One-Two; and One-Two, brought unwillingly from behind the classics, and burdened with the vial

at his neck, showed preference for any direction other than Loi Luey's. But then a train of little scraps of fish was arranged, leading up to her sill, quite inconsistent with the torture he had just received from her. Loi Luey stood with tense muscles just out of sight; and the Infant held his breath, because upon One-Two depended a whole Real Monkey. Presently he saw her hand dart forth even as a hawk. One-Two exclaimed in fright and pain, and, minus the vial, dashed over the roofs and far away to a place where he had no friends. But Loi Luey did not show herself, though Hoo Chee called to her. He wished he had his monkey now. It should be Hoo Chee's head monkey, and Hoo Chee would pretend to be a mighty mandarin. One-Two should march behind, and the Real Monkey should go before with a big red umbrella, and all the street-gods would kotow.

"May I have my monkey now?" he said, when at last he saw her. She did not seem to hear him.

"He told me to look beautiful," she said. "I shall! He was going to take me to a tea-house, and a Pig was to look at me. But when he comes he will blaspheme the gods!"

"But he won't blaspheme the Real Monkey, will he?" said Hoo Chee.

"He wants me—me!" she exclaimed. She laughed, and threw the empty vial down into the street. The Infant stared at her. She had newly braided her oily hair, and she was putting on her tunic of green silk with the peacocks embroidered in gold.

"You must wait," she said. "You must not tell any one, nor try to get in—not till you hear the Horrible Spider come, and hear him go away. Then you may have your monkey. But beware of the Horrible Spider; he might kill you! Oh, I don't care—do you?"

She closed her eyes for a moment. The sun was in and out, and a gusty wind was fetching a vast soiled cloud. It worked a melancholy on Hoo Chee, and he could n't help thinking of the box that did n't have any mouse; for she seemed to have forgotten all about the monkey.

"Does the monkey know a nice story?" he asked faintly.

Loi Luey did not hear; a strange new nonchalance stealing over her first brought fear as she recognized it. She wept convulsively, but she forgot why. She drew a long breath.

"I don't care!" she said, smiling drowsily. "You'll wait? The monkey is just behind the door. I hope you'll get your monkey."

A warm, delicious mist was rising before her. She looked down behind her, then slowly subsided from the Infant's wondering sight, seeming to have sunk luxuriously on the floor. For him there was a leaden sky, and the wind, insistent and uncomfortable. After a little he called to her, but she did not reply. He listened at the wall. The monkey must be unhappy, too; for he did n't say anything. It would be very noble to go in and unlock a Real Monkey, and tell him not to be sad, because a little boy would protect him ever afterward, with a One-Two and a Wise Old Man. The Wise Old Man might want to know about the little bottle; and then, if the copy was not done, there would be an unpleasant time when the Doctor returned. He set to work at the table, and made big blotches on his paper, and frowned, and watched a fly that came and ate up the ink. The fly could fly, and perhaps he had just been in and seen the monkey. Gloomy drops of rain were falling. The Infant rose a number of times to listen at the wall, but heard nothing; then went wearily back to his task, till it was too dark to see. How soon it had become evening! Ordinarily he would have climbed up to the shelf and found his bowl of rice and cabbage and soy, and eaten it cold and been happy; and then he would have crawled into his bed on the floor, rather proud; for in stories it was always the little boy with the least fear who caught the most fish and grew into a mandarin. But now he did not eat. There was no light. She in the other room perhaps had a light; it would shine through her keyhole; he would open his door and peep in to see what she was doing. Perhaps if he made the littlest scratch on the panel, the monkey would hear, and would peer through from his side, and they would both laugh! Only, she was waiting for the Horrible Spider to come; and the Horrible Spider ate little boys; and the wind was very noisy, and the rain beat coldly in at the window. He did not go out to peep through her keyhole; instead, he climbed on a chair, and shifted the spring lock so that the Spider could not come in. The rain shut the little boy away from all the world, drowning its sounds, and veiling all its signs except unsympathetic points of light from distant windows. One-Two was somewhere in a barrel, in a cellar. The Real Monkey, Hoo Chee's head monkey, must be sighing and listening for the Horrible Spider to come and go, and for Hoo Chee to come with the joyous key. It was hard on the monkey, and it was hard on the little boy; because, it

struck him suddenly, when the wind tossed a sheet of rain at the panes, the Horrible Spider could come in at the window! The window must be shut, if it could be. He drew the chair along; it bumped and startled him, and made him hate noises. He clambered as quietly as he could to the sill. The street shone in rushing rivulets far beneath him. He tugged at the sash, but it was difficult to budge it; and, despite the rain, he heard steps on the stairs. They were not the Doctor's steps; they were slower, more ponderous. It—it was the Horrible Spider, two legs at a time. He pulled with all his might, and the sash came safely down; but it made a fearful noise, and the Spider must know there was a little boy in there. The Spider was in the hall, and was jingling a bunch of keys; and Hoo Chee stood pressed in the corner of the sill by the wall, with his mouth drawn down, and his heart thumping against the key in his bib. The Spider turned Loi Luey's lock. A rush of wind from her window shut the door again in the Spider's face. The Spider jammed it back fast on the uneven floor, and the rain beat in, and the wind loudly fluttered the tattered rag of shade, and rattled the mirror that hung on a nail, and sent reflections dancing over the floor from the dimmed electric light beyond the other buildings. The Spider gruffly asked a question; but there was no answer. He saw the green-and-gold embroidered object stretched upon the floor, now and then glistening at the feet with splatterings of rain. He leaned over it and said something angrily, then cried out, and stumbled, and rushed away down the stairs, knocking against the narrow walls with horrid exclamations, till the echoes ceased and the house was still again.

Had she given the Horrible Spider the black stuff from the bottle and frightened him away? And was she glad, and the monkey glad too, to think that a little boy would come in and unchain him?

"May I get my monkey now?" he called to the wall. But there was no answer. There was nothing but silence within, and the rain without; and the sound of his voice stopped him from speaking again. But the Spider had gone; and she had told him to come in for the monkey after the Spider had gone; and the monkey must be shivering in the cold, and crouching and beating his hands on his breast. It would be too sad if the monkey waited and waited, and a little boy did not come! Hoo Chee must be brave; he did not want to be brave, but he must. He got out his key. There never were such fas-

cinating times as he and One-Two would have with the monkey and the red umbrella they would pretend to have; and it was only brave little boys that got Real Monkeys, anyway. He opened his door a little, and heard nothing but the flapping of the shade, and the damp passage of the wind through the other room into the hall. There was no sound of the Spider returning. He stole across her threshold, and looked. It was very still. She had said that the monkey was chained behind the door; but—and there was n't any other door. There was n't any chain. There was n't any monkey. The beam of electric light glanced from the swinging mirror and searched the empty chairs. He saw it pass over the walls, and they were bare. He saw it pass over a form all green and gold and rainy spangles. It was Loi Luey; and how still she was! She might have been a stone—a wooden thing. And the Infant looked again behind the door, and saw nothing—nothing! His mouth drew down, and tears were in his voice.

"There is n't any monkey!" he cried. No living woman but would have quailed before his indictment. "There *is* n't any monkey!"

She did not answer. She frightened him by the way she lay. The mirror swung at a new angle, and the light swept twice across her face. The roots of his hair grew cold and crisp. He had seen that waxen look before. Her soul had run away from her. His little shoes thundered on the floor, and yet seemed fastened to it. The light flashed a challenge in his face; and he ran away from her with all his might, for ever and ever, seven steps to the door that was his own. He slammed it, and cried out at the violence with which it shut, then sank gasping on his bed, and could not weep.

There was n't any monkey. The wind howled and rattled at the sash; it roared and whistled, and swept down the stairs. And there was n't any monkey! There never had been any monkey. And the Spider, the Horrible Spider, might come back. He shivered, and hurried in under the quilts, and drew them up till there was only a little round cap outside, with a little red button on top, and a little red nose peeping out beneath. The wind gave a mighty blast that shook the house as though the Horrible

Spider was tugging it off to his hole; and the red nose disappeared altogether.

"There *was* n't any monkey!" he said bitterly, under his breath. There would n't be any red umbrella, and they would n't go out for a walk and have people stare and wonder; and the monkey would n't tell stories about cousin monkeys, and old wise monkeys, and baby monkeys.

"She told a *lie*!" he muttered. The little fish would bite off *her* toe! For there never had been any monkey! And people who lied lost all their toes, one by one. The rain settled away to a heavy drone, as if it knew and approved. He pulled all the covers close around and tight over his ears; and then he said, very dismally and much louder: "*I knew* there was n't any monkey!" and buried his cold nose in the pillow. Girls that told lies never had any monkeys, anyway; and their toes were always cold with fear, and never began to grow warm. He thought and thought, and knew it was so.

And they never went out and found a lovely garden,—never,—with little red oranges, and lichi-nuts, and bamboo sprouts with soy. He could count hundreds of oranges they never could have. And they never rode in the bluesky, with peacock feathers in their hands.

And they met a little girl and had a fat cloth cat that looked up at the sun without winking. And they had cakes and tea in a sweet place with lots of warmest light. There was a lovely lady with beautiful eyes, and she smiled; and a little pond.

And blue, and green, and yellow, and then gorgeous crimson! And—and there *was* n't any monkey! But—but—

THE Doctor lifted up the covers a little, and smiled; for he found the little red mouth in a baby smile. And Hoo Chee's hands were ahold of his glossy cue. For at first there was n't any monkey, and the Horrible Spider had chased him miles and miles through rainy corridors. But then Hoo Chee had found the elephant's tail; and he climbed and climbed until, of a sudden, there was all the gorgeous light again; and there were, not one monkey, but ten thousand monkeys; and they all kotowed, and said they belonged to Hoo Chee—all Real Monkeys, and woolly, and had tails like hands.

HOW THE PUMP STOPPED AT THE MORNING WATCH.

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE,

Author of "The Led Horse Claim," etc.



HE main shaft of the Morning Watch is an incline, sunk on the vein to a depth below daylight of eighteen hundred feet. There are lower workings still, in the twenty-one hundred; for the mine

is one of the patriarchs of the golden age in northern California, and its famous vein, though small, has been richly persistent.

The shaft is a specimen of good early construction in deep-mining; it has two compartments, answering to the two vital functions of pumping and hoisting. A man walking up the hoist may step into the pump-shaft between timbers to avoid a car, but he must then be wary of the pump-rod.

The pump-rod at the Morning Watch is half a mile long. With a measured movement, mighty, conclusive, slow, it crawls a little way up the shaft, waits a breath, then lunges down, and you hear subterranean sobs and gulplings where the twelve pumps at their stations are sucking water from the mine. These are the water-guard, which is never relieved. Nights and Sundays, frost or flood or dry, the pumps never rest. Each lifts his load to the brother above him, sweating cold sweat and smeared with grease and slime, fighting the climbing waters. The stroke of the pump-rod is the pulse of the mine. If the pulse should stop and the waters rise, the pumps, as they go under, are "drowned." In their bitter costliness, in the depths from which they rise, though born in sunlight, the waters of the "sump" might typify the encroaching power of evil in man's nature—a power that springs from good, that yet may be turned to good, but over which conscience, like the pumps, must keep unsleeping watch and ward.

Between the Cornish miner and the Cornish pump there is a constitutional affinity and an ancient, hereditary understanding. Both are governed and driven by the power on top; both have held their own, underground, from generation to generation, without change or visible improvement. They do their work by virtue of main strength and dogged constancy, and neither one can be hurried.

On this last head, the pump-man will answer for his pump—speaking of it as of an old comrade, in the masculine singular, if you ask how many beats of the great connecting-rod are normal:

"'E 'ave been as 'igh as seven and a quarter; 'e 'ave been, but it do strain 'im. Seven, about seven, is what 'e can bear."

John Tiernay of Penzance, spoken of familiarly as "old John," was pump-man, first and last, at the Morning Watch. He was there when the first pump-station was put in and the rod was but four hundred feet long. He saw that mighty member grow, section by section, pump added to pump, as the shaft went down. Each new pump was as a child born to him; there was room in his pride always for one more. If one had a failing more than another, he made a study of its individual crankiness, and learned to spare the fault he could not remedy or hide. To the mining captain, to whom he was forced to go for supplies, he might confess that "No. 5 'e do chaw up more packin' than all the pumps in the mine"; but in general it was like touching upon delicate family matters with old John to question the conduct of his pumps.

He was a just man, Tiernay, but not perfect; he had his temporal bonds. It went hard with him on the Lord's day to choose between the public duty of worship in the miners' church, above-ground, and his private leaning toward his pumps, below. Can a man do his work in this world too well? Excessive devotion to the interests of the mine was not a common fault with its employees. The boys at the Morning Watch made friendly sport of the old enthusiast, declaring that he took his pumps to bed with him, and dreamed at night of their kicking and bucking. It is true that the thought of Sammy Trebileox, and what he might be doing or not doing as his substitute underground, took the heart out of his Sabbath observances and made his day of rest, when he gave himself one, the longest of the seven. Wherefore his little old wife, "a good bit older nor 'e," and a woman of grave disposition, saddened by the want of children, sat mournful in church without her man, and

thought of his clean shirts folded in the drawer at home, and of him, in his week-day livery of mud, earning unblessed wages below ground. She knew it was not the extra day's pay that ensnared him; her prayer was that he be delivered from pride in carnal labors, and that he make not unto himself a graven image and an idol of "they pumps."

A pump-man has his regular shifts; but so well known was the quality of John's service that not a man about the mine, from the oldest tributer to the new superintendent, would have questioned his appearance above-ground at any irregular hour of day or night. He looked, when he came on top, like some old piece of mining machinery that has been soaking underground for half a century—plastered with the pallid mud of the deepest levels, coated with grease, and stained with rust from fondlings of his pumps, the recognizably human parts of him—his sunnied face and hands—pitted and drawn with steam.

The day's-pay men were lively in the stopes; the car-boys romped with the landing-men, and chalked the names of one another's sweethearts on the sides of refractory cars. Every tributer in the old workings had his partner to help him hammer out a "crushin'." The contractors tunneled and drifted and argued in gangs; but old John, in the bowels of the mine, with death within a foot of him on each side, kept his one-man watch alone. In his work there was no variety, no change of surroundings or of season, no irrelevant object to rest his fixed attention; solitude, monotony, and ceaseless, nagging vigilance, imprisoned in a tube of darkness, between the crash of the cars on the one hand and the squeeze of the rod on the other.

Iron will crystallize after years of such use, lose its elasticity and cohesive strength. Old John had ceased to find pleasure in society or sunlight. He chose the darkest paths going home through the woods, the old roads, deep in pine-needles, undisturbed by passing feet. The sound of a boy's whoop or a man's hearty halloo drove him deeper into the shade. If spoken to, he had no answer ready, but would whisper one to himself as he went on alone, with his eyes on the ground.

Once the night-shift, going down, saw the old man bareheaded in the hoist-shaft, standing motionless on the track, his hand up as if listening. He appeared not to hear the noise of the car, or to have heard it from some imaginary direction. They waved, they

roared to him, and he vanished in the pump-shaft. Afterward they remembered his stare of bewilderment as if he had come awake suddenly in a strange place, uncertain how he had got there. Sometimes he would pop up like a stage-ghost in the hoisting-works, haggard and panting, as if in urgent haste. Greeted with jocular questioning, he would gaze about him vaguely, turn, and plunge down again without a word.

The wife began to hear, from relatives and neighbors, disquieting comments on her husband's looks.

"It's more than a whole month 'e 'ave n't 'ad a Sunday off," said the buxom wife of one of the shift-bosses. "Whatever's the sense in 'im workin' so 'ard, and you only two in family? A rest is what 'e need."

"Rest, dear! 'Ave n't I telled 'im so, scores and scores of times! An' 'e just like a fish out o' watter when 'e's parted from they pumps. 'E talk of 'em the same as they were humans—made off the same piece wi' 'is own flesh and blood."

"Eh! It's a bad lookout when a man can't leave his work behind 'im when the day is done. We belongs to 'ave our rest sometime. Why don't 'ee coax 'im out more? 'T would do 'im good to see the folks."

"'E never was one to be coaxed. What 'e think right that 'e 'll do; man nor woman can't make 'im do other," Mrs. Tiernay would boast, proud of a husband's will unbroken after forty years of marriage.

One morning there was a summons for the mistress at the kitchen door of the superintendent's house.

"Clem' want see you—kitch'," was the Chinese cook's sketchy way of transmitting the message.

Clemmo was there, the gardener and general utility-man. The two do not go together unless the man is good-natured, as Clemmo was. He stood, hat in hand, in his deferential way, perspiring and quite noticeably pale. There was a catch in his breath from running. He had come to borrow an umbrella.

The mistress looked at him in surprise. It was cloudless midsummer weather, the hot valley steaming up in the face of the foothills, dust on the cloaking pine woods, red dust inches deep on all the roads and trails, dust like a steamer's smoke hovering in the wake of ore-teams miles away. The shadows of the mine buildings were short and black where a group of men had gathered, though the twelve bell had not yet struck. A sun-umbrella, did he mean?

"Any kind, ma'am; any old one will do,"

Clemmo repeated apologetically. "It's just to hold over Mr. Tiernay when they 're carryin' him home. Yes, ma'am, he was hurt in the shaft just now—an hour ago. Oh, yes, ma'am, the doctor 's seen him. He 's pretty bad. It was an empty car struck him; dragged him quite a ways before the shaft-men heard him scream. They can't tell just how it happened; he has n't spoke since they brought him up. Yes, ma'am, one of the boys has gone on to tell the wife. They 've got an old mattress to carry him on; they have brandy. No, ma'am, there ain't anything, thank you—only the umbrella. Any old one will do."

When the umbrella was brought and it proved to be a silk one, Clemmo took it reluctantly, protesting that "any old one—" But the mistress cut him short. He went off with it, finally, assuring her over his shoulder that he would carry it himself and see that it came "right back."

The Chinaman looked on calmly. "I think he pretty ole—he die pretty soon," he remarked.

Three little children were frolicking in the swing under the pine-trees. Their mother quieted them, out of respect for what was soon to pass the house; but she could not moderate the morning's display of pink-faced roses, nor suggest to the sun to go under a brief cloud. All was heartless radiance and peace as the forlorn little procession came down the road—the workers carrying him home whose work was done; three men on a side, and between their stout backs, and faces red with exertion, a broken shape stretched out, and a stark white profile crowned with a bloody cloth.

What had the old man been doing in the hoist? "Fixin' up the bell-rope," the mining captain said; "but it did n't look like any of John's work," he added meaningly. "He was n't all there when he rigged up that thing. He 'd slipped a cog, somehow. Yes, sir, you bet, a man in a shaft he 's got to keep his eye out. He can watch for forty year, and the minute he forgits himself, that minute he 's gone."

ABOUT the turn of night, when the old man was nearing his end, he gave a loud cry and sprang up in the bed, where he had lain speechless and helpless three days. The startled watchers flew to his side.

"Take your 'ands off me, women!" he panted. "I must up. Th' pump—'e 's stopped!"

"Don't 'ee, deary!" The wife trembled at

the look in his pinched gray face. "Don't 'ee be thinkin' o' they pumps no more. 'Owever could 'ee 'ear them, two mile away? Hark, now! 'T is all as still as still."

It was so still, that windless summer night, they could hear the clock tick across the passage, and the hoarse straining of the dying man's breath as they struggled to hold him down. His weakness, not their strength, prevailed. He fell back on his pillows, and a passive, awe-struck stare succeeded the energy of horror and resistance. His eyes were fixed, as one who watches spellbound the oncoming of a great disaster. They touched his still face; it was damp and cold. His chest pumped hard and slow.

"Two thousan'—gone under! Drowned, drowned!" he whispered.

"'T is all nothin' but they pumps!" the old wife grieved distractedly. She knew his time was short. "Oh, dear Saviour, don't mind it of 'im! 'E were a hard worker, and a good man to me."

At that same hour, the night of John's release, when he had given his loud cry, the watchman at the mine heard above the roar of forty stamp-heads a sound like cannon smothered within walls. He rushed across to the hoisting-works. There lay the great crown-wheel of the pump, in pieces on the floor. The pump-rod, settled on its chucks, had stopped midway of its last stroke.

One little cog, worn out, had dropped from its place; then two cogs came together, tooth to tooth, and the ten-ton wheel burst with a groan that had arrested the passing soul of the pump-man, duty-bound to the last.

An old mine, or an old man, that is nearly worked out may run on for years, at small expense, if no essential part give way; but the cost of heavy repairs is too great a strain upon halting faith and an exhausted treasury. Even so small a thing as the dropping out of one little cog, in a system worth thousands to rebuild, may decide the question whether to give up or keep on.

In that moment of ultimate consciousness, the mystery of which is with the dead, it may be that old John beheld the whole sequence of disaster that was to follow the breaking of the pump. If he did foresee it all, as his ghostly eyes seemed to say, he accepted it, as well; and that look of awe-struck, appealing submission in the face of immeasurable calamity he carried to the grave. Perhaps he had seen beyond the work of this world to some place of larger recompense, where the unpaid increment of

such service as his is waiting on the books. Perhaps he heard already the Master's patient "Well done."

While they were preaching the funeral sermon, his old enemy, the water of the black deeps, was creeping up, regaining ground which he and the pumps had fought for and defended, inch by inch and year by year.

"Two thousan'—gone under!" The lowest pump is lost. Leave it where it drowned, at its post. Now there is hurry and rush of tearing up tracks before the levels are flooded; the order to shut down has come late. Pull out the pumps; the fight is over! They have taken up the track in the main

incline; the water has reached the nine hundred, like the chill creeping up the limbs of a dying man. The old tributaries take down their muddy mine-suits from the change-house walls; families will live poorer this winter for all that water in the mine. They go trooping home, boots and bundles over shoulder, by the paths their own feet have made. They meet no night-shift coming on. Another year, and those paths of labor will be deep in hushing pine-needles; shadows of morning and evening will be the only change of shifts. The pay-rolls are closed; the last crushing has gone through the mill. The grave of ten millions is for sale cheap, with a thousand feet of water in it.

THE PIANOS OF KILLYMARD.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS ("MAC"),

Author of "T was in Dhroll Donegal," "Through the Turf Smoke," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.



OUNG Barney had just put the case out of doors; and Mrs. Cassidy, venturing to look out after it, saw her cronies, Mrs. McClenaghan and Mrs. McGragh, the latter with sleeves thrust back beyond the elbows and a dish-cloth in her hand, in close confab in the middle of the street. It needed not that she should have got a glimpse of them pointing derisively at the case, or heard their indignant laugh, to know what their subject was. Mrs. Cassidy hastily and shamefacedly withdrew from the door, and shut it out upon Barney, the case, and the world. She now looked at the piano, where it had been fixed up in the outshot close by the kitchen fire, and wished in her heart she had something to cover it up with. Before it came she had been looking forward to it with pride,—a timorous pride, of course,—and had been growing vain in anticipation. But now—now!

Mrs. McGragh and Mrs. McClenaghan had faced round full front toward the offending case.

"Aa, ha!" Mrs. McClenaghan laboredly laughed. "A pee-anna! A pee-anna, indeed! Aa, ha!" She endeavored to force into her tone all that just indignation which she found herself totally unable to express in words.

"Aa, ha, ha! Oh, cock her up, indeed!" said Mrs. McGragh, who was gifted with a very much wider range of expression—the widest, in fact, in Killymard. "Was the likes of it ever heerd tell of in Killymard afore? I misdoubt it much. A pee-anna! Oh, Lord's sake, where is this going to end? In throth, Ellen Cassidy" (apostrophizing the absent woman), "it would be more fitter you had paid tenpence for a new broom, an' put it intil Maggie Mary's han's, than a pee-anna—an' a sight more becomin' both till you an' her it would be, too. A pee-anna! Lord save us all, an' keep us from takin' laive iv our senses!"

"Ellen Cassidy, good woman," said Mrs. McClenaghan, "it 's beside yerself ye 're gettin', fetchin' a new pee-anna intil your kitchen."

"Fitter, maybe, she took in a new kitchen dhresser! Poor Taidy Cassidy 's workin' the skin off his bones, mornin' an' night, to keep the pot boilin'; an' if he has managed to scrape together a wheen o' pounds atself, throth, it 's ill Ellen's comin'¹ for to go an' for to dhrag a pee-anna in atop iv 'im."

"An induthtious poor man is Taidy, God sees," Mrs. McClenaghan responded, "that knows his place an' minds his work; an' it would be tellin' Ellen the price of a new knife the same could be sayed for her."

¹ It ill becomes Ellen.

"Meself heerd a whisper of it that Mrs. Cassidy had Maggie Mary writin' to the pee-anna-makers to know the terms they would let her have a pee-anna on, to be paid be the week; but iv course I give small heed to such an outraijs rumor. I thought Mary Ellen Kelly put that goin', through spite."

"My wee Ruth was tellin' me, since Maggie Mary Cassidy got to be monithress, she was intendin' taichin' singin' in the school,

people don't know whither it's on their head or their heels they are, doin' wan thing foolisher an' worse nor another. I mind the time, in me own mimory, an' all the music in Killymard was three fiddles. A daughter of Manis Loughrey's she was the laugh for the parish when she took in a concertiner. But it was little we knew where it was goin' to stop. Concertiners an' melodiums is now as common as that muck on the shreet



"MRS. CASSIDY HASTILY AND SHAMEFACEDLY WITHDREW FROM THE DOOR."

an' that was the raison she was takin' lessons on the harmonion in Dhrimstevlin every Saturday. I sayed in me own mind I seen bigger wondhers than for Mrs. Cassidy to take an' make a fool of herself buyin' Maggie Mary a harmonion. But a pee-anna!" Mrs. McClenaghan hereupon threw up her hands in despair of being able to express her amazed contempt.

"A pee-anna!" echoed Mrs. McGragh. "Och-och-anee-oh! This bates the wee wheel that groun' the limestone, Mrs. McClenaghan," said she, setting her brawny arms akimbo—for Mrs. McGragh was both ponderous and brawny. "Mrs. McClenaghan, do ye know what I'm goin' to tell ye? This is turnin' out a quare wurrl', an', I'm afeard, a bad wan. Killymard in my mimory is a changed town—changed for the worse; an'

there. There's five harmonions; I was countin' them no longer ago than Sunday night, with Mrs. Archie Rea. An' to cap it all, here's Ellen Cassidy's pee-anna! God sen', Ellen Cassidy, that ye'll not have raison to regret this some day."

"An' God sen' that she may n't," said Mrs. McClenaghan, viciously. "I seen Robbie Duncan startin' off with his cart yisterday—callin' at Mrs. Cassidy's an' gettin' his ordhers from her. It's little I guessed the erran' he was goin' on to Dhrimstevlin. I thought it was the wardrobe for Mrs. McCunnegan that she bought at Davie Burns's auction, an' that Mrs. Cassidy was sendin' a wee erran' with him; it's little I thought it was such a fool's erran' as that."

"I was meself watchin' Robbie goin' down with his horse an' cart; an' I sayed it was to

Dhrimstevlin for bone-manure for Mr. Fletcher he was, an' that Mrs. Cassidy 'was sendin' word with him for Callaghan to sen' her home her umbrill that he took the loan of We'n'sday last, when the weather bruk on him here. It's little I thought the fool's erran' he was goin' on."

"Well, Mrs. McGragh," Mrs. McClenaghan said, as she moved off,—for Harry was holloing to her that the marley hen was rampaging all over the house, looking for a place to lay,—“while there's a wurrl, in it there 'll be fools."

"An' oul' fools, we often heerd, Mrs. McClenaghan, is the worst of fools. God help poor Ellen Cassidy, say I."

"Amen! God help her!" said Mrs. McClenaghan.

Young Jimmy, a sock on one foot, and the other poor wee foot bare, had been for the past ten minutes hauling his mother by the skirts to come off and get him his other sock, for his daddy could n't find it; so Mrs. McGragh now caught him up under her arm and bore him home.

It was almost a week later before Mrs. Cassidy dared have the hardihood to venture an exchange of gossip with her two neighbors. To outward appearances, at all events, Mrs. McClenaghan and Mrs. McGragh did not seem to harbor any malignant animosity toward her for her flagrant crime against the society of Killymard. True, they had been a little cold and distant for a few days after the arrival of the "pee-anna"; but neither Mrs. McGragh nor Mrs. McClenaghan was beneath forgiving a wrong, no matter how exasperating it may have temporarily been—though it was entirely on public grounds that they had resented Mrs. Cassidy's misdemeanor.

And lo! on an evening, Mrs. McGragh, having just turned her soda-cake and fixed up the fire, looked out of doors to see if all was well with Killymard, and beheld, turning the corner below and coming slowly up the street, Robbie Duncan with his old black horse and cart, and on the cart an object that gave good Mrs. McGragh a shock. She called upon little Jimmy—Nelly had gone to Mrs. McCann's to have a new dress tried on.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" she shouted, "come here to the doore this minnit, till ye tell me what's this Robbie Duncan has on his cart!"

Jimmy, who was sprawling on the hearth and trying how often he could bite the end of the cat's tail with impunity, quit the game

just as it had begun to get exciting, and ran to the door.

"Whoa! Whoop!" said Jimmy. "It's another new pee-anna for Maggie Mary Cassidy!" And he dashed down the street to meet Robbie, who was already escorted by such a heterogeneous assembly as the advent of the bearded lady or some such other delightful monstrosity might draw.

Mrs. McGragh breathed hard. She watched Robbie's progress with painful intensity till he drew up at—Mrs. McClenaghan's! And the youngsters screamed: "A new pee-anna for Mrs. McClenaghan!"

Mrs. McGragh gasped for breath. She went in and slammed her door. By and by wee Jimmy came trotting in, big with the news of the grand new "pee-anna" Mrs. McClenaghan had got for Ruth, and of the trouble they had getting it in and getting it down to the bedroom. "For Mrs. McClenaghan says," said Jimmy, "that she would n't keep her pee-anna in the kitchen, lake Mrs. Cassidy, beca'se it's not jinteel to have a pee-anna in the kitchen. But I would sooner have it in the kitchen," Jimmy added, on his own account; "then I could play on it. Mammy, won't you laive yours in the kitchen when you get wan for Nelly?"

And though Jimmy meditated and cried over the matter for an hour after, he could n't quite understand why his mother had taken him up, inverted him, and applied her open hand so smartly and so sorely to the broadest part of his little breeches.

It was only when Father Tom dropped in next day—for Father Tom always felt sure of getting the whole budget of Killymard gossip from Mrs. McGragh—that she got a proper outlet for her suppressed feelings.

"No, yer reverence; the two eyes o' me I could n't believe! 'Jimmy,' says I to little Jimmy, when I looked out an' seen it comin' up the sthreet first, 'Jimmy,' says I, 'come here an' look what's this Robbie Duncan's comin' up the sthreet with on the cart.'—That chair's cogglesome, Father Tom; sit on this wan. I have been naggin' at Connell these three months to take it to Farrell a-Byrne an' get somethin' done till it.—'Oh, mammy,' says wee Jimmy, says he, when he looked out, 'it's another new pee-anna for Maggie Mary Cassidy.' Iv course I knew it was n't, but I watched to see who was going to be the second fool in Killymard. An' oh! Lizie Jane McClenaghan, I would n't have evened it to ye! Up at Lizie Jafe McClenaghan's doore it pulls, an'—that was enough for me, yer reverence! I don't know, Father Tom

McShan, what we 're goin' to turn till in Killymard. Two pee-annas! It's two wash-tubs them two women should 'a' got for their daughters. Did ye iver know the likes of it? I never did. An' Lizzie Jane McClenaghan, too! Lizzie Jane, I used to credit *you* with a wee grain o' sense. From Mrs. Cassidy I could n't expect better; nothin' she 'd do would astonish me. But Lizzie Jane McClenaghan! A pee-anna! For Ruth! Oh, Lord! Lizzie Jane McClenaghan, that was fit to be tied, an' her tongue did n't stop goin' for a fortnight when Ellen Cassidy got home a pee-anna! Oul' fools, I see, ever an' always is the worst iv fools. Father Tom, I 'm tellin' you, an'—me apron's as black with the dirt of pots an' pans as that I 'm heartily ashamed of it, yer reverence; but how else could I be?—I 'm tellin' you, Father Tom, an' mark my words, Lizzie Jane McClenaghan an' Ellen Cassidy 'ill have raison to have low heads over the same pee-annas some day; an' it 'll not be a hundhred years till it, either. Mark you my words, Father Tom. Ay, Lizzie Jane McClenaghan! A pee-anna! A pee-anna, indeed!"

Mrs. McClenaghan made strenuous efforts to shun Mrs. McGragh now. But if they unavoidably crossed each other, Mrs. McGragh still acknowledged the acquaintance by a cold, commonplace remark; and Mrs. McClenaghan felt cut to the bone, and was

quite put out for the remainder of the day. There was, however, a speedy and warm *rap-prochement* betwixt herself and Mrs. Cassidy. A defensive alliance, they speedily saw, was an absolūtē necessity in the face of a common terrible enemy.

Father Tom derived very much amusement from following the details of the strife, and took care to keep himself well posted from the moment he found war was declared.

One bright morning he was considerably astonished to find a great wooden construction blocking Mrs. McGragh's hall so that he could not get in. Mrs. McGragh herself, too, had evidently evacuated the hall somewhat suddenly on his appearance, for he was pretty certain he saw the waft of her skirts disappearing into the room.

"Hello, Jimmy," he said, catching a glimpse of that young gentleman's crown over the top of the case; "how are ye all here this morning?"

By mounting on his tiptoes Jimmy succeeded in getting half his physiognomy into view.

"Oh, glory be to goodness! Father Tom! Father Tom!" And he clapped his hands with delight. "Mammy! Mammy! Here's Father Tom come down to see our new pee-anna!"



"FATHER TOM! FATHER TOM!"

STEVENSON IN SAMOA.

BY ISOBEL OSBOURNE STRONG.



IN Samoa a man's standing in the community can be pretty well gaged by the songs that are composed and sung about him. Some are humorous, some satirical, some complimentary, and many are only rhymes to his name, like a nursery jingle. The smallest incident, once put into song, will live for generations. There is a boat-song about a very unpopular official who left the islands years ago. We were once traveling by water in the smooth lagoon within the coral reef, and passed the house where this man had lived; it was pointed out to us, and instantly, with a sweep of the oars to keep time, the boatmen trolled out the jeering, scornful words:

A wise man broke through the horizon;
Did he give us of his wisdom?
Nay; no wisdom came to us,
But all our money went to him.
Awe-e! awe-e! All our money's gone!

Mr. Stevenson mentions in his "Footnote to History" the way Mr. Weber of the German firm was remembered in the islands:

His name still lives in the songs of Samoa. One that I have heard tells of Misi Ueba and a biscuit-box, the suggesting incident being long since forgotten. Another sings plaintively how all things, land and food and property, pass progressively, as by a law of nature, into the hands of Misi Ueba, and soon nothing will be left for Samoans. This is an epitaph the man would have enjoyed.

There are many songs about Tusitala ("Story-writer"), as Mr. Stevenson was called in the islands—rousing boat-songs, when the paddles all beat time, and the handles are clicked against the sides of the canoe to the rhythm of his name. The Samoans show their courtesy in remembering a man's songs, and even in rowing Mr. Stevenson out to meet a passenger-ship I have heard the boatmen keep time to

Tusitala ma Aolele.

Much traveling is done by water in the islands, and at night, to avoid the sun's rays. It was very pleasant rowing by moonlight

in the deep, smooth waters of the lagoon near the shore, within the protecting coral reef that surrounds each island of the group and breasts the full force of the ocean breakers. The roaring and boiling of the surf made a pleasant accompaniment to the singing voices of the handsome brown men as they kept time to the rhythm of the song with a long sweep of the oars. The groves of palm-trees grow in thick foliage to the water's edge, and often from the shadow where a cluster of native houses lay hidden, the people, recognizing the passing traveler by his boat-song, would call out across the lagoon, "Talofa Tusitala!"

Then there are the dancing-songs about Mr. Stevenson, depicting life at Vailima, which might be called topical, as they generally touched upon the small incidents of plantation life. These were composed by some servant or workman on the place, and saved up for a fête-day, such as Christmas, the holidays of England and America, and Mr. Stevenson's birthday, when they were chanted, danced, and acted with great spirit by the Samoans of our household. Sometimes every member of the family would be represented, each singing a characteristic verse, while all hands came in on the refrain in a full, rich harmony. The central figure, the heart of the song, was always Tusitala, and though they made many little jokes at the expense of the rest of us, his name was always treated with respect.

Other songs are long chants, with innumerable verses descriptive of Tusitala's wisdom, his house, his friendship for the natives, and his love for Samoa. One of these may be called the "Song of the Roof-Iron," or "The Meeting of Tusitala and the Men of Vaie'e."

The chief of Vaie'e, on the windward side of the island, had saved up sixty dollars in twelve "golden shillings," as he called the five-dollar pieces. War had broken out, and he and his men were going off to fight. Their village might be looted during their absence, so they brought the bag of golden shillings to Tusitala; brought it with much ceremony and many presents, including a live turtle borne aloft on two poles. Mr. Stevenson

locked up the precious bag in his safe that is built into the big hall at Vailima. After three months, when the warriors returned, it was given back to them. They explained that it had been saved up with incredible patience and difficulty to buy roof-iron for their new church. Mr. Stevenson good-naturedly took the matter in hand, with the result that the village received more roof-iron for the money than had ever been given to natives before. The friendly act was commemorated in a song that is really prettier than one would think the subject warranted, and the friendship begun over the matter of the roof-iron has endured between the people of Vaie'e and the members of Tusitala's family to this day.

The "Song of the Wen" commemorates an interesting event. A humble servant of the family, a lively, amusing fellow named Eliga, was afflicted with a large, unsightly tumor on his back. In a land where beauty is of the first importance, this unfortunate man was made to suffer doubly. Mr. Stevenson and my mother had him examined by the kindly surgeon of an English man-of-war, who proposed an operation. But Eliga would not submit. He explained to Tusitala that there were strings in the wen that were tied about his heart, and if they were severed he would die. When Mr. Stevenson translated the doctor's diagnosis, Eliga was unconvinced. His skin, he said, was different on the outside from a white man's, and therefore it was not unnatural to suppose that his insides were made on a different plan.

In the end, Mr. Stevenson's and my mother's arguments prevailed, and he submitted; but for their sakes, not his own, and he begged them to remember, when he was gone, that he had died for love of them. On the day of the operation Eliga prepared his house for death; the five mats were spread, the rush curtains were all up, decorations removed, the single room was so exquisitely prepared that not a pebble on the floor was out of place, and his relatives were assembled. He himself was of a pale lead-color and shaking with apprehension, yet he came out bravely and lifted Aolele¹ off her horse, and received Tusitala and the doctor with perfect self-possession.

The operation was successful, and Eliga recovered; but it was not only renewed health and strength that came to him, but the fulfilment of his dearest ambitions. Owing to his deformity he had been kept out

¹ Aolele is Mrs. Stevenson's native name. It is a term of admiration, meaning "Beautiful as a flying cloud."

of titles and estates that were promptly restored to him. In the islands no deformed or very ugly person can be a chief. Indeed, if the children of a great man are ill-looking it is not unusual for him to adopt the handsomest boy in the village to succeed him.

The change in Eliga was magical. Instead of being the cringing, almost dwarfish creature who cut monkey-tricks to make people laugh, after the pathetic manner of the deformed in Samoa, he carried himself erect, with a haughty mien; he dyed his hair red, and wore it in the latest fashion, combed up into Grecian curls and powdered with sandalwood. When he came into his title, he made a visit to Vailima in state, accompanied by his new retainers, all laden with gifts for the family, and the "Song of the Wen" was sung for the first time.

A semicircle of men sat upon mats laid out upon the lawn in front of the house. On the veranda, facing them, sat Mr. Stevenson, surrounded by his family and native servants, looking on with that serious, respectful attention it was his custom to accord all native formalities, however trivial they may have seemed.

Eliga came forward crouchingly, with a cocoanut tied by a piece of sinnet to his back. To the accompaniment of clapping hands and harmonious chanting, he half recited, half acted the story before us. He capered, he made silly, hideous faces, he did the buffoon for the last time in his life; and then, as the string was cut, and the cocoanut rolled to the ground, he sprang erect, thumped his breast, and sang aloud his triumph and gratitude.

"O Tusitala!" he cried, "when you first came here I was ugly and poor and deformed. I was jeered at and scorned by the unthinking. I ate grass; a bunch of leaves was my sole garment, and I had nothing with which to hide my ugliness. I was a buffoon, the meanest thing that walks. But now, O Tusitala, now I am beautiful; my body is sound and handsome; I bear a great name; I am rich and powerful and unashamed, and I owe it all to you, Tusitala. I have come to tell your Highness that I will not forget. Tusitala, I will work for you all my life, and my family shall work for your family, and there shall be no question of wage between us, only loving-kindness. My life is yours, and I will be your servant till I die."

The most beautiful of the songs are those that were composed in memory of Mr. Stevenson, and sung at Vailima after his death. One, referring to the steadfast loyalty of

Mr. Stevenson to the High Chief Mataafa, through peace and war, victory and defeat, has for its refrain:

Once Tusitala's friend,
Always Tusitala's friend.

Another describes a Samoan searching among the white people for one as good and kind as Tusitala. He asks of the officials and the consuls and the captains of ships, and they all answer, "There were none like him, and he has gone."

For months after his death, parties of natives, headed by the chief bringing a present of a costly, fine mat, would come to Vailima and offer their condolences to the family. They were people whom he had befriended, with their followers and clans: for each small, individual kindness an entire village assumed the burden of gratitude. There were his old friends, Tuimalaialifano and his village of Falelatai; Seumanutafa, the chief of Apia; the villages of Vaie'e and Safata, Falefā and many others. There were the political prisoners, chiefs of important clans whom Mr. Stevenson was instrumental in

releasing from jail. There were the members of the clan of the beloved Mataafa, then an exile, all bringing presents and making very touching speeches of love for Tusitala, and sympathy for his family. Each party, on leaving, handed to my mother a roll of paper: it was the song of that village written in memory of Mr. Stevenson.

When a party of Samoans, for love of him, weed the path that leads to Vaea; when they gather once a year, on the 13th of November, bringing wreaths and flowers to decorate his tomb; when a party of travelers cross the mountain by his grave, they lift their tuneful voices in one of these songs:

Groan and weep, O my heart in its sorrow!
Alas for Tusitala, who rests in the forest!
Aimlessly we wait, and sorrowing; will he again
return?
Lament, O Vailima! Waiting and ever waiting!
Let us search and ask of the captains of ships,
"Be not angry, but has not Tusitala come?"

Grieve, O my heart! I cannot bear to look on
All the chiefs who are assembling.
Alas, Tusitala, thou art not here!
I look hither and thither, in vain, for thee.

OPEN LETTERS

The Canonization of Stevenson.

BUT for the elaborate disparagement of Robert Louis Stevenson in Mr. John Jay Chapman's recent interesting and suggestive volume, "Emerson and other Essays," what answers, in the case of a writer, to the ecclesiastical process of canonization would now, in Stevenson's case, be complete. A uniform edition, stretching to an array of twenty odd volumes, forms a kind of monument which is almost unparalleled, considering that the work, much of it fugitive and ephemeral in its first form of issue, was begun scarcely twenty years ago, and was finished scarcely more than four years ago. There are, in fact, two collective editions. But that one of them emanates from Edinburgh may be held to be an abatement, on the score of Scottish clannishness, from the weight of its evidence in behalf of a favorite Scottish writer, just as the like abatement is to be made for Lord Rosebery's enthusiastic eulogy of his compatriot as a "perfect"—or was it "peerless"?—"creature." But the American edition assuredly attests the demand of disinterested lovers of literature. And the trib-

utes of the English-reading, and especially of the English-writing, world are quite without parallel. They are expert testimonies, and they are testimonies to a kind of admiring despair. "How enviable," all the writers say, "the man who could write like that!" Nay, the praise of Stevenson is in the text-books, of which a primary requirement is that they inculcate what is established and no longer disputable. In the preface to Mr. George Seers Baldwin's excellent collection of "Specimens of Prose Description," set forth for the use of undergraduates, we read that the editor "found that a preponderating number of citations had been drawn involuntarily from one author," and that author Stevenson. If we cannot "anticipate the verdict of posterity" in Stevenson's case, and rate him already as securely a British classic, of what avail is the concurrence of all the judges?

Perhaps it is this very consensus that has irritated Mr. Chapman, and instigated him to file a dissenting opinion. Evidently he is tired of hearing Aristides called "the Just." The legendary tradesman who had but one literary opinion, which he produced in literary circles with the assurance of being on safe ground,—the opinion that "Ma-

caulay was a good writer,"—would find his position no longer impregnable since Matthew Arnold's assaults. It would now be natural for him, in shifting it, to intrench himself behind Stevenson. And he finds Mr. Chapman waiting for him there with a declaration that Stevenson was not, strictly speaking, a good writer, and an explanation how the world had come to be deceived.

It is true, as Stevenson, with some bitterness, complained, that the public regarded "Treasure Island" as his first book. He composed it because he had learned that "mere literature" would not support a family. But he had been doing mere literature for some years before he was forced into doing fiction, and had found an audience fit though unremuneratively few. When Mr. Chapman talks about the American public giving "Stevenson an order for 'Pulvis et Umbra,'" and Chicago thereby "making culture hum," he ought to bear in mind that it was not until Stevenson had reluctantly abandoned "Pulvis et Umbra," or what that implies, for "Treasure Island" that the American or the British public gave him any orders that would enable him to earn his living. It was a very select public that welcomed the predecessors of "Treasure Island." It was in 1878 that the present reviewer, being then in charge of a daily newspaper, came, in the literary page of another daily newspaper, upon two paragraphs attributed merely to the "Cornhill Magazine." There was in them so marked a distinction of style that he at once procured a copy of the magazine, and transferred to his newspaper the whole paper of which they were specimens. It was the paper on "The English Admirals," and the initials affixed to it, "R. L. S.," told nothing. Then came the "Travels with a Donkey," which a venturesome American firm republished, and the "Inland Voyage," and later "The New Arabian Nights," of the profitability of reprinting which Mr. Holt can tell, and of the unprofitableness of writing which Stevenson has told. But there was no effective demand for a reprint of the "Virginibus Puerisque" and of the "Familiar Studies" until their author had made his popular success with "Treasure Island." If the earliest cult of Stevenson, as Mr. Chapman declares, "represents the sincere appreciation of half-educated people for second-rate things," it did not take hold of enough of them to support the author. Upon those upon whom it did take hold, like the present reviewer, it took so strong a hold that they would be at a loss, if they were compelled to forego either, to choose between the "Travels and Essays" and the "Novels and Tales" of the collected edition.

"The circumstance is unusual," as Stevenson himself says, "that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer"; but it should not prevent full consideration of his objections to the canonization. Mr. Chapman refuses to admit Stevenson as a classic because he is not original, not direct, and not unconscious. To these propositions his specifications may all be referred.

Of course one has to agree that writing was to Stevenson an art, and also that, as Mr. Chapman acutely says, everything "he has written has a

little the air of a *tour de force*." But it is to be noted that nothing of his has this air so much when it is taken by itself as when it is taken in connection with other pieces of his work. In comparing "Treasure Island" with "The English Admirals," or "The New Arabian Nights" with "The Beach at Falesa," one cannot help seeing that sustained efforts in styles so different involve a strain even upon the highest literary skill. One may even be in doubt, in the presence of so many styles assumed with so much skill, what was really the writer's own bent. Now we have the utmost sophistication, in which the style is a tissue, a panoply, of allusions, and now a "naked and open daylight," in which the reader is not aware of style, and there is no explicit reminder that the writer has ever read anything. This versatility is bewildering, but Mr. Chapman is the only reader of Stevenson I know of who has found it irritating.

Naturally, it is in those works in which the style forces itself most upon our attention that we most attend to it. The consciousness of style in Stevenson is what Mr. Henry James, no doubt, meant in saying of him, regarded as a painter's model, that he never "posed for the nude." In fact, however, I have met discriminating readers who were themselves writers, but who came into Stevenson by way of the "Novels and Tales," and not of the "Travels and Essays," to whom it had not occurred from the romances that the author was primarily a writer with a style. To make a fellow-workman forget that was surely an achievement, along with the others. But of course nobody can read Stevenson through without being aware of his consciousness of his style,—of his styles,—and recalling his vestments even when he is posing for the nude; as Lowell said of N. P. Willis, that if he had been a South Sea Islander you could have known him for a dandy by the way he wore his skin. Stevenson might have said of himself, as Goethe said of himself, that "nothing came to him in his sleep." But surely it is not axiomatic that literature must not be literary. There are more readers than Mr. Chapman who are inclined to believe that genius is the absence or suspension of intelligence, and who resent, as much too cold-blooded, Stevenson's account of how he learned to write by "playing the sedulous ape" to this writer and to that—to other writers, indeed, than those he named there: for he himself has said elsewhere that there is very little of his writing in which the influence of Thoreau might not be detected; and in the paper, already mentioned, on "The English Admirals" I find more than "a trace" of Emerson. But Mr. Chapman overlooks that Stevenson precedes his account of these imitative operations with an account of the other branch of his technical studies: "As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words." It was this exercise which became a lifelong quest for the right word and the happy phrase, and which, "joined with the strong propensity of nature," gave him at last that astonishing power of presenting in so few strokes a figure or a scene, and induced the judicious compiler of "Specimens of Prose Description" involuntarily to draw "a

preponderating number of citations" from one author. From the imitation, not of nature, but of art, he "got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and the coördination of parts." But he derived also that great store of allusion, and of reminiscence, which to most of his readers is an added source of delight, but to his latest critic a grievance. Assuredly no writing is further from primitive simplicity and unconsciousness, none conveys more strongly the implications of a long and high tradition. But what then? The "barbaric yawp" is not the only commendable mode of human utterance. A workman who knows the masterpieces of his craft simply cannot work as if he were ignorant of them, as unconscious of his style as the "inspired tinker" who wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," or as the bankrupt hosier and "graduate of a dissenting academy" who wrote "Robinson Crusoe."

To these names Mr. Chapman, with supreme incongruity, adjoins that of the author of "Elia" and "Elia's" as a man who was to his contemporaries "without style." It is, perhaps, the most amazing point in the brief of the devil's advocate, unless it be the attribution to Sir Thomas Browne of "unconsciousness." Our devil's advocate stops at nothing in the maintenance of his thesis that "good things in art have been done by men whose entire attention was absorbed in an effort to tell the truth, and who have been chiefly marked by a deep unconsciousness." Either Lamb and Browne are not classics, or else, after all, they were "marked," and distinguished from Stevenson, "by a deep unconsciousness." It is a desperate proposition; for if an ordinarily well-read representative of the half-educated were asked to name the British classic who was most artificial, most sophisticated, most conscious, he would be very apt to name Lamb, unless he named Browne.

Open the "Essays of Elia" anywhere, and consider the workmanship of the writer who was to his contemporaries "without style":

To the reverend form of Female Eld, he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams.

Or open the "Vulgar Errors" anywhere, and admire the "unconscious" Sir Thomas:

On this foundation were built the conclusions of soothsayers in their augurial and tripudary divinations, collecting presages from voice or food of birds, and conjoining events with causes of no connection.

But it is not alone the British classics: it is the world-classics whom Mr. Chapman finds it necessary to disestablish in order to exclude Stevenson. That works which are imitative or reminiscent or persistently allusive cannot be classical, is a proposition so very sweeping that I cannot believe that he examined it with care before he promulgated it. It must have been enough for him that it covered the case in hand. That it certainly does. But it also embraces not only the epic in which Vergil followed Homer, but the pastorals in which he invoked the "Syracusan Muse." Clearly it in-

cludes the attempt of Horace to lead into Italy the Æolian song. And yet for two thousand years mankind has delighted in the "Æneid" and the "Eclogues," and has persisted in esteeming the *alcaics* of Horace more highly than the *alcaics* of Alcaeus. And what are we to do with the one British epic? Where is another poetical style so bookish, so drenched in literary allusion and reminiscence, as Milton's? Surely Mr. Chapman cannot have examined his new criterion, before applying it to Stevenson, to see to whom else it might apply.

And besides, Stevenson was "unconscious." He has told us both in prose and in verse how he came to do "Treasure Island." It was a deliberate attempt upon a larger audience than his literary refinements had secured him. It was an imitation, told, as he imagined, "exactly in the ancient way of 'Kingston' and 'Bannatyne the brave.'" There is not a literary allusion in the whole of it. It was a "boy's story," and not very successful as such, though it may be and has been read and accepted in good faith by simple-minded readers of the class for which it was meant. But it was read with delight by readers for whom it was not meant; and this by reason of the literary quality which the author had striven to suppress, and which escaped in spite of him.

Mr. Chapman's complaint would be just only if Stevenson forgot his subject in his consciousness of the manner of his masters or of his own. But this he did not do. The force and faithfulness of his descriptions would alone prove how he "designed with his eye on the object," and how his unsurpassed technic became a means to an end. Is there a more transparent medium than the atmosphere through which we see the scenes and figures of his "picture-making romance"? The fight in the heather in "Kidnapped," the trial in "David Balfour," the duel in the dark in "The Master of Ballantrae"—who but Mr. Chapman fails to number these among the great achievements of modern fiction? And what a gallery of portraits!—the ruffling moor-cock Alan Breck, the noble savage Catriona, the scornful Master of Ballantrae and his painful brother. And every figure in the fragment, that is yet a masterpiece, of "Weir of Hermiston," how they are all divined by genius and realized by art—the Scottish Brutus, the poor heroine giggling in the shadow of a tragic fate, and the vulgar Mephistopheles, though he be little more than a shadow projected from the wings, and in the second plane the living figure of the old nurse. "Second-rate things for half-educated people"! Of what can Mr. Chapman possibly be thinking?

And yet he will have done a service to those whom he shall have induced to read Stevenson over again. And he will be doing them an additional service if he forces them to make a return upon themselves, to revise their judgment of Stevenson, and to give themselves anew an account of their admiration. But what can the effect of that reversal be but a decision that the devil's advocate, having been heard, has shown no cause or impediment why the canonization should not now proceed?

Montgomery Schuyler.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Christianity and War.

IN his essay on "Rudyard Kipling and Racial Instinct," in the present number of THE CENTURY, the distinguished philosophical writer, Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, has touched significantly on the subject of force in the relations of "the more efficient, the more skilful, the more resourceful" civilizations with those less powerfully endowed. He hints at what may be called the philosophical basis for the theory of those who look upon war as not undesirable in itself, but he also gives a philosophical basis for the belief of those who would put a stop to war—even to wars waged by highly civilized races against peoples of a lower development. He expresses his own belief that the "deeply intrenched instincts" of the conquerors "should be restrained," and that "the time has come when civilization will be the better advanced by such restraint, by *coöperation rather than conquest*."

Mr. Marshall's pacific argument is in essence a restatement of a Christian doctrine—a doctrine of Him who said: "Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

But in referring to the Christian religion as a religion of peace, one is brought at once into an atmosphere of contradictions—contradictions both historical and contemporaneous. That a certain amount of force was considered proper by Christ himself may be inferred from his passion of indignation at the desecration of his "Father's house." His scourging of the sellers and money-changers in the temple was, indeed, such a resort to carnal weapons as to make absurd the contention of the extreme non-resistants—those who find a warrant in the New Testament for a theoretical refusal to meet with effectual force the attack of an insane murderer upon a child or a woman. However, the non-resistant expounders of Christian ethics have not yet had much influence upon history. Christian wars have been frequent and popular throughout the centuries—wars, that is, not only of Christian nations against pagan peoples, but of Christians against Christians, and often in the very name of the Prince of Peace.

As represented by governments of ostensibly Christian nations, by famous warriors of strong religious conviction,—like Cromwell, Gordon, Jackson,—and by warlike ministers of the gospel, Christianity is a religion thoroughly identified with the warrior instincts of the race. Something in human nature itself accounts for this; but one powerful reason for the fighting record of Christianity is the fact that its sacred Scriptures consist of two distinct parts, and that while

scholarly criticism regards the crude and un-Christlike moralities set forth in parts of the Old Testament as indeed the necessary steps in a progressive revelation,¹ still it is a psychological phenomenon of immense import that the military tone of the Old Testament has made an uneffaced impression upon all Christian nations. The scholarly biblical expounder may draw the line as clearly as he pleases between the "old dispensation" and the "new," nevertheless the fighting fury of the old Hebrews—of their champions, kings, prophets, and poets—has dominated the mind and the habit of Christian civilization.

The religious-minded wielder of carnal power through all the history of Christendom—were that power the force of his own good arm alone, or the force of a nation under his rulership—has habitually identified his religion with that of the Hebrews, his cause, as well as his God, with that of the Israelites of old. The career of Oliver Cromwell is so interesting an example of this as to deserve the special attention of students of all forms of so-called "suggestion" and "imitation." While he had a humble and unfeigned realization of the spiritual life as set forth in the gospel, there was something in him that replied to the trumpetings of the Hebrew prophets as a war-horse answers to the battle-call. Every armed victory was a witness of the God of Israel's approval—not merely of the plan of battle, but of the cause the indomitable soldier had at heart. His military successes were divine compliments,—rewards of virtue,—though it would have taken more defeats than a Cromwell was likely to encounter to undo his sense of personal identification with the intentions of the Almighty. When they "routed the enemy, took many prisoners, and killed a great many of them," it was to Cromwell a "sweet beginning" of the Lord's business.² The "terrible things in righteousness" of the Sixty-fifth Psalm were at all times very dear to him.³

When once the militant Christian harks back to the primitive and peculiar conditions and bat-tailous temper of the Old Testament, and succeeds in thoroughly identifying himself with the former-day self-styled representatives of Jehovah, he can derive any amount of false warrant for the brutal exercise of the arm of flesh. Suppose, for instance, he ignores the sociological and sanitary conditions with which Moses was dealing, and takes to heart only the convinced and definite unmercifulness of the thirty-first chapter of Numbers. There he finds the Lord commanding Moses, as a last and

¹ See "The Gradualness of Revelation," by Professor George P. Fisher, in THE CENTURY for January, 1890.

² Letter CXXXV, Carlyle. ³ Speech VI.

crowning act of obedience, to "avenge the children of Israel of the Midianites"; afterward should he be gathered to his people. So Moses again unhesitatingly in his turn commands that a thousand of every tribe, twelve thousand in all, should go forth, the priest's son with holy instruments and trumpets. "And they warred against the Midianites, as the Lord commanded Moses; and they slew all the males. . . . And the children of Israel took all the women of Midian captives, and their little ones, and took the spoil of all their cattle, and all their flocks, and all their goods. And they burnt all their cities wherein they dwell, and all their goodly castles, with fire. And they took all the spoil, and all the prey, both of men and of beasts. And they brought the captives, and the prey, and the spoil, unto Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and unto the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the camp at the plains of Moab, which are by Jordan near Jericho. And Moses, and Eleazar the priest, and all the princes of the congregation, went forth to meet them without the camp. And Moses was wroth with the officers of the host, with the captains over thousands, and captains over hundreds, which came from the battle."

What was Moses wroth with? Was he shocked at the massacre, and the "looting," and the incidental killing of that same Balaam who, whatever wrong he may have done, still had just amazed the king of Moab by thrice blessing instead of cursing the children of Israel? No; none of these things stirred Moses to righteous wrath. It was because they had "saved all the women alive," the women who had brought a plague upon Israel. Forthwith the great lawgiver commanded them to kill every male child, and every captive woman who was not a virgin! In the long history of the religious evolution of mankind Moses played a mighty part; yet what could present a greater contrast to anything we describe as Christ-like—like Christ, whom we may reverently call the discoverer of childhood and the friend of women?

Yes; we fear that, carnally speaking, the Mosaic dispensation has much to answer for in the way of misunderstood and anachronistic example through the entire period of the Christian dispensation. War has been given a religious basis which it would have lacked under a civilization purely Christian. War has, doubtless, also a human basis, a philosophic basis, and, so to speak, a legal basis; and it is the latter aspect of the subject that largely affects the mind and conduct of even the most humane statesman. The argument, briefly put, is this: Society rests upon law; domestic law is administered in America, for example, by the courts; backed by the force of constable, sheriff, militia, regular army; otherwise disputes would be settled as in the old days, individually and by wager of battle. In the absence of international courts, backed by force, each nation must be prepared to defend its rights and its life, and to enforce its will.

"In the absence of international courts," we say. But just here is indicated the way of the world's relief from the cruelty, the misery, the

degradation, the anachronism of wholesale slaughter. For surely the world is getting weary of "century after century of the battle-wrath and the battle-woe." Mankind has been forever haunted by two mysteries,—the cruelty of nature and the cruelty of man,—and of these two the greater mystery is the latter. "O Etna," exclaims the poet, "it is not thou that man should fear! He should fear his brother man."¹ The cruelty of nature man himself, by slow degrees, is gradually alleviating, and so human life is growing longer year by year through man's invention of devices to lessen danger and stay disease. But man who gives his life to save life—man the scientific, the pitiful, the humane—enters with primitive enthusiasm, at the call of patriotism, into the pursuit of war—a pursuit which is, essentially, nothing on earth but the ingenious, scientific, and wholesale destruction of property and slaughter of human beings.

But year by year the signs increase that throughout Christendom the new dispensation is to triumph over the old. Our own recent war with Spain was mercifully softened in unusual ways, and notwithstanding the temperamental eagerness of many for war merely for the fighting's sake, throughout the nation there has been a sensitiveness concerning, a humane and conscientious shrinking from, the unescapable horrors of armed conflict,—especially as exemplified in the deplorable after-war in the Philippines,—that gives promise of a new and nobler day. The dread of war on the part of the great European powers; the great object-lesson of the Czar's Peace Congress; the growth throughout the civilized world of a sentiment in favor of peaceful arbitration instead of the brutal and unsatisfying arbitration of arms—all these things point to the general adoption of as sane and civilized a manner of settling international disputes as obtains in all civilized countries in the settlement of disputes between individuals, corporations, and the lesser communities. When that time arrives the world will look back upon the hideous deeds of ordinary warfare as it does now upon the killing of the Midianitish women and children in the land of Moab.

"Slouch."

MR. ELIOT GREGORY's recent volume of social essays, "Worldly Ways and Byways," contains many chapters which may heartily be recommended to American readers as the frank comment of one of their countrymen—evidently a gentleman of the world—upon various phases of social and domestic life in this country. The time was when it was considered unpatriotic for an American to let it be known that he thought anything in our society or institutions capable of improvement. If democracies had faults to hide, it was his business to hide them. Among a small class of what may be called parochial expansionists the idea still lingers that one who finds anything to criticize in his own country had better live abroad. But so open-minded is the American character that, give these very objectors a few

¹ George E. Woodberry's essays, "The Heart of Man."

years in Europe, and most of them would come back with the same desire to add to the native sources of enjoyment some of the exotic charms of older countries, where the problem of living has received not a little attention. Travel has made such chauvinism ridiculous, and where it has impaired the patriotism of one, it has inspired a desire in a hundred to realize in our free conditions the perfection of happy living—the one end for which freedom exists.

A suggestive chapter in Mr. Gregory's book is entitled "Slouch," and in the consideration of what he finds an obtrusive personal and national fault the writer probes deeply into certain American conditions. He says:

I should like to see, in every school-room of our growing country, in every business office, at the railway-stations, and on street-corners, large placards placed with "Do not slouch" printed thereon, in distinct and imposing characters.

He finds, first of all, the personal carriage of a large proportion of our people lacking in the dignity of erectness and fine movement. The soldierly bearing of Europeans, due to military service, does not seem to him to have an equivalent here, except in veterans, the militia, and the graduates of West Point and Annapolis. Against this judgment there is, however, much to be urged, and it is easy to generalize faultily on the subject. Although our young men may be comparatively deficient in social finesse, their physical build and carriage are, we think, not inferior to Europeans—except, perhaps, to the English. The type of American woman is increasing in height and vigor, and has lost none of that frank nobility which is its chief characteristic. In the quality of cleanliness and daintiness we are not excelled—not even by the English, who have been called the "tubbingest" people in Europe. There is, however, often in our fine-looking youth of both sexes a failure to hold themselves well in hand, exhibiting itself in voice, grimace, and gesture—a blemish which one would hardly expect to find in the most expert, if not the most graceful, of dancers. The education of a child should not be considered fairly begun until he has learned how to stand, sit, rise, walk, meet and leave company, and maintain a respectful silence, with propriety.

In such matters, as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

Mr. Gregory makes a fairer hit when he speaks of the air of slouchiness about American farm-houses and villages. Living being easy in America, we have everywhere the "wilful waste" which will soon be "woeful want"; but this is no reason why people who wash their hands and faces should make a dumping-ground of the common or the banks of the brook. (And if only there could be a single dump instead of twenty!) Any one of sensibility who traverses the environs of New York city on a bicycle realizes the magnitude of the work of assimilating to a system of law and order the shiftless population who—in this fifth year from the street-cleaning reforms of Colonel Waring—are allowed to deface nature by rubbish. Possibly these are foreigners, but if so, we are doing much to counteract in them those habits of orderliness which most of them learned abroad. Let the reader judge how much better the native American is as a community housekeeper. The front lawn may be in excellent order; it is the back yard and the pond lot that supply the test. What may be done by public spirit in keeping a town as tidy and healthful as its houses may be seen in certain New England communities, such as Stockbridge, Massachusetts, a village which one is proud to exhibit to foreigners. We have not a few attractive towns of this sort, but they are far from being the rule, as in England, France, and the Low Countries. What is needed in America is a little more imagination and initiative of reform on the part of the town council. There would be grumbling at first, but the "firm hand" which is doing so much for Cuban regeneration would accomplish no less at home.

And this brings us to a more important form of "slouch"—the *laissez-aller* of politics, the drifting along, the evasion of responsibility, the waiting for somebody else to overturn the boss while we are cheering the flag. The slouchy person, the slouchy house, the slouchy village, lead logically to the boss-ridden State. If men and women who are thirsting for careers of usefulness would turn their attention to the first three of these problems, the result upon the national housekeeping might not be immediate, but ultimately it would be sure to be enormous.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Poor Mrs. Marks.

"IT was flounced to the waist and had a gray stripe and a rose-vine running through, and cost two and a half a yard. It was grand quality; they don't have such nowadays."

The speaker critically surveyed the maple-leaf shadows flecking the grass back of Newton Home, where four women sat talking. She was protected by a blue shawl and white-cotton gloves, and a sundown was tied upon her gray curls.

"You must ha' had some fine frocks, Miss Pammy," said Mrs. Marks, from her rocking-chair, groaning as she wrapped a shawl around her rheumatic foot. "Nothin' extry in the way of clothes ever come my way. He gave me a black silk and a watch and chain onc't on a weddin' aniversary, but everybody's got them. No; fine dressin' warn't for me. There's them that gets all and them that gets none. 'T ain't good for rheumatism to set so near the earth. Don't you smell the damp, Mis' Parks?"

Her neighbor was a wiry little woman in black, who drew strips of flannel through a piece of coffee-sacking with a crochet-needle. She agreed that it was damp:

"The 'cacia-leaves turned the wrong way, Mis' Marks, and the smoke's fell."

"I tell by the shootin' pains in my foot," said Mrs. Marks. "I told Mis' Doyle that this place was damp, and the trustees oughter be made to build one of them sun-parlors for them that can't set out in the damp. She said that some was n't to be made, and others oughter be thankful for their home, 'stead o' wantin' the earth. She warn't hittin' at me, though, Mis' Doyle warn't, for I never was a hand to fault-find, and land knows I don't want the earth, for I'll soon have plenty of that for my bed. I ain't goin' to be a burden long."

Mrs. Marks leaned back with her eyes closed, an image of portly resignation, and the others sighed in trio.

"Mis' Doyle is n't matron of a charity-house," said Miss Pammy. "I never would have come to one. We all paid our hundred dollars down. Mary Pinney, will you get my carpet, child? I feel the damp through my shoes. I never could abide heavy shoes."

A little cripple who was paring apples upon the circular bench under the tree hopped away upon her crutch, and returned with a strip of carpet, which she placed under Miss Pammy's feet.

"And I don't see that we are called upon to help get supper, either," spoke Mrs. Marks, eying the apples through half-closed lids.

"I'd rather," said the cripple. "I finished a

strip of edgin' to-day, and I can take a half-holiday. Besides, the apples smell like the country—some. I went there once on a 'scursion, and the boat landed. It was just grand."

"Mercy, child! I never could abide the dust, and things crawling," said Miss Pammy.

"Nor me." Mrs. Marks rocked heavily. "It's good for dryin' clothes, that's all. Give me a city house shut up tight of a day with green blinds, and a rocker in the window of an evenin', where a body can see into the street. But I'll never have that no more. Here I am, and here I've got to stay. But my days are numbered—they're numbered."

Mrs. Marks closed her eyes and sighed ponderously, and the others echoed the sigh; for although they may have known adversity, it was more natural to concentrate sympathies upon an impressive and habitual monument to trouble.

Mrs. Parks was assiduously forming the mane of a brown-flannel lion.

"That's like the house in Newburg, Mis' Marks," she said. "I got this scar there, when my green lamp-shade took afire. It was a day of bad luck. I laughed before seven, and I certainly did cry before eleven. Don't touch 'em, child,"—for the little cripple had stooped to pick up the speaker's scissors,— "don't you know there's nothin' like scissors stickin' up for bringin' somebody? They're pointin' straight to Miss Pammy. I never see such a person as you, Miss Pammy, for luck. There's somebody comin' sure."

"They ain't comin' for me," said Mrs. Marks, creaking her rockers resignedly. "I've nobody 'cept a brother, who's dead, I reckon. Some's born to luck, and some ain't. When I was a girl things always went contrariwise. I mind onc't I planted a 'zalea, and lemons grew on to it."

Suddenly the matron spoke behind her:

"There's some don't know luck when they see it. Mary Pinney, I'll take those apples now. Thank you, child. Mis' Parks, you do a heap of talkin' about luck signs, and Mis' Marks does a heap about not havin' any. Now, I'd been glad to had lemons 'stead of 'zaleas, 'cause one can use the lemons; and I'd think it mighty lucky to have a good home here 'stead of workin' day in and day out."

The matron passed on, and there was a moment of silent disapprobation. Miss Pammy's curls shook slightly; then Mrs. Marks spoke:

"I ain't speakin' about Mis' Doyle, but there's some has n't any feelin' for the troubles of others. I do say, though, that luck signs never done me no good yet."

"But there's a heap in 'em," said Miss Pammy. "Mis' Parks always says I'm born lucky."

"Humph! and you're here, just like me," said Mrs. Marks.

Miss Pammy bridled slightly:

"I—I went to Washington once for three days to help Cousin Augusta nurse her son's wife. The Capitol was a grand building."

"It's well enough," said Mrs. Marks. "I did my sight-seein' three mortal weeks there, and boarded; but my back was like to break, and one place was mostly like another."

"I've never been anywhere," said Mary Pinney, "but I'm lucky—Mis' Parks says so—'cause I got in here through the Ladies' Auxiliary, and I've got a flower in a pot, and my window's got a tree outside. I'm lucky, ain't I, Mis' Parks?"

"So's my window got a tree," spoke Mrs. Marks. "What's a tree? I've saw many a one, and they never done nothin' for me yet. As for gettin' in here, there's others here besides me."

Mrs. Marks's deceased husband's nephew had influence with the board, and her accommodations were the best afforded by Newton Home, but, as Mrs. Marks said, there was nothing unusual about that.

"Nothin' in signs!" exclaimed Mrs. Parks, biting off a thread from the flannel lion's mane, "Mis' Doyle don't know everything. The night before Mr. Parks asked me to marry him I dreamed about a' army, which is a sure sign of glad tidin's; and before I lost my hundred dollars in the loan company I dreamed of makin' up a batch of rye bread, and that's a sign of losses."

"I don't see how you keep 'em in your head," said Mary Pinney.

"I was born that way. I'm a seventh daughter, born on Hallow-eve, and there has been times"—here the oracle waited until Miss Pammy's roving gaze returned from the blue shawl—"there has been times when I could see a double shape if I turned my head to one side."

"Mostly do see queer when your head's to one side," said Mrs. Marks, rocking.

"What sort of shape?" asked Mary.

"T ain't for me to specialate," said the oracle.

"He's been dead nigh thirty year," interpolated Mrs. Marks, "but you say it warn't at my door?"

"No'm. But years don't count, Mis' Marks. I've knowed 'em to come back when their partner was all married and settled happy a second time."

"Maybe if she'd been in affliction he would n't ha' been so anxious to come," said Mrs. Marks. "No, 't warn't him, Mis' Parks; he never was a hand to worry himself about other folks, anyway."

"Is it a bad sign to see a shape at one's door?" asked Miss Pammy, timidly.

"It depends upon the dream, Miss Pammy. What did you dream about?"

Miss Pammy twisted a curl ruminatingly.

"The—the rain-barrel, seems to me."

"That's grand, Miss Pammy! Barrels mean overflowin' wealth. I should n't wonder if one of your rich relations had died and left you everythin'."

Miss Pammy was wont to relate tales of early days, the characters of which were always in affluent circumstances. The rich relatives never

materialized, but their possibility only added high lights upon the horizon of her sanguine imagination.

"Some gets all, and some gets none," repeated Mrs. Marks, rocking heavily. "I was born to trouble, nor was I ever a hand to dream luck dreams. And since I been shut up here—I've stopped dreamin' for good. I reckon it's the dry eatin'. Remember, Mis' Parks, onc't I dreamed about a long-eared rabbit, and you allowed it was the sign of success in life? I been waitin' for that success this many a day. I ain't seen its shadow yet."

"Yes; but was you eatin' the rabbit, Mis' Marks?"

"I reckon likely I was. I'm right fond of rabbit stewed."

"Then that's a sign of health," declared the oracle.

"And here I been achin' all over with sciaticity for a month back!" exclaimed Mrs. Marks.

"But I don't specialate the sort of health, Mis' Marks. It may be bad health, for all I know. But since I've saw what I did, I've laid off to do the cards about it. They're in the pocket of my brown-alpaca skirt."

The cripple hopped off after the cards.

"Nor did I ever take any stock in cards," said Mrs. Marks. "My father never had a card in his house, and when I married he did n't never play, so I don't know nothin' about 'em, 'cept hearin' Mis' Parks go over the shovels and hoes and things. No; luck don't point my way."

"I used to play old maid," said Miss Pammy, "but it never came out right. They all used to say I never was cut out for an old maid."

"Not you, Miss Pammy," said the oracle. "I'll be bound you had more offers than you could count."

Miss Pammy's curls shook with complacency.

"I showed you the daguerreotype in the striped silk and the hair in a bandeau, did n't I?"

"I never was a hand for looks," put in Mrs. Marks. "When he married me he says, 'Sarah, 't ain't your looks; it's your comfortin' cookin'.' He was mournin' his first then."

Here Mary Pinney returned with the cards, and the oracle cut them.

"I've got a way I tell 'em double. I'll take Mis' Marks and Miss Pammy. I ain't puttin' you in, Mary Pinney, because your luck's all told. But Miss Pammy's born lucky, and though Mis' Marks has seen a sight of trouble,"—Mrs. Marks groaned,—"*there ain't any luck that can't turn. Three nines—three times three—ace on top. There! ten o' diamonds! One of you's goin' a journey—*"

"T ain't me," put in Mrs. Marks; "I'll go when I'm carried foot first."

"And there's a death—"

"That's me," said Mrs. Marks.

"And a fortune on to it—"

"Then 't ain't me," said Mrs. Marks; "I'm not a hand for gettin' things."

"That was a pretty calendar you got Easter, Mis' Marks," ventured Mary Pinney, comfortingly.



The Mongoos.

THIS, Chil-dren, is the famed Mon-goos.
He has an ap-pe-tite ab-struse;
Strange to re-late, this crea-ture takes
A cu-ri-ous joy in eat-ing snakes—
All kinds, though, it must be con-fessed,
He likes the poi-son-ous ones the best.
From him we learn how ve-ry small

A thing can bring a-bout a Fall.
Oh, Mon-goos, where were you that day
When Mis-tress Eve was led a-stray?
If you 'd but seen the ser-pent first,
Our Parents would not have been cursed,
And so there would be no ex-cuse
For MIL-TON, but for you—Mon-goos!

"It 's well enough. But what 's the use of countin' off the days here? I know when Wednesday comes, 'cause I never did eat corned beef even when I was at home."

The oracle's thimble rested upon a king.

"There 's money comin', and I 'll find the death somewheres, for I heard somethin' last night, too—it was tickin' at my head in the night."

Mary Pinney's lips opened to speak, but closed again, and the oracle resumed:

"I did. I reckon Miss Pammy's letter 'll come to-day to explain it."

Newton Home understood that Miss Pammy was liable to receive letters. The letters had never arrived, but it added importance to her little, gray-curved figure to anticipate daily the coming of the postman. Mrs. Marks received letters; but there was no anticipation, mystery, or suggestiveness about Mrs. Marks. Twice yearly she received a box, the contents of which were prosaic, and as the occurrence was customary, it gave no contagious thrill to the other inmates of the house.

There had been an Easter, however, when Miss Pammy was the recipient of a flower in a pot, and the excitement attending the event shook Newton Home from cellar to roof. It rose to an exuberant height when Miss Pammy appeared at tea with a hyacinth bloom pinned on her blue shawl. Mrs. Doyle lighted an extra lamp in honor, and more than one of the happy participators declared that it was better than being invited out to tea. They remained down-stairs an hour later and told stories, and the oracle was especially radiant because Miss Pammy had dreamed that the chimney was on fire, which meant an inheritance, a flower in a pot being virtually the same thing if you look at it the right way.

Mrs. Parks addressed the ace of spades:

"If Mis' Marks had dreamed her hair had fell out I could understand this here journey, for—my land! There 's a hack now comin' in the gate, and 't ain't trustee day, neither! You might as well get ready, Miss Pammy."

The carriage in question disappeared around



A Chameleon.

A USE-FUL les-son you may con,
My Child, from the Cha-me-le-on:
He has the gift, ex-treme-ly rare
In an-i-mals, of sav-oir-faire.
And if the se-cret you would guess

Of the Cha-me-le-on's suc-cess,
A-dapt your-self with great-est care
To your sur-round-ings ev-er-y-where;
And then, un-less your sex pre-vent,
Some day you may be Pres-i-dent.

the drive, and presently the matron's voice called loudly from the back door.

"Marks," said the oracle.

"She said Parks," said Mary Pinney.

"T ain't me," said Mrs. Marks, rocking; "there ain't nobody comin' to see me. I ain't got any live friends."

The oracle gathered up the cards and started for the house, declaring that it could not be for her, because she had n't dreamed a thing except that she climbed a hill, which meant a fire, and she had kept the matches in a stone jug ever since.

There was a brief silence. Mrs. Marks rocked and sighed. Mary Pinney counted: "One, two, three—loop; four, five, six—chain."

"Mis' Marks! Mis' Marks!" The oracle's small black figure ran through the sunlight, beckoning excitedly. "It's you, Mis' Marks! It's you! The journey and the carriage and fortune and all a-waitin' at the gate! Such luck, Mis' Marks! Such luck!"

Mrs. Marks sat bolt upright as the oracle arrived, panting for breath.

"May I be prepared for the worst," she said solemnly. "What is it, Mis' Parks? More trouble?"

"Trouble? My land, no, Mis' Marks! Your own dear brother ain't dead at all. He's come back

with a fortune and a house and all, a-settin' there in the guest-parlor talkin' to Mis' Doyle this blessed minute! And a carriage at the gate to take you to end your days in peace and plenty! Hurry, Mis' Marks! Such luck I never see in all my life. You'll drive around in your own carriage and pair—"

The oracle paused for breath, and Mrs. Marks arose with anguish upon her countenance.

"Me drive around in a carriage and pair, at my time o' life, and all crippled up? Me go away, and all settled here, and my days numbered? What are you talkin' about, Mis' Parks?"

"The gospel truth, Mis' Marks, as I draw my breath. Don't talk to me no more about there bein' nothin' in luck cards. He says you can do as you like and keep to your rooms when you want. It's the grandest turn of luck. Hurry, Mis' Marks!"

The reply was a groan as the recipient of fate's bounty unwrapped her foot, assisted by the trio, who were in a tremor of excitement.

"Me stay shut up in a room, me that lives in the air? Mis' Parks, if it's cards that's worked this trouble and drove me out of a peaceful home, may them as done it be forgiven!"

Mrs. Marks went slowly toward the house, momentarily giving vent to a fresh outburst of

woe; but the rôle of chief mourner was too habitual to curb the excitement of the accompanying trio. Such an unqualified exhibition of luck had never before visited Newton Home. Mrs. Marks was escorted to the hands of the matron. Then Mary Pinney suggested that they should place themselves upon the lawn to witness the departure. It was an impressive half-hour, and they spoke in subdued tones, as though waiting for the beginning of a sermon.

By and by the front door opened and Mrs. Marks appeared. She wore a black bonnet and green veil, and was escorted by a hale middle-aged man, and followed by the matron. When near the gate, the matron called:

"Look a-waitin', Mis' Marks! Ain't you goin' to say good-by to anybody?"

Mrs. Marks looked back at the trio under the maple-trees, and raised a black-gloved hand and shook her head, as though implying monumental resignation, and they heard her say:

"I won't be a burden to nobody long."

It took time for Mrs. Marks to direct the adjustment of her numerous handboxes and bundles, and her gestures were impressive with pent tragedy. The trio watched her breathlessly, until the matron remarked, *sotto voce*, and with a sniff:

"Some folks have a heap more trouble takin' care of just theirselves than others do with families dependin' on 'em for bread. I went to her door last night to see if 't was somebody in a fit, and 't was just Mis' Marks a-snorin'. Says she did n't sleep a wink all night. I'm bound she's never had a night of pain in her life like Mary Pinney, here."

But the trio, absorbed in the pantomime of Mrs. Marks being packed into the carriage, could not readjust their mental attitude upon suggestion.

"Poor Mis' Marks!" sighed the oracle. "When she's went I'll just have to try the cards for your letter, Miss Pammy."

"Seems 'most a pity," said Mary Pinney, "she won't want things any more; she'll just have 'em all—poor Mis' Marks!"

And as a last expression of sympathy, the little cripple hopped forward and whispered in the carriage window:

"Mis' Marks, don't you take on about that there death-tick last night. It was just your own watch hangin' on the other side of the door at Mis' Parks' head."

But Mrs. Marks raised her eyes and shook her head.

"It won't be long, Mary Pinney. My days are numbered now, and the happy times we've saw are over."

Then fortune's agent climbed in beside her and remarked genially:

"Now, sister Sarah, I told you that if you feel so bad about going away I can arrange for you to board here just as long as you like."

"William, I know my duty," said Mrs. Marks, as the carriage rolled away.

Memories of the Fourth.

You want to stay till one o'clock, the Fourth, an' make a noise?

I hate to have you go, my son, fer guns is dang'rous toys,

An' like ez not the boys 'll whoop an' raise par-tickler Ned;

So stay to home to-night, my son; you're better off in bed.

Hev I forgot the happy nights when from the house I fled,

To ring the bells an' fire the guns an' paint the village red?

I rather think I *ain't* forgot. I'member, now, the time

We got into the Baptis' church, an' had a ticklish climb

Along the dusty ladders, that was shakin' so, our hair

Was risin' every minute in the bigges' kind o' scare.

The steeple was the darkes' place; ye could n't see yer hand;

But jes the same we *felt* our way edzackly ez we'd planned

Until we reached the belfry door, which never had a lock,

An' set us down beside the bell to wait fer twelve o'clock.

Upon the tongue I tied a rope, an' when the mornin' come,

I yanked the tongue ag'in the bell, an' made her fairly hum,

Edzackly like a fire-alarm, until the village folk Was certain every house in town was goin' up in smoke.

I yanked her till the belfry shook, an' till we could n't hear

The boom'n' o' the anvils, an' was sure we'd lost an ear;

I yanked her till I broke the rope, an' fell a dozen feet,

An' cracked my collar-bone in two, an' tore my trousers' seat.

I got an awful warmin', too, from dad; but, strange to tell,

I had a heap o' fun the Fourth I rang the Baptis' bell.

You want to stay till one o'clock, the Fourth, an' paint her red?

I hate to have ye go, my son; you're better off in bed.

But boys, they say, is never boys but once—so git yer hat.

I'd go an' ring a bell *myself*, but I'm too old an' fat!

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

Earle Hooker Eaton.

